



# HIT LIST

volume one, number one

february/march 99

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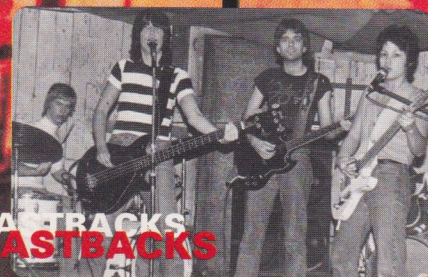
KEVIN COOGAN ON

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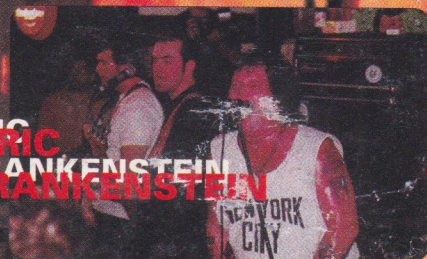
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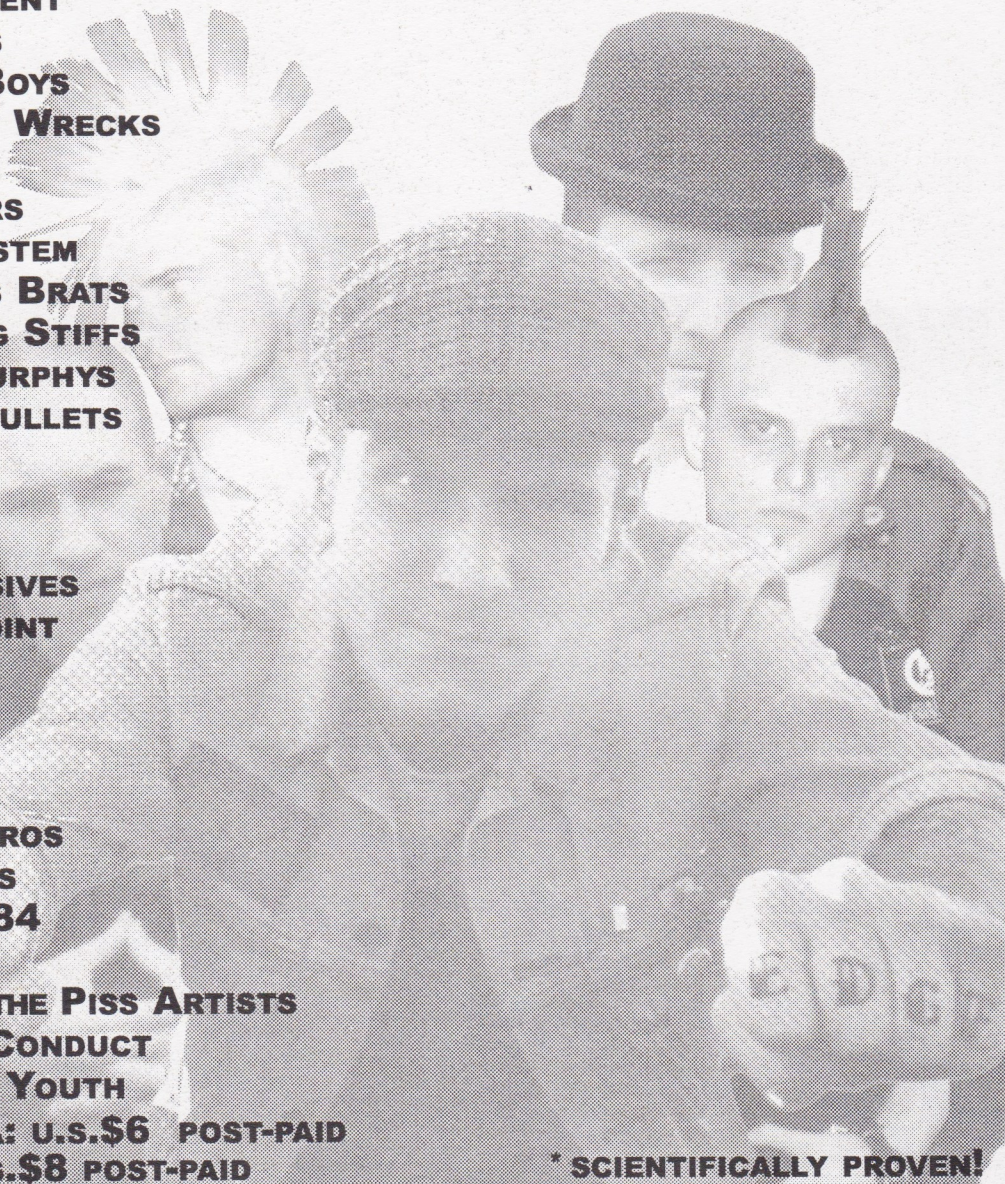
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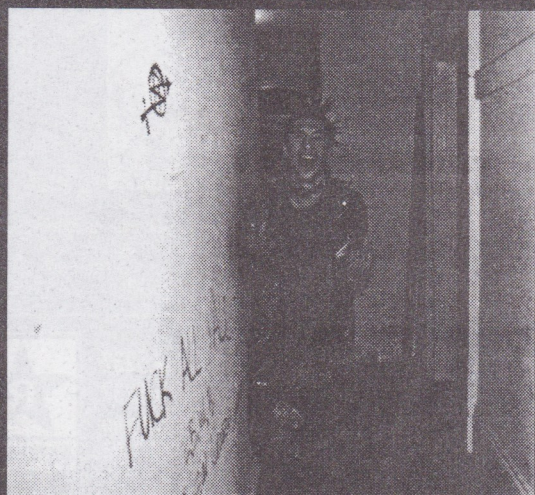
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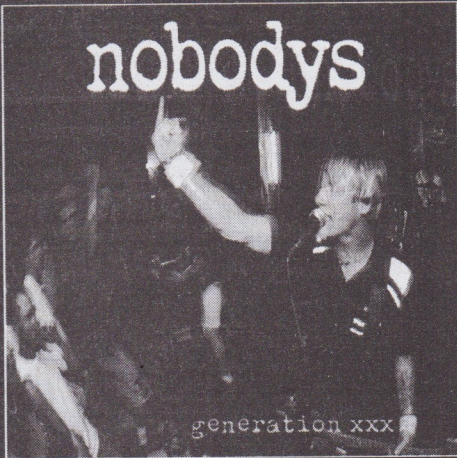
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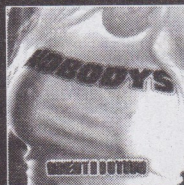


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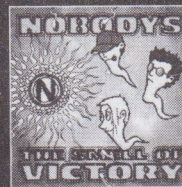
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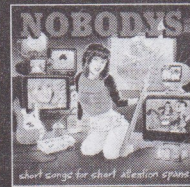
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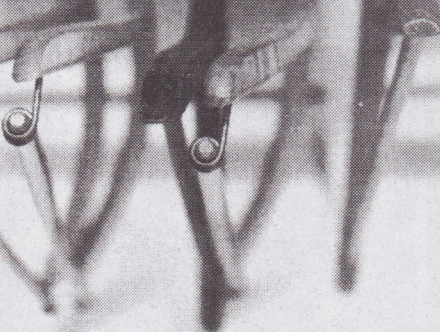
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 **HIT LIST**

february/march 99

photos: front cover by h. andersson • this page by lawrence wolfley



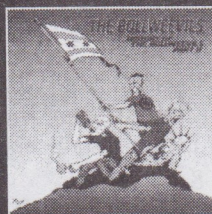
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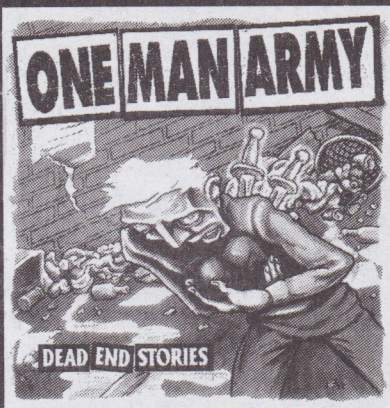
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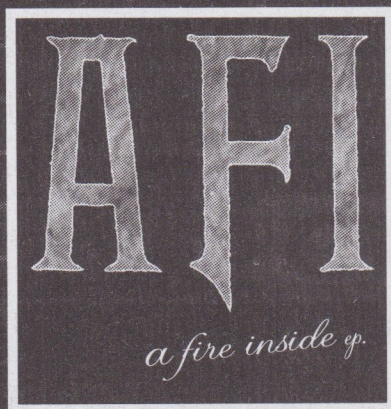
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Thank you to everyone who has been supportive and instrumental in launching *Hit List*. We would like to take this time to especially thank the following individuals: Dave "The Trooper" Johnson (DIY doesn't mean it has to look like shit), Jux H. Christ, Frank and Jami at Man's Ruin, Jimi at Cheetah's Records, Mark at TKO, Mark at *Maximum*, Ariana, Scott Barnes, Ted Holladay (In the Sun), John Yates, Mel Cheplo"witz", Greg Lowry, Ruth, Jesse and the Mordam crew, Mike LaVella, B-Face, Tim at Mutant Pop, that crazy motherfucker Katin, Lori, Audra and the Stinky's crew, Al and Todd at *Flipside*, Winston Smith, Bob and Debbie McKee, Evan and Emily Mathews, Margaret and Gordon Johnson, Liz Carlton, Leigh Denham, Winni Wintermeyer, Tiffany Denman, Matt Selaya and all who support aggressive, primitive rock in its truest forms.

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**G**reetings and salutations, assorted losers, miscreants, rebels, and psychopaths. If you're presently reading these lines, you must be holding the very first issue of *Hit List* in your grimy little hands. As the editor, I feel obliged to explain why we are putting it out, what we hope to accomplish, and why you should plunk down your hard-earned \$4 to buy it and take it home with you. Once we begin publishing pictures of scantily-clad punkettes, the reasons for doing so and sequestering yourself in your bedroom for a while will become obvious, but for the moment I thought I'd take the "high road" by appealing to your intellect instead of your basest instincts and most prurient interests.

**JEFF BALE**

**READ BETWEEN THE LINES**



**WHY?**

I suppose it would be best to begin at the beginning. Why are we wasting our valuable time and effort putting out a new punk-oriented underground music magazine? I won't presume to speak for anyone else involved in this venture, but the primary reason I am engaging in such activity again after a hiatus of several years is that I love primitive, aggressive rock 'n' roll music more than anything in the world. I might be tempted to place beautiful women and college football on the same exalted level, but the women you love the most have a propensity to make your life miserable, not to mention break your heart, and watching the Michigan Wolverines on the gridiron, win or lose, has developed into more of a source of stress and heart palpitations than of balls-out pleasure and relaxation. So, with the possible exception of drinking Coca Cola Classic, nothing makes me feel better than listening to great rock 'n' roll, something that has been true since that fateful

day several decades ago when I was almost blown off my bed by the KINKS' "You Really Got Me". Since then rock 'n' roll and I have had a non-stop love affair, and unlike love affairs with invariably problematic and unpredictable people, this particular relationship has proven to be truly unshakable. Perhaps best of all, the transcendent yet highly visceral effects of pure rock 'n' roll are instantly available at any time. All I have to do is turn on my stereo and play a record, and the magically transformative psychological power nestled within the grooves is released again with all of its original glory and potency undiminished. The very same option is available to you, dear readers. Thus there seems to be a crying need for a magazine that provides informed coverage of the best underground rock music, past and present—one that is truly able to satisfy the needs of the world's most passionate and discriminating rock 'n' roll fans.

This brings me to my second reason for starting a new magazine. As a diehard rock 'n' roll fan, I have searched in vain for a music magazine that meets all of my own needs or fully satisfies my demanding standards. Although I can't claim to have systematically and carefully surveyed all of the world's punk and underground rock publications, there are only a handful of zines that I would characterize as truly outstanding. Among these I would single out *Ugly Things*, which nowadays provides the most literate and well-informed coverage of rock 'n' roll but which devotes the lion's share of its space to 60s punk and hard-edged beat music and appears too infrequently to satisfy my constant need for an r 'n' r fix; *Black*

*to Comm*, a passionately written and insightful labor of love that comes out even more infrequently than *Ugly Things*; *Flipside*, which I still think offers the most entertaining and downright funny coverage of the current punk-oriented music scene; and *Sonic Iguana*, a much smaller fanzine—in the truest sense of the word "fan"—written with verve and humor by Jeff Dahl, whose taste in music has always been impeccable. There are other valuable zines that I currently enjoy reading portions of (such as Al

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Quint's *Suburban Voice*, Jack Rabid's *Big Takeover*, and—dare I admit it—*Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*), and I'm sure there are several more out there that I haven't yet run across, but it's fair to say that the overwhelming majority of the existing music and "alternative" culture magazines



that I have seen are scarcely worth reading. Most fall primarily into one of three nausea-inducing categories—slick, professional corporate publications, amateurish and often semi-literate underground fanzines, or puritanical political publications devoid of genuine critical thinking or a sense of humor. Although the general lack of high-quality rock magazines has always been a problem, in earlier proto-punk or punk days a considerable number of excellent publications appeared that were devoted to underground rock 'n' roll and the fascinating and complex culture associated with it, including Greg Shaw's seminal (Who Put the) *Bomp*, Mark Perry's caustic *Sniffin' Glue*, Claude Bessy's belligerent *Slash*, Vale's politicized *Search and Destroy*, Tesco Vee's cantankerous *Touch and Go*, the Reverend Norb's eccentric *Sick Teen*, and Gerard Cosloy's abrasive *Conflict*. These and various other countercultural zines were also devoted to relentlessly breaking social and cultural taboos, regardless of who they offended in the process. Perhaps the most extraordinary magazine of this type was Jim Goad's splendidly written and venomous *Answer Me*, which insightfully and aggressively ended up goring almost everyone's sacred cows. Alas, that was then and this is now. As the millennium comes to its sordid and possibly chaotic end we are once again confronted with a dearth of quality rock 'n' roll magazines, and it is this huge void that *Hit List* hopes to fill, at least in part.

The third reason why I personally decided to become actively involved in this project is that at the moment I happen to have some extra time on my hands. For the past several years, since obtaining my Ph.D. in modern European history at the University of California at Berkeley, I've been busy engaging in a variety of increasingly unsatisfying and exasperating academic pursuits. As a student at top universities such as Michigan and Berkeley, I had long been surrounded by insufferably pretentious bores who fancied themselves on the "cutting edge" of scholarship even though they had a herd mentality and were all doing exactly the same sort of silly, theory-driven work. But since I was able to pursue my own empirically-oriented scholarship under the guidance of more serious and brilliant scholars who I greatly respected, I was largely able to ignore the masses of idiots who were slavishly conforming to a succession of fashionable but increasingly inane academic orthodoxies, such as new forms of Marxist dogmatism, critical theory, lunatic varieties of feminism, postmodernism, deconstruction, the history of

"the body", cultural studies, and race-baiting "multiculturalism". Those who foolishly imposed themselves on my consciousness in the classroom were subjected to the ridicule and contempt they so richly deserved. At the time I thoroughly enjoyed exposing such people as the pompous, crypto-totalitarian peddlers of nonsense that they so often were, but unfortunately I failed to consider the implications of my actions for my own academic future. Under normal circumstances I have no illusions about the fact that nonconformists who challenge dominant intellectual orthodoxies and offend powerful people are more likely to be persecuted than rewarded, but I had uncritically accepted the "mythology" about historical scholarship—that intelligence, imagination, and a genuine talent for research would always be recognized and rewarded, regardless of how unconventional one was—despite all evidence to the contrary. Once I opened my eyes, I soon became aware that that very few professions

are as conformist, servile, and riddled with petty animosities, jealousies, and politics as the rarefied world of academia.

Yet even though I behaved stupidly and made a number of influential enemies, my job search began much as I hoped it would. After all, I have a reading knowledge of seven languages, have conducted advanced archival research all over Europe, and have become (in part by default) the world's leading authority on the history of underground neo-fascist terrorist networks in the post-World War II era. I was selected as a finalist for a

military history job at Yale University (which would have been my dream job) and received a prestigious two-year postdoctoral fellowship from Columbia University, and thus was in the enviable albeit temporary position of being able to turn down tenure-track job offers from lesser colleges, a reckless course of action I chose to adopt despite the increasingly tight academic job market in the humanities and social sciences. For a variety of complex reasons, the most important of which are that I have a rather uncompromising and "difficult" personality, and that my research on parallel intelligence apparatuses and clandestine paramilitary networks is so pioneering and politically sensitive that 1) most academics can't fully comprehend its significance and 2) those who do tend to feel threatened by its broader implications, my gamble seems not to have paid off. Since then I have published

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# HIT SQUAD

quite a bit and accepted a variety of one-year jobs—a visiting professorship at a liberal arts college in Oregon, followed by research fellowships at the Library of Congress and the Center for German and European Studies at Berkeley—but have yet to secure a tenure-track position commensurate with my abilities at a major research university. As time has gone on, it's also become apparent to me that I would only be happy teaching at a handful of prestigious research universities with outstanding library resources, very bright students, and a relatively low teaching load. Moreover, I would prefer to live close enough to a major city so that I can regularly attend punk rock shows. Is that really too much to ask? Almost certainly. So now I'm exploring a variety of other options, ranging from attending law school at Harvard, conducting advanced research at a "think tank" or government agency, and becoming a heroin addict (that's a joke, by the way) to—and here is the real point of this extended and perhaps boring digression—starting the kind of literate, intelligent, provocative, offensive, and taboo-breaking underground rock 'n' roll magazine that I originally and naively hoped *MRR* might develop into.

## WHAT AND WHO?

What, then, can you expect to find in *Hit List*? To begin with, a bad fuckin' attitude. A real bad fuckin' attitude. Anyone looking for one of those "positive" punk, sensitive, namby-pamby, "emo", or politically correct zines had better look elsewhere. Second, brutal honesty, both about ourselves and about everything else that will be covered herein.

Don't think for one minute that we're going to sugar coat anything in order to appease anyone or dumb anything down for the benefit of functional illiterates. Third, a wicked sense of sardonic humor, filled with venom, sarcasm, and bile. At century's end the world remains a terrifying, brutal, and often senseless place, and human beings don't seem to have evolved much on the emotional level since the Stone Age. All the more reason to laugh at our ourselves and our predicament! Indeed, when faced with such a grim reality, perhaps the only rational response is to recognize that the world is even more absurd than it is horrible. In lieu of dollops of bitter laugh-

ter, the only alternative may be descending into madness and, say, becoming a spree killer. Nevertheless, in spite of all this underlying negativity, at first glance you may not notice anything out of the ordinary about *Hit List*. Our publication will incorporate the standard array of underground music magazine contents, including feature articles, profiles of bands, a variety of opinion columns, masses of record reviews, advertisements, and letters to the editor. On top of that, we're going to be featuring some provocative artwork by people such as Winston Smith, and plan to add both an "off-color" humor page, inspired in part by Ivey's old San Francisco punk calendar and in part by hilarious "insensitive" magazines such as *Baby Sue*, and a *Probe* magazine insert filled with nekkid scenesters. Big deal, you may say. And you'd probably be justified in "dissing" us like that if the various sections of our magazine were exactly like the corresponding sections found in most other music zines. But they won't be.

To begin with, the feature articles in *Hit List* will generally consist of well-researched, in-depth analyses of interesting, important, and often taboo musical, cultural, social, and political topics. Our aim is to deal with these subjects in an innovative, intelligent, and fair-minded way so as to provoke rather than forestall critical thought and informed debate, thereby allowing the reader to make up his or her own mind. This does not mean that our authors are not going to exhibit strong opinions about the issues under consideration, but rather that they are going to provide a lot of factual information and assume—perhaps unjustifiably—that our readers are intelligent enough to evaluate that information and decide for themselves instead of force-feeding them predigested

opinions, promoting "party lines", or trying to impose "correct" views. Whenever possible we will also try to include interviews with key persons about whom we are writing in order to allow them to speak for themselves. Kevin Coogan's article on the complex politics of "black metal" in this issue is an excellent example of the sort of approach we plan to adopt on a regular basis, one which is almost guaranteed to offend dogmatists on all sides of the political spectrum. In the future we hope to publish many other articles in this vein, including one on rap music and the selling of black racism, a sensitive subject which has hitherto been ignored—if not suppressed—by

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both the mainstream media and the music press, corporate and "alternative". On other occasions we will instead publish feature articles with a more humorous but no less provocative approach. One such article, devoted to the Confederacy of Scum, will appear in our second issue.

In terms of band profiles, I myself would rather not publish anything at all in this vein if it did not at least approximate the exalted standard set by *Ugly Things*. Unfortunately, it's almost impossible to consistently reach that level of quality in a bi-monthly magazine, at least until one attracts a cadre of outstanding writers who are willing and able to produce such features on a regular basis. Until that point, the most we can hope to accomplish is to avoid the standard sycophantic approach, which is usually a result of the fact that the fanzine writers who produce band articles are so ecstatic about being granted an interview with their "heroes" that they can't be even remotely detached, objective, or critical. For this and a host of other reasons, not the least of which are commercial in origin, most music zines are stuffed to the gills with insubstantial puff pieces on bands and/or boring interviews with their members. Even worse, all too often they focus on groups that have little or no musical, social, or cultural significance, groups lacking any real distinction, or groups whose members have little or nothing to say. Sometimes such pieces can be uproariously funny, whether intentionally or inadvertently, and occasionally they can even be insightful and clever—but usually only if both the interviewer/writer and the band members have some imagination and intelligence. Most of the time they are not funny, insightful, or clever, and hence are of little or no real interest. (*Flipside* and *Big Takeover* seem to be the only magazines that regularly feature genuinely entertaining interviews with bands, both old and new, perhaps because over the years they've accumulated a solid cadre of writers who know how to ask the right questions.) But don't misunderstand me here. I would never be foolish enough to claim that *Hit List* will invariably manage to surmount the inherent limitations and problems of writing features about rock 'n' roll bands. In this particular issue, however, I am quite pleased with the results. I think that ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN make some very suggestive and well-taken points in their interview, that our two-part FASTBACKS article provides unusual insights into various personal dimensions of the band's long career, and that our TOILET BOYS feature is both brilliantly written and immensely entertaining. In the future we plan to publish in-depth and hopefully definitive articles on other significant bands. Even as I write, for example, Johan Kugelberg is commencing work on what I believe will turn out to be a ground-breaking article on the CRAMPS for an upcoming issue of our magazine.

As for columnists, I believe we have gathered together the finest array of opinionated assholes to have ever graced the pages of a single underground rock 'n' roll magazine. Once I decided to put some time and energy into creating a new punk zine, I felt bound and determined to maintain its integrity and not compromise its quality. I therefore decided that I would only accept contributions from people who 1) were very knowledgeable

## JEFFBALE

about the subjects they planned to write about, 2) were highly literate and able to write in a stimulating and exciting way, 3) were individualistic, free-thinking people who rejected dogmas and "party lines", and 4) were willing to break taboos and offend all sorts of vested interests. Beyond these basic requirements, which I consider even more mandatory for our columnists, I also went out of my way to recruit people who had what can best be referred to as a negative vibe and a "bad attitude". The traits listed above have always been characteristic of punk at its best, and it is this provocative, shit-stirring tradition that we intend to revive and maintain here at *Hit List*. Among the many SOB's I've gathered together to torment you with columns on a more or less regular basis are Tesco Vee, formerly a big cheese with *Touch & Go* magazine, the MEATMEN, and the HATE POLICE; M. Claude Bessy (aka "Kickboy Face") of *Slash* magazine and CATHOLIC DISCIPLINE fame; Gregg Turner, formerly a writer for *Creem* magazine and a founding member of the ANGRY SAMOANS; Jeff Dahl, editor of *Sonic Iguana* magazine, member of MOTHERFUCKER 666, leader of his own group, and former member of the ANGRY SAMOANS; Mike Stax, editor of *Ugly Things* magazine and former member of the TELL TALE HEARTS; Johan Kugelberg, associate editor of *Ugly Things*; the Reverend Norb of BORIS THE SPRINKLER, former publisher of *Sick Teen* magazine and ex-MRR columnist; Jack Rabid, publisher of *The Big Takeover* magazine and contributor to several other zines; Al Quint, editor of *Suburban Voice* magazine; Ben Weasel of SCREECHING WEASEL and Panic Button records, former publisher of *Panic Button* magazine, and ex-MRR columnist; Tony Slug, formerly a member of Dutch punk pioneers the NITWITZ, B.G.K., and LOVESLUG; the Whiskey Rebel from RANCID VAT and the Confederacy of Scum; Joey Vindictive of the VINDICTIVES; Frank Kozik of Man's Ruin records and poster artist extraordinaire; Russell Quan, formerly of the MUMMIES and now with the FLAKES, the BOBBYTEENS, and too many other bands to name; Jesse Michaels, formerly of OPERATION IVY; Mel Cheplowitz, head honcho of the Shredder and American Pop Project labels and ex-MRR columnist; ShitEd, also a regular contributor to *Flipside*; Jello Biafra—that's "Mr. Jello" to you, dork, at least according to "Crossfire's" Patrick Buchanan—of the DEAD KENNEDYS and Alternative Tentacles records; and—last but certainly not least—me, your friendly editor with the smile button. I think we've already got enough attitude on our columnar roster to offend every single reader of *Hit List*, but in case we don't I'm eventually hoping to recruit Jim Goad, Bob Black, Metal Mike, Byron Coley, Gerard Cosloy, Chris Stigliano, Mark P(erry), Stewart Home, Jon Savage, Vic Bondi, Chuck Young, Frank Discussion, Mykel Board, Vale, Felix Havoc, Joe Carducci, Lawrence Livermore, Greg Prevost, George Marshall, and Michael Moynihan into our decidedly undisciplined, non-conformist, and dishevelled ranks. Then you'll really be in harm's way, motherfuckers.



# HIT SQUAD

NOTE: Not every columnist listed above appears in this issue. For example, I took a chance and sent Claude Bessy a copy of a book about the early LA punk scene to review, but he felt that it would be a conflict of interest for him to review that particular book since he himself had written an essay for it. As a result, his first column won't appear until our second issue, where he'll be evaluating Johnny Rotten's autobiography—and hopefully slicing and dicing it—in his own inimitable style. Certain other *Hit List* columnists either had too many prior commitments to be able to contribute to this particular issue (such as Jeff Dahl and Biafra), or were contacted too late by me to be able to make our first deadline (such as Gregg Turner and Tony Slug). Such are the vicissitudes of only recently deciding to publish a new punk rock magazine, and then trying to finish the first issue in time to meet Mordam's stringent deadlines so that it will appear near the beginning of the year, the best time to launch a new magazine. Most of these "administrative" problems will undoubtedly be resolved before the second issue appears in early April. I can't guarantee that every single one of our columnists will appear in every single issue, since unlike those writing for innumerable other underground zines our columnists actually "have a life", that is, they are actively engaged in a wide variety of other activities, ranging from holding professional jobs to running their own bands, labels, and magazines. Plus, we're talking about punk rockers here, a notoriously cantankerous, uncontrollable, ill-disciplined, and deadline-allergic lot. But I can promise you that the vast majority of them will make an appearance in every issue.

The record review section of *Hit List* will bear more than a passing resemblance, content-wise, to that found in *MRR*. Some ignoramuses may think that's because we're copying *MRR*, but the fact is that I was the person who originally created *MRR*'s record review format, which is one aspect of *MRR* that has stood the test of time. In other words, the reviews in *Hit List* will be short, concise, and to the point, in contrast to the long-winded verbal masturbation characteristic of so many "professional" rock journalists. No record that falls within our musical parameters will be denied a review or penalized by an unfair description of the actual music, regardless of whether they are on a major label or how "offensive" the social or political views contained therein are to the reviewer. (There is, however, one instance in which this stated policy was egregiously violated, specifically in the case of the MXPX LP. I only agreed to run this particular review in an abbreviated form so that it could be used as an illustration of something that will not be repeated in the future. It's fine with me if the reviewer hates Christianity and thinks it has nothing to do with punk, and I certainly have no objection to his mentioning that a band is promoting Christian values which he personally finds repugnant. But one's opinion about the lyrics, however justified, should never be allowed to impinge in so blatant a manner upon

the evaluation of the music itself. In this case, if it's true that MXPX plays good pop punk, than their recent CD should not receive a "O" numerical rating simply because the reviewer is filled with anti-Christian rancor.) Please note, however, that our musical parameters are somewhat narrower than those found in many other zines (though not as narrow as I personally would like them to be).

In terms of advertisements, at present we are planning on limiting them to entities without any corporate connections. That may change in the future, however, for economic, musical, and political reasons. First, major labels are willing to pay a shitload more for the same ad space than true independent labels, so we may decide to soak them occasionally for a back or inside cover. Second, there are some rock 'n' roll labels that put out excellent records but also have at least an indirect connection with a disreputable major label, and to me it makes no sense to penalize them on that basis alone. Why do I say this? Because it would be wholly irrational for a punk rock magazine not to accept ads for—or not to review records by—bands such as the STANDELLS, the STOOGES, and the SEX PISTOLS, merely because their discs were released by big corporate labels. The decision by a band to sign with a major label is certainly not a cause for celebration, and indeed typically leads to musical and financial disaster (as I myself pointed out way back in issue #3 of *MRR*), but neither does it constitute some sort of "crime against humanity". Let's face reality. If an underground music magazine purporting to cover the best r 'n' r from the 1950s to the present excluded every band that was linked in some way to major labels from its area of coverage, many of the world's greatest rock groups would have to be banned from its pages. We have no intention of adopting such an absurd policy. Third, I personally think it is far more "punk" to rip off the music industry and give them nothing whatsoever in return than to adopt some holier-than-thou moral posture that ends up having no practical impact whatsoever. (Parenthetically, most of the people who adopt such a posture never even have an opportunity to "sell out", so it's easy for them to get up on their high moral horses and preach condescendingly to others.)

It goes without saying that we're never going to give bands on major labels good reviews in exchange for ads—we wouldn't engage in that reprehensible but all-too-common practice even for indie labels owned by our friends. On the contrary, the overwhelming majority of rock 'n' roll releases on major labels that fit within our review parameters will probably end up getting bad reviews in *Hit List*—not because they're on major labels per se, but because almost everything that makes it onto major labels these days is pretty awful. We are also not going to refuse ads that don't meet with our "political" approval. As will become clearer below, I am adamantly opposed to the suppression of "incorrect" views, regardless of who is defining them thusly, and firmly believe that a no-censorship policy should apply to ads as well. We will never do something as stupid and ridiculous as demand that a potential advertiser remove an American flag from a record in his or her ad, as one well-known PC punkzine



has apparently done. Indeed, don't be too surprised if you find an ad for Resistance Records side by side with one for a label or publication like *Profane Existence*. If you've got a problem with that, too bad.

Finally, like most music zines, we will be publishing letters to the editor. We will only do so, however, when someone responds intelligently to something that appeared in our own magazine. We will definitely provide a forum for views on all sides of the political spectrum, but only if they display a minimal degree of literacy, knowledge, wit, and insight. Frankly, we are not interested in what some dogmatic ignoramus—left, right, or center—has to say about the issues raised in our magazine. We are however interested in what informed, intelligent, insightful people—left, right, and center—have to say about those issues. In short, don't expect to see mindless

rhetoric regurgitated by pathetically uninformed people who can neither think nor write in our letters section. Most people are too stupid to be alive, much less to be granted a forum to display their shocking levels of ignorance in our magazine. They would do well to remember the following sage advice: "'Tis better to remain silent and be thought a fool/Then to open one's mouth and remove all doubt". And if perchance you feel a compulsive need to whine in public about not receiving the records

you ordered by mail or about being ripped off by a club while touring, don't bother contacting us. Address your complaints to those who really, really care, such as the sensitive and extremely concerned folks at the following address: MRR/P.O. Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.

Now that you know more about the specific sections of our magazine, I feel that it's important to 1) identify which genres of music we will be covering in *Hit List*, and 2) indicate what our general "political" approach will be. The first question is easy to answer. We will be covering primitive, aggressive rock 'n' roll and only primitive, aggressive rock 'n' roll. However, that particular description encompasses a wide variety of musical categories and subcategories, so it is necessary to be more specific. *Hit List* will only cover music within the following genres: contemporary punk (including proto-punk stuff like the NY DOLLS and MC5, 77-style punk, garage punk, pop punk, and hardcore), Oi, 60s-style garage punk, "British Invasion" sounds (including beat, freakbeat, and mod), glam, power pop, rockabilly (including psychobilly), and assorted other rock 'n' roll trash that we happen to like (which might include some heavy rockin' psychedelia,

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guitar-heavy folk rock, aggressive types of industrial and Gothic music, raunchy blues, or even a bit of non-wanky metal). Needless to say, we will not be covering crap that doesn't rock, including "soft rock" (an oxymoron if ever there was one), rap, introspective singer-songwriter pap (including so-called "emo" bands), ska, or—worst of all, from my point of view—jazz and arty-farty post-punk. For this I make no apologies whatsoever. Taste in music is purely subjective, like taste in food, and unlike opinions on social, political, or historical issues it is not capable of being refined, altered, or corrected by means of evidence and rational intellectual discourse. Either you like something or you don't. That's the bottom line. I am above all

a rock 'n' roll fan, a word that is short for "fanatic", and speaking as the co-owner and editor of this particular rock 'n' roll magazine I have no intention of covering any genres of music that I dislike in these pages. (Frankly, it's galling enough to have to cover bad exemplars of music within those genres I do like!) It's as simple as that. If you think that my musical tastes are too narrow or that *Hit List's* coverage is too limited, you don't have to buy the maga-

zine. Nobody is holding a gun to your head. If you don't like what we're doing, feel free to buy other magazines that cater to your specific tastes or, if they don't yet exist, to start your own magazine. I certainly won't try to stop you. At *Hit List* our primary aim is to satisfy the cravings of rock 'n' roll "junkies" like ourselves—alienated motherfuckers who can't even imagine living without constant doses of angry, gut-wrenching rock 'n' roll music. Although we also hope to appeal to curious people who are interested in intelligent and innovative analyses of current facets of popular culture, those who abhor real rock 'n' roll are truly beyond the pale and of no real interest to us, since there's nothing we can do to salvage their wretched, desolate existence.

As for our "political" orientation, *Hit List* has no ideological agenda other than a desire to facilitate and promote maximum freedom of expression about any and all subjects, however taboo they may be. By definition, this means that we are unalterably and virulently opposed to "political correctness", characterized as it is by intolerance, ideological dogmatism, sanctimoniousness, moral puritanism, humorlessness, and censoriousness, in all of its many guises. Nowadays the phrase PC has generally

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come to be associated primarily with the pathetic remnants of the authoritarian left, hypocritical "liberals" who have long been engaging in coercive social engineering at the expense of individual freedom, and decidedly illiberal ethnic and gender pressure groups seeking to exploit white male guilt and thereby extort special unearned privileges instead of securing genuinely equal rights. There's certainly no denying that this "PC left" is especially strong within academia, the media, the cultural establishment, government social welfare agencies, and—closer to home—various circles of the punk scene and certain other youth countercultures. It should not be forgotten, however, that the very traits identified above as constituting the essence of PC are not the monopoly of the left or any other single political group. All one has to do is pay close attention to the actions of congressional Republicans, the policies advocated by the Christian right and the "family values" coalition, and the lunatic pronouncements of right-wing radio personalities to observe the very same characteristics. Indeed, much of the shrill hysteria of the PC left emerged in direct response to the similarly shrill hysteria of the PC right and PC center (those dangerous elements who regard any criticism of mainstream values and institutions as a form of subversion or treason). This doesn't make the PC left's behavior any less odious, but the point here is that PC attitudes are widespread all across the political spectrum. The basic source of this particularly virulent social disease is that all too many people in our screwed-up world are not simply content to live their own lives as they see fit, but also feel a compulsive need to force everyone else to think and behave just as they do. I can promise you that such people will be our number one target in *Hit List*, regardless of which rock they happen to crawl out from under.

What does this pro-freedom stance signify in practice? It means that a wide variety of social and political views will be displayed in our articles, columns, letters section, images, and ads. It also means that we will satirize and poke fun at everyone and everything (including ourselves), challenge every vested interest we can think of, and gore every ox that has the misfortune to stumble across our path, without fear or favor. We are equal opportunity "haters" and will therefore be equal opportunity "offenders", albeit not in accordance with some ridiculous quota system. We won't hesitate for a moment to aim barbs at the mainstream, the fringes, the powerful, the powerless, the rich, the poor, the upper class, the middle class, the lower class, the underclass, men, women, heterosexuals, homosexuals, whites, blacks, Hispanics, Asians, the intelligent, the stupid, the young, the old, the handicapped, the good, the bad, the ugly, the beautiful, Christians, Muslims, Jews, Buddhists, pagans, Satanists, atheists, warmongers, peaceniks, the apolitical, the center, the left, the right, democrats, liberals, conservatives, communists, anarchists, fascists, feminists, capitalists, managers, workers, the homeless, slackers, Yuppies, pol-

luters, ecologists, racists, anti-racists, upright citizens, criminals, gang bangers, rappers, metalheads, skinheads, punks, earthlings, aliens, and any other groups we want to. No topic will be avoided, no matter how taboo, and no view will be censored, no matter how "offensive". One of our unofficial mottos, "we don't discriminate, we hate everyone", might also end up serving as a fitting epitaph for our entire magazine. If we don't manage to offend every existing human group on the planet before we're done, I will personally feel that we have failed to accomplish one of our primary objectives. As suggested above, the only firm criterion for inclusion in our magazine will be a noticeable degree of intelligence, creativity, imagination, literacy, and humor. As such we will regularly and unapologetically discriminate against PC whiners of all stripes, with their smarmy preprogrammed and knee-jerk responses to everything, and more generally against the stupid, the ignorant, the semi-literate, and the utterly humorless. Such people are a blight on the human landscape, not to mention sadly omnipresent (including in the pages of most other underground magazines). Otherwise, short of outright slander, virtually anything goes.

To sum up, our aim at *Hit List* is to provide you with reasonably comprehensive coverage of the world's best rock 'n' roll music, to inform you about ongoing developments in our rarefied and incestuous countercultural milieu, to entertain you with our belligerent and sardonic sense of humor, to foster rather than suppress debate about important and interesting topics, and—perhaps most importantly—to revive the critical "fuck you" spirit that has always constituted the essence of genuine punk. If everything goes as planned, *Hit List* will develop into a veritable bastion of intellectual and cultural freedom, one that helps to rejuvenate the creative spirit, provocative behavior, and libertine if not downright decadent impulses that once animated punk, wonderful traits which certain moral puritans and sectarian fanatics within our own scene have since made a concerted but fortunately unsuccessful effort to stifle. If you're sick and tired of all this stodgy, "benevolent" paternalism and have been looking for a hard-hitting underground music magazine with integrity, intelligence, originality, humor, and a take-no-prisoners attitude, then read on. If not, you'd better run for cover, since *Hit List* will soon be firing volleys and lobbing grenades at all of your sacred cows.

## HIT LIST AND MRR

Almost from the very moment that word got around that we were starting a new magazine, many people simply assumed that *Hit List* would turn out to be another "anti-MRR" publication created by disgruntled former "shitworkers". To some extent this rush to judgement was understandable. After all, *Punk Planet* and *Heart Attack* had previously been launched, and both were perceived as little more than pale imitations of MRR, a perception scarcely belied by their original physical appearance, layout, and organization of contents. Moreover, two of the three initial partners in this venture—myself and Mel Cheplowitz—had in fact written for MRR for many years. Only Mel was truly a disgruntled "shitworker", however, and in any case he and I soon found ourselves unable to



continue to collaborate on this project because we had different visions about what kind of magazine we wanted to put out. As a result Mel went off and launched yet another new magazine on his own, *Shredding Paper*, which will cover punk and Oi but focus much more on pop music than ours. Meanwhile, Brett Mathews and I set about putting together the kind of zine we envisioned, the very rag you are now reading. Furthermore, it was perhaps inevitable that, in our efforts to recruit the most entertaining, obnoxious, and opinionated columnists we could find, we ended up soliciting contributions from two other former *MRR* columnists, Ben Weasel and the Reverend Norb, both of whom could fairly be described as at least mildly disgruntled. Then too, several other people who are now writing for *Hit List* have long had major gripes about *MRR*, and some of them—here, Tesco Vee springs to mind—had not been shy about expressing them publicly. Finally, my own ever-increasing disillusionment with the direction taken by *MRR* is a matter of public record, and Tim Yohannan's attempt to suppress the political portions of my column eventually led to my own resignation. Given these circumstances it is not surprising that many

punks would view *Hit List*, albeit sight unseen, as an "anti-*MRR*" publication. I therefore feel it necessary to clarify my own attitude toward *MRR*, and explain how *Hit List* will differ from the venerable publication created by Tim and others—myself included—over fifteen years ago.

When we first began *MRR*, Tim and I both hoped to counter what we perceived to be the widespread drug-induced apathy and nihilism that were gradually displacing broader political and social concerns within San Francisco's punk community. And since we both loved punk rock with a passion, and were at the time caught up in the excitement of fostering and sustaining the development of a broader punk "movement" encompassing both older urban and younger suburban punks, we were able to continue collaborating for many years. This was also possible because Tim, despite his ideological rigidity, was invariably filled with enthusiasm, intelligence, and good humor. I always had a tremendous amount of respect and fondness for Tim, and over time I came to think of him as a kind of surrogate older brother (since I myself had been an only child). Even so, we'd always had political disagreements, often of a rather contentious nature. Back in 1980 I considered myself to be an anarchist, which by definition means that I was hostile to authority figures, vanguard parties, and other sorts of hierarchical structures, whereas Tim was a Marxist-Leninist with a Stalinist bent who viewed totalitarian dictatorships like that of Mao Zedong with rose-colored glasses. His political views had

unfortunately crystallized around 1970, by which time the democratic elements of the New Left had long since been outmaneuvered, if not supplanted, by a host of puritanical, authoritarian, and cult-like Marxist-Leninist sects who romanticized and supported the world's most brutal Third World dictatorships—as long as they regurgitated Marxist rhetoric and were sufficiently anti-American.

Perhaps the single most extraordinary thing about Tim Yohannan—something which ranks right up there alongside his tremendous organizational ability and his cackling belly laugh—was that he never read, despite the fact that he was an extremely intelligent person. I mean that quite literally. He simply did not read, not even selectively so as to artificially buttress his own preconceived opinions. As a result his political ideas had become thoroughly ossified long before I actually met him, and no amount of contrary evidence and logic could ever shake his fundamental convictions, which assumed an almost religious aspect. Since my own political views had always been

more open-ended, and continued to evolve rapidly as I learned more and more about political and social matters, both as a result of life experience and due to intensive and systematic reading of the type one is forced to do as a graduate student, I found the sort of simplistic and knee-jerk left-wing rhetoric that was constantly being peddled in the pages of *MRR* to be increasingly intolerable. It finally dawned on me that *MRR* was never really

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about—and, worse still, would never, ever be about—fostering serious and intelligent debate on important but complex political issues, as I'd hoped. Rather, it was actively seeking to impose a specific and quite dogmatic set of political and social values on its readership and, by extension, on the entire punk scene. Others, who were not nearly as close to Tim or *MRR* as I was, saw this clearly long before I fully recognized and publicly acknowledged it. Once I did, however, it was no longer possible for me to collaborate actively in *MRR*'s various projects.

I had always been a very individualistic person, and as soon as I (rather belatedly) brought my philosophical principles in line with my intrinsic emotional makeup by abandoning collectivism once and for all—a process described at length in my essay in *Threat By Example*—my days at *MRR* were numbered. Since *MRR* was essentially Tim's magazine, technically he had every right to try and enforce ideological conformity in its pages. But in retrospect it's hard to fathom why anyone associated with punk rock would even want to enforce ideological con-



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formity, or have so little faith in his own readers that he would be afraid to expose them to a diversity of social and political views. In the end, all the misplaced humanitarianism and demands for "social justice" peddled in *MRR* rang rather hollow, because they could not disguise the fundamental fact that both its authoritarian internal policies and its collectivistic political values were wholly antithetical to real personal freedom. Tim's decision to censor the political portions of my own column was thus emblematic of the entire problem with *MRR*, not to mention the action which finally ended my association with the magazine. Although I remained very close friends with Tim up until his death (despite the immense and ever-growing gulf between our respective political views), and likewise still consider a number of other people currently associated with *MRR* to be good friends, for years I have viewed *MRR* as representative of, and perhaps even responsible for, many of the most reprehensible trends associated with the contemporary punk scene. This jaundiced view of *MRR* has nothing whatsoever to do with Tim's tragic, premature death and his replacement by younger people such as Jacqueline and the recently-departed Mark, both of whom I like on a personal level. And it certainly doesn't affect my generally high opinion of Tim himself, whose absence I miss greatly. At this point I could go on at length about *MRR*'s various flaws, but that would serve no real purpose, especially since they are already apparent to so many people. Suffice it to say that *MRR* is infused with the sort of ideological dogmatism, mindless rhetoric, self-righteousness, moral puritanism, and censorious paternalism which I not only find personally repugnant but also consider alien to any meaningful concept of freedom. Even worse, it has tried to set itself up as the arbiter of all matters relating to punk, as if a counterculture so chaotic and multiform could ever be remolded in the image of *MRR*! If punk isn't about fostering personal freedom, then it isn't—or shouldn't be—about anything at all.

As for *Hit List*, I really don't see it as being in direct competition with *MRR*. This may appear strange and even naive, since both magazines are trying to provide reasonably comprehensive coverage of punk and underground rock music. But *MRR*'s primary mission has always been, and still is, to foster and sustain the growth and development of the international punk community, something it has done fairly effectively for almost twenty years. Our goals are at first glance far more modest, since all we aim to do is provide coverage of the best underground rock 'n'

roll, past and present. We have no plans to cover the development of the punk scene in Turkey or Indonesia, much less to try and control its development. We are of course happy to learn that ethical people who are into punk rock are doing worthwhile things in various parts of the world, and we applaud their efforts. But we're not going to provide detailed and ongoing coverage of developments in various punk scenes, so don't look to our magazine for that. Yet on further reflection, our aims are not really limited to covering rock 'n' roll, as important as that is to us. As noted above, we are also into promoting maximum freedom of expression, and it is in this area that we are not merely unlike *MRR*, but diametrically opposed to it. Certain foolish people may interpret this as some sort of "betrayal" of *MRR*, or even of Tim's friendship, but I'm certain that if Tim were alive today he'd not only be excited about the fact that we were putting out an aggressive new punk magazine but would also be willing to offer us support in various ways. Tim always admired other people who were as honest, uncompromising, and

principled as he himself was, even if he deplored their principles, which is why he and I remained such good friends despite all of our disagreements. Far from turning over in his grave, I feel confident that at this very moment Tim is bestowing his blessings and indeed beatifically smiling down upon our new project. Anyone who imagines

otherwise probably never knew the cantankerous SOB very well.

Henceforth I myself don't plan to say anything at all about *MRR*, since I've got far more interesting and important things to do than sit around sniping at other punk magazines. I even went so far as to request that all of our writers avoid making childish personal attacks on *MRR* or other well-known punk institutions and scenesters, although certainly not to avoid criticizing them for holding particular views or engaging in specific actions. Of course, being the ornery punks that they are, four of our columnists—including all three of the aforementioned "disgruntled" ex-*MRR* writers—immediately ignored my suggestions, and one even had the temerity to claim (falsely, I might add) that I was trying to force him to conform to "silly" rules. Unfortunately, there's nothing I can do about this, since trying to curb their verbal excesses in any way would violate both my own maximalist approach to free speech and our magazine's proclaimed anti-censorship policy. Hopefully, they've now gotten all those uncontrollable anti-*MRR* sentiments out of their systems and will henceforth be able to concentrate on other matters. In any case it should be clear that, despite the extravagant and wholly unwarranted claims made by certain individuals, *Hit List* aims to supplement rather than supplant influential older punk magazines like *MRR* and

***If punk isn't about fostering personal freedom, then it isn't—or shouldn't be—about anything at all.***



*Flipside*, as well as to provide a feisty new alternative to them. As far as I'm concerned, the more options people have and the more opinions they are exposed to, the better.

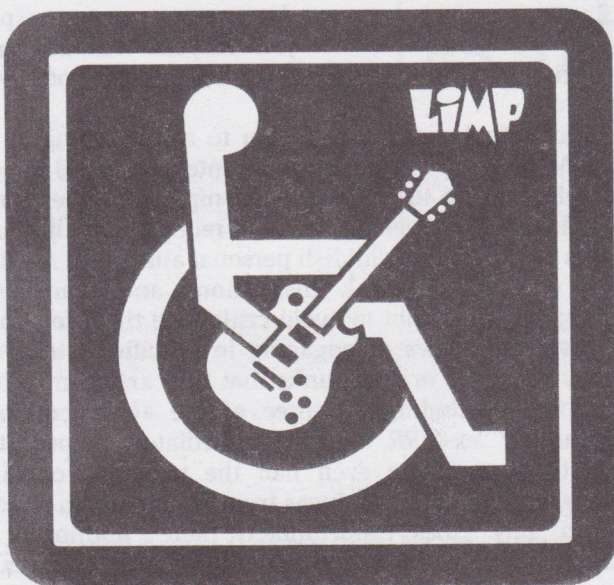
#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Last but certainly not least, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who took out advertising in the debut issue of our magazine, sight unseen, since they alone made it possible for us to finance this project. They took a chance on supporting a new magazine, and will be reaping the benefits of their cooperative attitude in the future. As for the three or four labels that I personally supported in the past but that couldn't be bothered to respond, adopted a cautious wait-and-see approach, or displayed a condescending attitude, I'll be sure to remember them as well in upcoming issues, when advertising space is no longer readily available. I don't believe in "karma", but in this case what goes around will surely come around unless an "attitude adjustment" is quickly made.

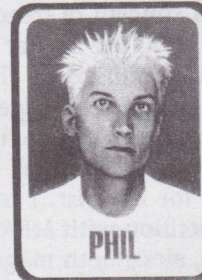
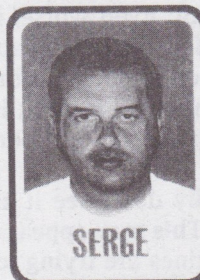
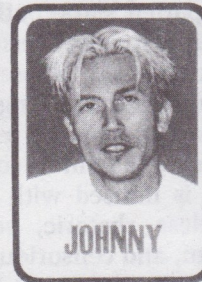
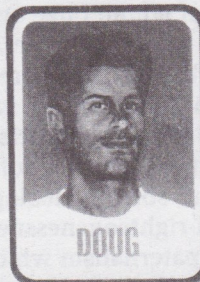
I'd also like to thank Mel Cheplowitz, without whom this magazine would never have been established. (Ironically, it was the abusive treatment he received from certain people at MRR that precipitated the foundation of *Hit List*. Talk about poetic justice! Maybe there is such a thing as karma after all.) It was he who initially prompted me to participate in the launching of a new punk magazine, and even after we parted ways he allowed us to retain the name *Hit List* (which was more appropriate for the aggressive tone of our zine) and assisted us with var-

## JEFFBALE

ious computer-related problems. Thanks are also owed to Greg Lowery of Rip Off Records, who allowed us to "piggyback" onto his label so that we could be distributed through Mordam; the helpful people at Mordam itself, including head honcho Ruth Schwartz; Mark Murrmann, who kindly loaned us some key software; Dave Johnson, who enthusiastically took on the difficult and not always pleasant responsibilities of being *Hit List's* resident graphics designer/computer whiz; John Yates, who designed our cool-looking yet nasty logo and provided advice at various stages of the design and production process; Jux, who bent over backwards to assist us with the actual production; Winston Smith, who provided us with a classic example of his artwork for our "centerfold" on relatively short notice; and my zine partner Brett Mathews, who fortunately has the sort of business savvy and pragmatic approach to solving mundane but crucially important problems that I sadly lack. Finally, I'd like to thank all those people, both notorious and obscure, who agreed to contribute to our debut issue without receiving any compensation other than the satisfaction they gained from doing a job well. It was very gratifying to me that virtually everyone I sought to solicit contributions from ended up graciously and enthusiastically agreeing to write for this magazine. If *Hit List* is a success, it will undoubtedly be due primarily to the extraordinary talents of our obnoxious and sometimes lunatic contributors. ⊕



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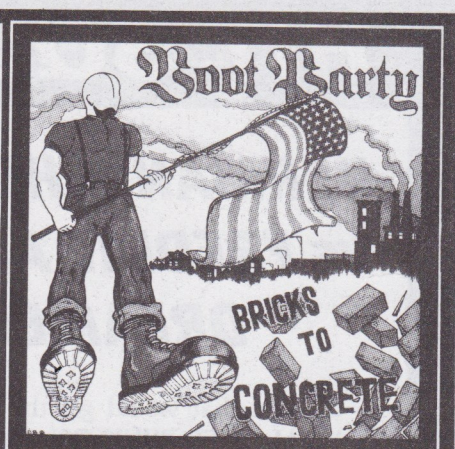
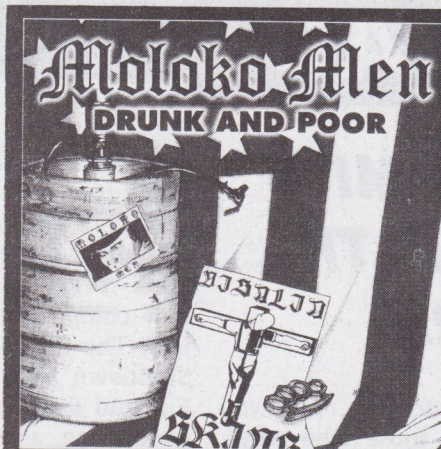
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## HERMAN'S HERMITS vs FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS

I thought that would get the attention of all you 'REAL TUFF PUNKERS', i.e., those who punk, out there. OK, you've paid your money, expecting to see a semi-professional show, so let's go with professional show biz!! Let's get movin' now, huh (as punk rocker Steve Martin has said). The expertise and solid foundation of knowledge upon which I draw to



base my opinions stem from my own 'do -nothing- go-nowhere, UNABLE-TO-TELL-RIGHT-FROM-WRONG, OR—WORSE YET—GOOD-FROM-BAD' modus operandi, which old people like me naturally

seem to adopt and develop as the decades whizz by, while struggling to absorb a bit of info from each decade, only to have everything mercilessly stripped away as a result of drinking litre after litre of delicious diet sodas. This is not a disclaimer, just a fact, Jack (as punk rocker Bill Murray has said).

So, punk rockers, will the 90s be the decade that punk rocker Greg Shaw's 'It Will All Come Back' pop revival really happens?

I don't think so, and neither was the 80s for that matter, but it's really nice to put on those rosy glasses once and a while and flick through a *Bomp* editorial, still an icon of that religious grail to all hedonists at heart, i.e., baby boomers, no matter how ludicrous those ideas might have seemed at the time. I am not prepared to

enter that arena and let myself get eaten alive by all them argument sharks over the logistical and sociological circumstances surrounding that particular pizza pie—that's Mike Lucas' territory, a guy who lives for the argument department. Anyhow, it came to be that (punk rocker) Greg Shaw's *Bomp*, *Vox*, and *BFD* labels, as well as others (*Moxie*, *Crypt*, *Eva*, etc.) that were not (punk rocker)

Greg Shaw's doings, had reissued many LPs containing 'punk rock from the 60s'. But not all was well. Some were good, but a lot ended up containing the scuzz from the bottom of the barrels. Now, almost twenty years later, punk rocker Tim Warren shits out ten, count 'em, ten, new compilations of the creamiest 'punk rock from the 60s'. The first five entries in the series (called "Teenage Shutdown") were mostly a rehash of 80s comps like "New England Teen Scene" and "Chosen Few". This, duh, was a good thing, as many of those comps in the 80s were as expensive as gas and contained lots of cereal filler like *Alpo*. And nice people such as Billy and Miriam have reissued the *Sonics'* first and second LPs—*Beat Rocket* have just re-released their third LP at a higher price, but it's still a lot cheaper than trying to get one at a record swap from the old fat man getting rich off megaloonies like *Peepin' John*—as well as the *Wailers* first LP (have you ever heard of punk rock?) and a 'best of' on their Norton label. (Remember when these things were reissued by *Etiquette* in the 80s?) These LPs have the original covers, complete with a bunch of informative liner notes and extra songs. Sorry, but these are two groups I can't push hard enough, especially to anyone who goes around calling themselves a 'punk' or someting equally gumpy [Ed.—say what?] (like 'power pop', or some goobery shit like that, ha ha). Are these the new and improved 60s 'punk' reissues and comps of the 90s? So far, so good. The next five in the series have never been reissued before and approach the quality level of "Back from the Graves", if you're into keeping score at all (like statistical whiz, drumming genius, and Merseybeat man Mike Saunders, late of the *Rockin' Blues* and *Lennonburger* [Ed.—truly a magnificent band]).

I'm already tired of hearing myself blah blah blah, and

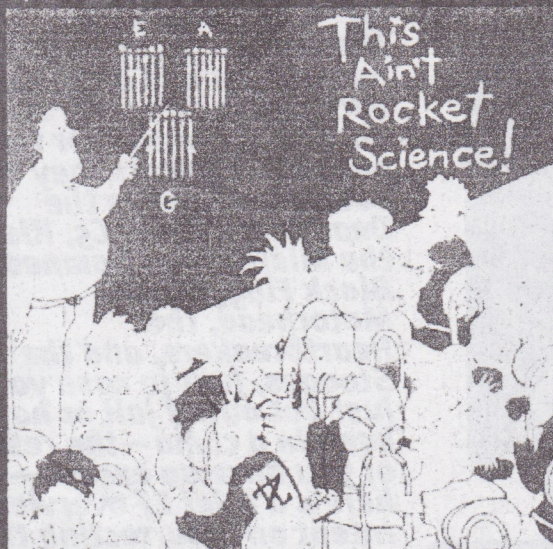
I know everyone 'cool' already knows all about these records—HELLO punk rocker *NEWMAN*!—but the rest of you shouldn't ignore them the next time you pop into your local record shop. Next time I will examine the truth behind 'Donna bashing', how 'punk rock' style has 'evolved' into the powerful pop *FASHION* (as in 'dedicated followers of') it is today, and the

increased 'collectability' of shitty dollar LPs like Paul Collins' *Beat*, the *Rubinoos*, and worst of all, *TEENAGE HEAD*, ha ha. SORRY, maybe I shouldn't have said anything. Leave the *Hermans Hermits* 'collectables' for me, and go eat a pizza down in Hollywood, why dontcha? Rock & roll is alive and living under the mattress where some smarmy little kid keeps his booger collection. ⊕

***I know everyone 'cool'  
already knows all about  
these records—HELLO  
punk rocker NEWMAN!***



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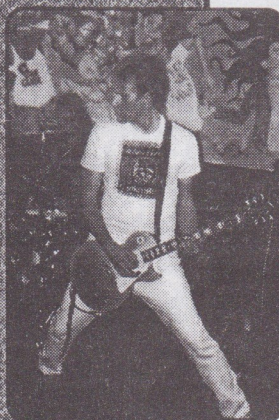
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**E**lectric Frankenstein has been challenging the "New World Order" by filling the record bins and bringing back the rock 'n' roll show all over the world for the past three years. They've been compared to the Dead Boys, the MC5, Kiss, the Misfits, the Damned, Black Flag, AC/DC, Motorhead, the Heartbreakers, and the Stooges. Just in case you just got out of jail or have been in a coma—the rest of you have no excuse—here's a brief EF overview. Intent on resurrecting the corpse of rock 'n' roll by seamlessly welding together the best ideas from 50's R&B, R&R, and Rockabilly; 60's Garage and British Invasion; 70's Glitter and Hard Rock; 80's Metal and Hardcore; and 90's Grunge, Electric Frankenstein was founded by Sal Canzonieri (rhythm guitar), who owned NJ record store Rebel Rouser and was once in NYC noise/space rock cult band the Thing; lead guitarist Jim Foster, one of the founding members of Adrenalin OD; and bassist (and brother) Dan Canzonieri, who was in gothic band Cathedral and also played in Rozz Williams' and Eva O's Shadow Project and Christian Death. EF had a succession of drummers and singers (notably vocalist Scott Wilkins of Verbal Abuse for two LPs, and drummer John Steele of Holeshot and Voice of Doom) before (re)settling on Steve Miller (formerly of the Crash Street Kids) on vocals and Rob Sifcek of Fur, Crawlpappy, Mind's Eye, and Uppercut on drums. So there you have it.





**Q**: I've noticed that on the back of your last few releases you've been printing "Fight the Anti-Rock Conspiracy, Support Real Rock 'n' Roll". Please elaborate on this "Anti-Rock Conspiracy" and what it means, and also what you consider "real" rock 'n' roll to be.

**A:** What we want to do, the whole idea of Electric Frankenstein, is to bring back the fun and the excitement that was once in rock. To update rock 'n' roll for modern times so that it doesn't die out. As the

involved in music and in life, instead of slowly rotting away like boring average people. It makes you do things like starting your own band, producing a fanzine, promoting shows, starting book clubs, writing articles, interviewing bands, creating albums covers and posters, and meeting other people at shows. In other words, it creates EXCITEMENT! Now, is this kind of music on mainstream radio? No. Is it in the mainstream press? No. Is rock 'n' roll what people want? Yes. How do we know that? Because radio listenership is at a 17 year low! Magazine

cal views, and so on. The rock 'n' roll attitude is to question authority and rebel against the status quo and mass minded boredom. Roll and rollers want to think for themselves. Of course, this is frightening to a government that wants people to be under its control and to function as enslaved mass consumers. The Anti-Rock Conspiracy is the conspiracy to keep us too stupid to question authority. Look at how useless public school education is. No one is taught how to think anymore, but rather to compete to be popular. School work is ignored,

# Fighting the Anti-Rock Conspiracy in the Streets!

by brett mathews



Dictators new song says, "Who Will Save Rock and Roll?". Nowadays it seems that a lot of the major labels are trying to kill off rock for good with these nondescript "alternative" music bands and even more boring Electronica music. And MTV is brainwashing kids with endless hours of Rap music. As if rock and roll was a small thing, a minor event in the history of music, which is obviously false. Real rock 'n' roll is music made from the heart, it comes from the streets and not the record company marketing offices. It has a grass roots following of real fans, not fair weather "buyers". It's music with a great beat, powerful emotions, and hooks and melodies that stick in your head for years. It's music that changes your life and you never can forget that rush when you first hear it. It makes your insides move! You know it when you hear it, like the first time you heard the Ramones, Dead Boys, Damned, Black Flag, Misfits, and so on. It makes you glad that you are alive and gives you inspiration to get

readership is also at an all time low. And when they do surveys, the results come back saying that people want more media coverage of rock 'n' roll bands, new and old. Do they do anything about this? No. So what's going on? Why are they ignoring what the people want? The answer is simple: CONTROL. You are a unit to be exploited and controlled. You must buy what they create and want you to have. This is the Anti-Rock Conspiracy. For years now, the major labels and the mass media have been ignoring what people want and trying the brainwash people into liking what they want you to like. The first technique they use to control people is to keep people divided. When rock 'n' roll was king, all the teenagers and young adults were together, they weren't divided into tiny little splinter groups like kids are today. There were many variations of rock 'n' roll and kids listened to all of it. Together all these rockers made up one hell of a group, with their own ideas, art, lifestyle, attitude, politi-

and people don't even know how to read anymore. They don't care about learning because the schools teach them nothing. What do they get fed in schools instead? Drugs. Again, this is to keep them stupid. The huge amount of drugs coming into this country can't be accidental. Someone has to let it in. In case after case, there has been government intervention after major dealers have been arrested and they then end up being let go! Judges, DEA agents, etc., complain that they are forced to look the other way. It's like the Democrats are the coke dealers and the Republicans are the heroin dealers, and they fight and form alliances to obtain market shares! It's drugs that facilitate most of our crimes and murders. It's drugs that cause neighborhoods to go down, which then make the races hate each other out of confusion and fear. This is a deliberate situation created to destabilize the population. First they did it in the



cities, and now it is in the suburbs. All over the US, the suburbs have turned into places with gangs, drug dealers, murders, robberies, etc. And, where is it the worst? Amongst the kids. Today, there is no thinking for yourself. The problem is a deep-rooted one, because it is part of a conspiracy to keep people stupid! [Ed. — people are plenty stupid all by themselves. It doesn't take much to keep them that way] For example, common people are kept divided into special interest groups so that they don't notice they are being fooled into fighting each other while they are being screwed by the government. This is being continued from generation to generation, which means that is being recreated amongst the young. People are kept divided because they are brain-

washed into thinking there are such things as white, black, gay, and straight rights and special interests, when these categories are just media constructs. We are all human beings, with basic human rights that are already delineated in the US constitu-

tion. People deserve a good life because they are human beings with inalienable rights that come from just being born! Not fake civil rights for whites, blacks, gays, this religion, that religion, this cause, that cause. Since people are being fooled into thinking about civil rights, they are put into a position where the government grants them privileges and LETS them do things by law. Laws that can be changed and taken away. But human rights are not privileges that come from the government. No one can take them away because you are born with them. Everyone should have a decent life that is free of hate by

virtue of the fact that we are all born the same, as human beings. All this was already spelled out by the US constitution long ago. But the fake idea of civil rights removes this protection and takes us into a pseudo world where we are granted privileges, where everyone is kept in a state of competition for more privileges. People then start to hate each other. We are all then one step away from being carted away and put into concentration camps once our "privileges" are taken away by law. People don't generally know this, though ANYONE can look this up in any public library, but during World War II Congress passed a law declaring people of the United States to be "enemies of the US Government", thereby suspending the US Constitution since we are all

**The sales of all the "alternative" bands and Electronica bands fell, and all those major labels are now doing really badly. They can barely sell anything anymore because they have bored people to death. Finally, people are rebelling against the brainwashing and looking to find things out on their own.**



of foreign origin! No lie. And, guess what? This law has never been repealed! We are all here by privilege, and at any moment martial law can be declared and off we go to our deaths. This divide-and-conquer idea has also been applied to youth. In the 50s, 60s, and 70s, people who questioned authority had music as a major part of their lives. Now, kids are all broken up into tiny sub-divisions called hardcore, punk, garage, pop, gothic, etc. There are hundreds of splinter groups, each scene getting smaller and smaller and more and more generic sounding. MTV and other government tools worked on brain-

washing kids into stupefying themselves with useless drugs and meaningless sex and creating a pseudo "youth culture", but it's designed to sell their advertised products and their fake lifestyles. It wasn't naturally evolving, like real rock 'n' roll was throughout its history. In the past, rock music always grew and changed in a natural way, based on the ideas of the people doing it. Look at how rock music evolved from 50s Rockabilly, to 60s garage rock and psychedelic music, to 70s hard rock and punk rock, to 80s heavy metal and hardcore, to early 90s grunge. Now, it's been replaced with a prepackaged program that dictates the clothes, the music, the sounds, and the attitude. Sometime after the mid 1990s, rock 'n' roll began to be ignored and

replaced in the media with "Alternative" music, rap, and "Electronica". Look at all these suburban kids being brainwashed into acting like inner city gangster types by rap. These so-called musical styles are fake, and are often produced not by bands from the streets but by record companies that are

backed financially by hidden millionaire investors. Music became a commodity that Wall Street investors played an important part in. But in the end, all that did was bore everybody. The sales of all the "alternative" bands and Electronica bands fell, and all those major labels are now doing really badly. They can barely sell anything anymore because they have bored people to death. Finally, people are rebelling against the brainwashing and looking to find things out on their own. EF is a case in point. We sold about 70,000 records all by word of mouth, and thus outsold most of the "alternative" bands on



major labels. This was just due to a grass roots following based on someone telling someone else. No advertising, no promotion, nothing. It was also based on the merits of our songwriting. We don't even put our pictures on our records for this very reason. We want people to like us for our music. Being on a major label is often the kiss of death—look at how many bands totally disappear within a year of going with a major. I think the era of the major labels is over. The proof is that they have no clue on how to make bands sell anymore. With the advent of the Internet, they are no longer needed, since all labels and all bands are on equal footing with the Internet. I believe, for all these reasons, that we should fight the Anti-Rock Conspiracy by supporting bands that write real music, by supporting being smart and educating yourself, by supporting the do-it-yourself movement, by supporting being self-reliant, and by supporting the questioning of authority so that we can be free to think for ourselves.

**Q: For awhile it seemed like rock 'n' roll was considered "old fashioned". Why do you feel that you have to revitalize rock 'n' roll?**

**A:** People want rock, because rock 'n' roll is like a religious experience, like a sexual and spiritual thing that you can feel throughout your whole body and that can only come from really exciting music, loud, heavy, and powerful. What we wanted to do was bring back melody and good songwriting, but still keep the music really powerful and heavy.

**Q: What has the response been from your audiences?**

**A:** EF is obviously doing something right, because people are usually

very enthusiastic at our shows. We try to really play with feeling and not seem like we are just going through the motions. We love rock 'n' roll and we want other people to see what's great about it, too. We get lots of great letters in the mail from people telling us how much the music makes them feel charged up and makes them remember when more bands were playing with the same kind of energy and verve. A lot of other bands sound like they're playing one big long song. With ten of these bands' records played in a row, it sounds like one band. And that's really boring. I think a lot of people forgot about being exciting and about dynamics, melodies, counter-melodies, craftsmanship in song writing, riffs, and hooks. They forgot everything that

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makes a song exciting and interesting. When an audience that is starved for this finally hears a band really play, it just lights them up like rockets!

**Q: Do you think that people are finally wising up to this and that the music scene is finally starting to see a rock 'n' roll revival.**

**A:** Well, it's true, because now we get letters from all over the world. People 25 and up are saying "thank God you're bringing back the really great aspects of music that rock used to have, and that "alternative" music is finally being killed off".

And then we get the young kids under 18 writing to us and saying "oh, you know I started out just listening to pop and then I heard your band. It really excited me. It makes me feel like the bands I used to read about, and it's great to have bands like that that I can listen to now."

So, we helped open these kids' minds up to real rock 'n' roll, and now they want to find out about the bands that we get compared to and the bands that we talk about in our interviews, and the kids will start to go searching all over for them. We get a lot of fan mail from people saying we gave them a lot of inspiration. We must be appealing to the kids because they seem to write to us a lot. Both older people and younger people write to us a lot. I think this year alone I got 3 cartons

full of letters from all over the world, including countries like Spain, Greece, Yugoslavia, Russia, Finland, Sweden, Holland, Italy, and Japan. I think that proves that we're doing the right thing with what we sound like, and that we're helping to re-vitalize the corpse of rock 'n' roll. We're trying to give it an electric jump-start!

**Q: You guys have been quite prolific in the past few years. What do you think about your flood of current releases? I've noticed that some magazines, such as *MRR*, don't seem to realize that many of the records they get are not meant to be imports, and then tend to bash you guys undeservedly for all this duplication. Could you maybe expand on that?**

**A:** It's nothing but giving the people what they want. A lot of people don't understand about releasing records when you are popular worldwide. The people who say that are usually the people who get



them for free, such as reviewers! What these people don't understand is that we have a lot of fans from all over the world. The records would cost too much as imports into those countries, so we release the stuff as different editions in different countries to help people in those countries get the records at the local price. This is the right thing to do, if you really care about your fans! But the record distributors get greedy and start importing them into the US, even though it's against our contract terms. So then it's not supposed to be here, but people see it here as imports from Europe and they just think that we're just re-releasing the same songs all the time. But we're not, it's that one is on a European label and one is on an American label. We only really have 3 LPs out, about one a year. The rest are live records or compilations of leftover tracks and EPs. We have the WFMU Pat Duncan Show radio sessions LPs out, where of course we do the songs that we were doing live at the time. In the long run, I go by what the people who write me letters say and what the people who come to my shows say, not what the critics say. 99% of all the reviews are really enthusiastic. The others don't say anything is wrong with the music, just that there are several versions of the same things. The thing is, they would never have even known about it if they didn't get them for free from the labels asking them to review it. Yeah, *MRR* started saying that. If they hadn't said anything, nobody would've cared. If the world wasn't such that people didn't have instant access to things, they would never be able to get the import versions to review. They are lucky to get them. I guess I'll tell the overseas labels to take them off their mailing lists; that way, they'll only see the US versions of the records. The record collectors all seem pretty happy with us, as are our real fans. Even most reviewers, really. There are even bootleg live albums and videos out that we ourselves didn't put out, from all over, which is very flattering. I'm not against people making bootleg records of our live shows, I just want

them to send us copies for our record collections! We keep getting more and more offers from independent labels to do releases with them, and they all do well. What are you supposed to tell people, that you don't feel like putting out records?

No matter how much we



put out,

people still wanna buy our new releases. So it's really the only way to get our music to the largest number of people. They write to us and tell us to do it this way. I try to be really considerate of all our fans, here and overseas, and then some selfish people try to criticize us for caring about our fans? Fuck 'em, our fans come first, not people who get records for free and don't even know how to write a real review that tells people what the music actually sounds like, instead of a writing a bunch of useless comments that do a disservice to their own readers by ignoring that they want to know what a record sounds like.

**Q: What is going on on the East Coast nowadays? Is the NY scene still alive? Is it still a scene at all, or is everybody just sort of doing their own thing? Are there still clubs that are into supporting the scene?**

A: I'm afraid that the NYC scene is pretty dormant right now. It has splintered into tiny factions that can't sustain enough people to get a scene going. Hardcore, garage,

punk, rock 'n' roll, gothic, glam, squatter punk, all of it is totally separate from one another, and this has destroyed the club scene. There are hardly any places to play, and the good bands are basically trying to get out as fast as they can.

**Q: What bands out there right now make you just stand back and say, "Fuck, yeah! These guys rock."?**

A: There are a bunch of great bands that rock, and I don't separate them into categories because as I said, this is fake. Real rock 'n' roll is being produced by bands like Nebula, Chrome Locust (Todd Youth's new band), the Candysnatchers, Fu Manchu, Monster Magnet, the new Marilyn Manson LP (believe it or not), Acid King, Altamont, Mudhoney are still great live, Turbonegro, the Hellacopters, Gluecifer, the Rockets, the Turbentines, the Orange Goblins, Electric Wizard, the Dragons, the Supersuckers, the Gaza Strippers (Rick Sims' new band), the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, Rocket from the Crypt, Third Year Down, and so on.

**Q: What's on the EF horizon (new releases, new projects, upcoming tours, etc.)?**

A: Well, we hope to be touring the US in the spring, our usual major cities shows, then go to Europe for 3 weeks in May. Then to Canada, Japan, and Australia. We have a new single coming out on Victory called "I'm Not Your (Nothing)", which is due Jan 26th. The new album is called "How to Make a Monster", and is due out in the spring of 1999. Coop is doing the cover and a video (he did a great Rocket From the Crypt video), and Scream Queen Julie Strain will be on the back cover as the Bride of Frankenstein. Other than that, we are doing singles for TKO and Scooch Pooch, and some stuff for Man's Ruin, Estrus, Get Hip, and so on. Lots of tribute comps and such, too. All with Steve on vocals, of course. Remember, Fight the Anti-Rock Conspiracy! Support Real Rock 'n' Roll! Let's Do the Big Takeover! ⊕



# ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN DISCOGRAPHY

Steve Miller - vocals (back again by popular demand)

Jim Foster - lead guitar  
Sal Canzonieri - rhythm guitar  
Donato Canzonieri - bass  
Rob Sefcik - drums

## Temporary guests:

Joey Ramone - vocals (he's the next guest vocalist!)  
Rik L Rik - vocals

## Former members:

Scott Wilkins - vocals (from Nov 95 to August 97)  
John Steele - drums (from 95 to Oct 97)  
Renee Valentine - drums (from 94 to 95)  
John Caton - drums (from 93 to 94)  
Christopher Lynn - bass (from Oct 95 thru June 96)

## Other activities:

Rik L Rik was in F Word and Negative Trend, and on the Beach Blvd LP, before he sang with EF to commemorate his twentieth anniversary of performing Punk Rock. He did two full shows (31 Oct 1997 in NY and 1 Nov 1997 in NJ), and sang "Out There" with EF in Los Angeles and Long Beach, California.

Scott W. was in Verbal Abuse and Condemned to Death, and has moved back to Los Angeles, California.

Steve Miller was in the Crash Street Kids, EF, and then the Dead Planet Babies, and is now back in EF.

Dan was in Shadow Project, Christian Death, Cathedral, Empire Hideous, and Swank.

Sal was in The Thing and Doom Patrol, and functioned as the guest guitarist for one show with Von Lmo/Red Transistor.

Jim was in Adrenalin OD, the Holy Rollers, Lurch, and Evil Smocks.

Rob was in Fur, Crawl pappy, Minds Eye, and Uppercut.

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN SINGLES

1. EF Theme 7" (USA: Mint Tone 1994)  
EF Theme/Fast & Furious

2. A Sweet Sickness EP 7" (EUR: Demolition Derby 1994, DD 020)  
OUT OF PRINT, Only 1000 pressed  
Rise And Crash/We Are The Dangerous/Too Much For You/A Sweet Sickness

3. It's All Moving Faster 7" (USA: Puncrock Records 1995, PUN-005) OUT OF PRINT, first 1,000 on green vinyl, 2nd press on black  
It's All Moving Faster/Cooler Little Monster (with Zacherie)

4. New Rage 7" (USA: Exit Records 1995, EXIT 2)  
OUT OF PRINT, first 1,000 on blue vinyl.  
New Rage/Home Of The Brave (originally by Naked Raygun)

5. Electrify Me 7" (USA: Junk Records 1995, JR#1)  
First 1,000 on black vinyl, second press on red vinyl.  
Electrify Me/ust Like Your Mom

6. Get Off My Back 7" (USA: Junk Records 1995, JR#2) First 1,000 on black vinyl, second press on green vinyl.  
Get Off My Back/Face At The Edge Of The Crowd

7. Action High 7" (USA: Intensive Scare Records 1996, IS-#6) OUT OF PRINT, Only 2,000 printed, black vinyl, first 1,000 included an EF fridge magnet.

Action High/Out There

8. Not Wit U 7" (USA: Get Hip; 1996, GH-196) first 500 on green vinyl-Cover by Cliff Mott  
Not Wit' U/Pure & Simple

9. Blackout 7" (Victory Records) first 500 on green vinyl-Cover by Wheez!  
Blackout/A Singer's Blood (aka "Naked Heat")

10. Deal With It 7" (USA: Sonic Swirl) first 1,000 have different picture sleeve.  
Deal With It/Monster Demolisher

11. EF Stomp 7" (EUR: Demolition Derby 1997) 1,000 on clear vinyl.  
EF Stomp/Queen Wasp (Misfits cover - sung by John Steele)

12. Devil Dust 7"-picture disc (USA: One Foot Records) First 1,000 have special outer sleeve.  
Devil Dust/Right Now!

13. Estrus 7"- (Estrus Records 1998, ES 7123) with Steve on Vocals Green vinyl-Cover by Art Chantry!  
You're So Fake/Rocket in My Veins

14. Junk 7" - (USA: Junk Records) with Scott on vocals, clear vinyl  
Clockwise/Frustration (Crime cover)

15. Reptilian 7" - (USA: Reptilian Records) with Scott on vocals  
First 500 on green vinyl-Live single!  
Teenage Shutdown/Demolition Joyride

16. UPCOMING: Coldfront/Sin City 7" - (USA: Coldfront cf-010) 2 brand new songs with Steve back on vox!! 200 silk screen covers with green marble vinyl, 300 green marble vinyl with normal covers, second press black vinyl!!-Cover art by Mark Devito!!  
Up From The Streets/Razor Blade Touch

## SPLIT SINGLES

1. split 7" with Hellacopters (EUR: Frank Records, 1997, Frank 004) 3 different colors, 100 brown, 900 purple, 500 black.Repress on hot pink vinyl.  
Learn To Burn/Born Wild

2. UPCOMING: split 7" with Crispy Nuts (female Japanese Ramones band) (ITALY: Kill Yourself/Rockin Bones Records) with Rik L Rik on Vocals  
Savage (Fun Things cover)

3. split 7" with L. E. S. Stitches (USA: Devil Doll Records) with Steve on vocals  
We are the Road Crew" (Motorhead cover)

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN ALBUMS

1. The Time Is Now 10" (EUR: Nitro! nov 1995, NITRO005) Out of print, was limited to 1,000  
Teenage Shutdown/The Time Is Now/(You're No) Superstar/Right On Target /IWant More/Demolition Joyride - Demolition Derby

1. The Time Is Now CD (EUR: ~ nov 1995, NITRO005)

1. The Time Is Now LP (EUR: Nitrot 1996, NITRO005)

1. The Time Is Now CD (USA: Nesak ~ 'Kado, 1997)

These compile The Time is Now 10" with the first two singles-different song order/cover art/mastering for Europe & USA.

Teenage Shutdown/The Time Is Now/(You're No) Superstar/Right On Target/I Want More/Demolition Joyride - Demolition Derby/EF Theme/Fast & Furious/Rise & Crash/We Are The Dangerous/Too Much For You/A Sweet Sickness

2. Conquers The World CD (USA: Nesak/Kado)  
2. Conquers The World LP (USA: Get Hip, 1996, GH-1048) a singles compilation - different cover art on vinyl LP.

First 1,000 black vinyl, second press purple vinyl.  
It's All Moving Faster/Electrify Me/Just Like Your Mom/New Rage/Deal With It/Home Of The Brave/Monster Demolisher/Face At The Edge Of The Crowd/Get Off My Back/Cooler Little Monster

3 Sick Songs CD (USA: Nesak/Kado Records 1997, 19829-2)

Action High/I'll Be Standing (On My Own)/Not Wit u/Pure & Simple/Born Wild/I Wish I Could/Learn To Burn/Back At You Clockwise/Out There (originally by F-Word)

3. Sick Songs 10" (USA: Get Hip, 1997) Yellow vinyl  
Action High/I'll Be Standing (On My Own)/Born Wild/I Wish I Could/ Learn To Burn/Back At You/Clockwise Out There/(originally by F-Word)

3. Action High LP/CD (UK: One Louder)  
Cover art by Savage Pencil!  
Action High/I'll Be Standing (On My Own)/Not Wit U/Pure & Simple/Born Wild/I Wish I Could/Learn To Burn/Back At You/Clockwise/Out There (originally by F-Word)  
Frustration(originally by crime, bonus track for English press).

4. Fractured 10"EP/CDEP (EUR V&V Productions)  
EUR version of USA Spare Parts LP/CD on Get Hip .Only 1,000copies.  
Devil Dust/Right Now!/Your Emotions (Dead Kennedys cover)/Fractured Man's Ruin / Borneo Jimmy(Dictators cover)

4. Spare Parts LP/CD (USA: Get Hip) Full-length 10 song USA version. Devil Dust/Right Now!/Fractured/Your Emotions (Dead Kennedys cover)/Man's Ruin/Borneo Jimmy (Dictators cover)/EF Stomp (instrumental)/Rise & Crash (Live)/plus three more live songs.

5. Monster10"EP/CDEP (AUS/USA: Au-Go-Go) Rik L Rik on vocals - Limited edition 6 song EP for first printing  
Only 1,000 copies.  
Naked Heat/Blackout/Savage (Fun Things cover)/Imperial Void/Used To Know/Queen Wasp (Misfits cover)

5. Rock And Roll Monster LP/CD (AUS/USA/EUR: Au-Go-Go)  
Naked Heat/Blackout/Savage (Fun Things cover)/Imperial Void/Used To Know/Queen Wasp (Misfits cover)/I Got Power Meathouse/Do the Nihil (live)/Out There (live)

6. Listen Up, Baby!: (Man's Ruin label) 10" EP/CD - CD is split with the Hookers.10" limited to 2,000 with Kozik art!!!  
Listen Up, Baby!/Neurotic Pleasures/Hostage Situation/ Social Infection/Hammered/Takin' It All.

7. UPCOMING: Full Length 12 song LP/CD on Victory Records



# DISCOGRAPHY - ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN LIVE RECORDS - OFFICIAL & BOOTLEGS

1. I Was a Teenage Shutdown: WFMU Session I, 4/25/96) Picture Disc LP (EUR: V&V Productions) limited 3000 press of picture disc

1. I Was a Teenage Shutdown: (WFMU Session I, 4/25/96) LP/CD (USA: Estrus) - Scott on vocals Teenage Shutdown/All Moving Faster/Superstar/Rise and Cash/New Rage/I Wish I Could/EF Theme/Right On Target/Demolition Joyride

2. How I Rose From the Dead . . . WFMU Session II ~f7/98 LP/CD (One Foot Records) Steve on vocals. Devil Dust/Blackout /Action High/ Rocket In My Veins/Right Now /Time Is Now/Neurotic Pleasures /Deal With It /EF Theme

3. Live at Court Tavern NJ 7" - (Munster Records-Spain) with Rik L Rik on Vocals .Yellow vinyl, gate-fold. Do the Nihil/I Got Power/Meathouse/Out There

4. UPCOMING Why I'm Evil - Live at Euclid Tavern, Cleveland Ohio (Sonic Swirl Records), Steve on Vocals.

5. UPCOMING: My Life as an Electric Frankenstein - Live at Continental NYC (Safety Pin records) Steve on Voc ~s.

6. UPCOMING: It's Moving, It's Alive! - Live at the

Continental NYC (Igor Records) Scott on vocals from his last EF show.  
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN COMPILATIONS

1. Step On A Crack, Volume 2 LP/CD (Go-Kart Records)  
Teenage Shutdown

2. Ox Compilation #23 CD (with German magazine Ox)  
Right On Target

3. Punk Rock Dwellings CD (Dwell Records, 1996)  
Clockwise/Frustration

4. Seventeen And A Half Is Still Jailbait LP/CD (Nitro! 1997, NITRO007)  
Frustration

5. Betty's Hot Rod Muscle Car 7" Volume 10 (Comes with magazine Carbon 14, Carbon 14 USA, #10)  
Teenage Shutdown

6. It Comes From The East LP/CD (Intensive Scare Records 1997, ISLP-#1, ISCD-#1)  
Deal With It

7. Half-Assed, Will Travel' LP (Perineum/Anyway 1997)  
Monster Demolisher

8. D.F.F.D. A Tribute to the Dictators Vol. I LP + 7"/CD (Roto, RTL-205, 1996)  
Borneo Jimmy (on the 7" & the CD)

9. Son Of Slam Chops CD (Triple X)

It's All Moving Faster

10. RAFR Vol II CD (Flipside Records, FLIP 97, 759528-009728, 1997) I Wish I Could

11. 7" in the latest issue of Rational Inquirer magazine 1998  
Right Now

12. Dead Kennedys Tribute CV (Know Records 1998)  
Your Emotions

13. Estrus Record Benefit Compilation (Man's Ruin 1998)  
Learn to Burn

14. Smells Like Spring 2 - LP/CD (Intensive Scare Records 1998) Back At You

15. Nervous Breakdown fanzine comp 1998  
Teenage Shutdown

16. Old Scars and Upstarts: LP/CD comp (Distaster Records 1998) Used To Know (Rik L Rik on vocals)

17. The Second Coming LP (Frank Records 1998)  
EF Theme (different version - Scott vocals)

18. Loose Drive: RPM Rock N Roll Sampler (Spain: RPM Records 1998) Demolition Joyride

19. UPCOMING: Ox Magazine comp 2 LP/CD (Germany: OX magazine 1998)  
New Rage (different version - Scott vocals)

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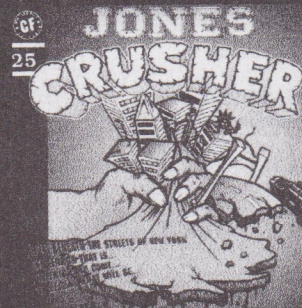
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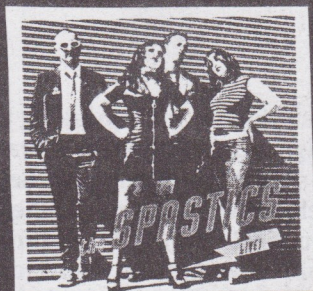
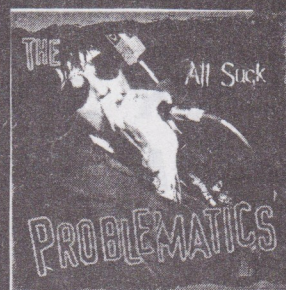
## WAKE UP DUMB FUCKS!!!

STILL LOOKING FOR THAT GREAT RECORD OR CD? LISTENIN' TO ALL YOUR LOSER FRIENDS WHO THINK IF IT AIN'T FROM 1977, IT AIN'T WORTH LISTENIN' TO? THINK THE ONLY GOOD MUSIC TO BUY IS FROM A FUCKIN' AD IN MRR? LET RIP OFF RECORDS CLUE YOU, JOHN Q. PUNK ROCKIN ON A LITTLE SECRET; THE ONLY REASON MOST LABELS ADVERTISE IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE TO... THEIR SHIT SUCKS! RIP OFF IS DIFFERENT, WE GET FREE ADS, AND WE KNOW OUR BANDS RULE, AND YOU WILL TOO ONCE YOU HEAR THEM, SO IF YOU ARE TIRED OF BEING COOL & TRENDY, BUT ARE SERIOUS ABOUT GREAT PUNK ROCK THEN CHECK OUT RIP OFF RECORDS, YOU WON'T BE SORRY.



THE INTIMATE FAGS - BREAK THE BACK 7" THESE TOKYO PUNKS DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEIR BAND NAME MEANS, SO RIP OFF RECORDS TOLD THEM IT MEANS "JAPANESE SEX GODS! THEY FELL FOR IT, AND IT ISN'T JUST THE NAME THAT MAKES THIS DEBUT 7" GREAT, IT'S THE MUSIC, BORROWING FROM THE EARLY LA PUNK SOUND, THE INTIMATE FAGS WILL "BLOW" (SORRY, HAD TO DO IT) YOU AWAY. THIS IS THE FIRST RIP OFF 7" RELEASE WITH A NEW TWO COLOR LOOK, & THICKER SLEEVES.

THE PROBLEMATICS - THE KIDS ALL SUCK LP/CD - ONE OF THE BEST RELEASES OF 1998, AND EVERY STUPID ASS MOTHERFUCKER SHOULD BE RAVING ABOUT THIS RECORD. YOU BETTER OWN THIS RECORD, AND IF YOU DON'T, GO LISTEN TO DANCE MUSIC, BECAUSE YOU'RE A POSEUR. FUCKIN' AMAZING IS ALL RIP OFF CAN SAY ABOUT THIS RECORD, IT'S RAW, CATCHY AND VERY LOUD... ANYONE WHO HAD HEARD OR SEEN THE PROBLEMATICS KNEW THEY RULED THE FUCKIN' EARTH WE WALK ON, SO WISE UP & BUY.



THE SPASTICS - LIVE A FEW DUMB FUCKERS WRITE RIP OFF RECORDS AND SAY STUPID SHIT LIKE THE GUITARS AREN'T LOUD ENOUGH, BLAH, BLAH BLAH. WELL MR. & MRS. DUMB ASS, THAT IS BECAUSE IT IS A LIVE, POSTHUMOUS RELEASE, AND RIP OFF RECORDS HAD NO CONTROL OVER THE GUITAR VOLUME! ANY FUCKIN' WAY, IF YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT EX-MEMBERS FROM THE TRASHWOMEN, & THE INFECTIONS SOUNDED LIKE, THEN RIP OFF SUGGESTS YOU GET THIS. EVEN THOUGH IT IS NOT A USUAL RIP OFF RELEASE (LOUD GUITARS), IT STILL ROCKS, AND IS MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT OI SHIT, AND PEOPLE IN THE KNOW CALL IT ONE OF THE BEST OF '98, WHICH IT IS.

UPCOMING - METRO'S 7" (NEW MICHIGAN BAND) / BRIDES 7" / REGISTRATORS LP/CD

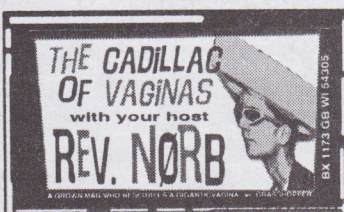
WRITE FOR A CATALOG

581 MAPLE AVE SAN BRUNO CA 94066





**D**ear Fags: First off, "The Cadillac of Vaginas." Second off, as of 7:32 PM CST 12.8.98, MRR is still gay and i still quit. Third off, as of 7:33 PM CST 12.8.98, Hitlist is gay and i really should think about quitting, except i can't quite bring myself to do it yet because Mr. Bale (oh, I'M sorry, DOCTOR Bale) has lured me back into the god-forsaken muck that is column-writing by promising me that, as a duly deputized contributor to this presumably gay publication, i will be among — and here i quote the publisher — "the greatest array of punk



rock assholes ever assembled in one magazine." Wow. Mother would be proud! Needless to say, an appeal to my personal sense of anusism ("i stink, therefore i am" —

burrito ergo sum to the Latins) of this magnitude can hardly be disregarded — although, of course, like everyone else over 30 who's still into punk rock, i pretty much only stay active in the scene these days for the sake of the enhanced opportunities for quality pederasty my continued participation engenders. Be that as it may, the bottom line is that FOR SOME IDIOTIC REASON I CAN AND WILL NOT COMPRE-

HEND, SOME NUT THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO WRITE COLUMNS AGAIN, SO HERE I FUCKING AM. I mean, look, Jack, i don't wanna be here any more than you do. I've

already said everything that needs to be said (which was, if you're scoring at home, "gay," "fag" and "Cadillac of Vaginas"). I'm only in it for the POO-say, if ya know what i mean. Besides, what if i find out all the other columnists are bigger assholes than i am? Don't laugh, it could happen! What am i gonna do, resign in disgrace when it becomes painfully apparent that i can't keep up with the unabated flow of collective jerkitude gushing forth from the bilious Hitlist clod sluice??? How's that gonna look on my resume??? I mean, fuckin-a, i do not want to have to work at being an asshole. Number one, it's too much like work for an asshole like me to undertake. Number two, y'd like to think my natural aptitude in this area would be

enough to carry the day, but if it's not, what alternatives are left to me? Getting a job as a telemarketer and calling people in the middle of supper in order to bone up on my assholing skills? Yeesh, i ain't that friggin' dedicated. I mean, i suppose i could always stab my fellow columnists twenty-seven times a piece, and fuck each and every one of the stab wounds, and break into their houses, and unplug their VCRs, and flush all their beer bottle openers down their toilets, and put Nair™ in their Cruex™ tubes, and put Preparation H™ in their toothpaste tubes, and put excess Nørb-semen in their Preparation H™ tubes, and squirt their condoms with Taco Bell™ Fire Sauce, and burn lots of plastic stuff indoors with the windows closed, and kill their Indian brothers, and burn their villages, and rape their mothers, and give them the white man's lord, and tell them "live by this, or die by the sword," and replace all their Pop-Tarts™ with Toast-Ems™ (unfrosted), and give their e-mail addresses to that kid from the Retards JUST TO SHOW THEM FUCKERS WHO'S TOP JERK IN THESE HERE PARTS (well, okay, actually i'd never do all that stuff...those last two things were kind of mean), but eventually the public appeal of that sort of constant infighting would wane, and i'd be back where i started from, up a creek without an asshole, which is all right, 'cause i got an awful purty mouth. Feh. I mean, writing for MaximumRockNRoll was great, 'cause i didn't have to do hardly anything to be an asshole. Now, apparently, i'm just

one more nameless brown LifeSaver™ awash in a roiling sea of sphincter, and, quite frankly, i have my doubts about my ability to cut any serious quantity of mustard and/or cheese in the Hitlist Offensiveness Derby now that i don't have that automatic audi-

**FOR SOME IDIOTIC REASON I CAN AND WILL NOT COMPREHEND, SOME NUT THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO WRITE COLUMNS AGAIN, SO HERE I FUCKING AM.**

ence of ninnies yipping and squeaking in the throes of pre-orgasmic indignation at my every moral pseudo-transgression. I mean, saying something like "hey, do you think any of them chicks who don't shave their legs actually do shave their pussies?" in MRR was funny, simply because it was transpiring within the ever-sacrosanct confines of MaximumRockNRoll. In a magazine where the columnists' major qualifications are how many people they're expected to piss off, remarks such as those are probably akin to a fart in a windstorm. Actually, maybe more akin to a wind in a fartstorm. Fuck, i don't know, i left my Odorama™ card in the men's room. Oh well, things is tough all over. See, the problem is that it is now 1998



(hmm...unless it's actually 1999, in which case, cue the Prince and pass the amyl nitrate), and, sadly, there is simply nothing going on in the state of punk rock in whatever fucking year this is to get worked up enough to be a proper asshole over. Now, a couple years ago, when i first started writing for — as the Californians say — “Maximum”, there was the days! There were dragons to be slain, and maidens to slobber over, and wars to wage, and rabbit punches to throw, and Goliaths to topple, and slats to kick, and big huge tour buses to make fun of, and all kinds of other great shit to do. GIANTS ROAMED THE EARTH, and most of them needed a good fucking flying clothesline. Sure, sometimes they ducked, and we landed outside the ring on our heads and saw stars while their cheesy valets whacked us across the back with their weighted purses while the roadies went out for more Nintendo games for the bus (actually, now that i think about it, maybe that's what punk rock needs in nineteen-ninety-whatever-the-fuck-year-it-is: Managers. I mean, you know, bands get “big” and next thing you know they got these gimp-ass entertainment biz management agencies running the show, that's totally fucked. Whatever happened to the good ol' Malcolm McLaren types? There was a goddamn manager you could trust! I mean, you could trust him to exploit you, steer you in whatever ludicrous and humiliating fast-buck direction the wind was blowing that day, milk you for all you're worth, run you into the ground, fuck everything up and leave with your money [hmm...kind of like having a wife, but with more anal sex, i reckon], and EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS IS GOING TO HAPPEN, yet you put the guy in charge of your business and/or artistic dealings anyway, on the outside chance that he can make you a “STAR.” That totally kicks ass. Then, if you're lucky, you get to shove him in a weasel suit [it's good for business] before he finds some other saps to bilk. Goddammit, America don't need no more Ramones clone bands [no duh], any more “Killed By Death” bands, or, Jesus, any more Supercharger wannabes — we need more budding young Malcolm McLaren types to make us strong and fertile once again. I mean, where are all the nascent Don Kings, the Bobby “The Brain” Heenans, the Jimmy “Mouth of the South” Harts of the scene??? Where is the delicious exploitation of the deserving??? The bemusing dog and pony show??? Shit, all we have these days is Darin Raffaeli, and once he started letting the Donnas write their own songs, he shoulda pretty much shoved himself into a weasel suit [note: i do not know

what i am talking about]. I WANT TO SEE BANDS KNOWINGLY RUINING THEIR CAREERS AND/OR LIVES!!! I WANT TO SEE BLATANT HUMILIATION KNOWINGLY UNDERTAKEN IN THE SHAMELESS AND ULTIMATELY FUTILE PURSUIT OF THE WORST CONCEIVABLE FACETS OF STARDOM!!! I WANT TO SEE PEOPLE HAVING FIFTEEN MINUTES OF REALLY EXCELLENT FAME, THEN DROPPING DEAD IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER FROM LETHAL DOSES OF COMMON HOUSEHOLD PRODUCTS! Actually, i don't want any of that. I just want to be a manager, i think it would be fun. I'm not very good at bossing people around though, but Da Kids keep getting younger and i keep getting older, so sooner or later i reckon i'm gonna be able to throw together the all-lesbian eight-year-old Asian Sigue Sigue Sputnik tribute band i've been planning for the last decade or so. Until such a convocation is feasible, however, i think i'd like to warm up my career-ruining skills by managing, say, Nashville Pussy or some-

one. The first thing i'd do, of course, would be to play up the “pussycat” angle inherent in the band's name, and make them all dress in pink, especially if i could score the pink leather suits the Romantics were wearing on the cover of their third LP for cheap. Of course, if i couldn't get the tails attached

***Currently: [Nashville Pussy] ends set with cover of “Wang Dang Sweet Poontang” by Ted Nugent. With Rev. “The Brain” Nørb at the helm: Band ends set with cover of “The Lumberjack Song” by Monty Python.***

to the leather the right way, they'd just have to go ahead and wear the spandex body stockings [obviously, they'd have to pay me back out of future earnings for the suits, as well as for the Halloween kitty-ears headbands and strap-on cat whisker noses — that shit don't come cheap, baby! Nothing but the best for my boys!]. And, naturally, being so in tune with modern consumer demands as i am, i'd correct a few of the areas of their stage show in which they're noticeably deficient, including [but not limited to] the following: Currently: Singer begins set by coming on stage looking like Randy “Macho Man” Savage and belting “GO MOTHERFUCKER GO!” to commence evening's proceedings. With Rev. “The Brain” Nørb at the helm: Singer begins set by coming on stage dressed like Randy “Macho Man” Savage's far less successful real-life wrestling brother, Leapin' Lanny Poffo, and reads bad poem off back of Frisbee™ like Lanny used to do before matches before tossing it into wildly apathetic audience. Currently: Female guitarist strips down to leopard-spotted brassiere during set. With Rev. “The Brain” Nørb at the



# HIT SQUAD

helm: Male guitarist strips down to leopard-spotted brassiere during set. Currently: Bassist spits fire all over stupid fans in front of band. With Rev. "The Brain" Nørb at the helm: Bassist spits fire a!! over stupid Confederate flags in back of band. Currently: Female members of band French kiss during guitar solo. With Rev. "The Brain" Nørb at the helm: Female members of band frantically 69 during guitar solo [well, i mean, come ON, this band's called Nashville PUSSY, and i seen 'em five times now, and i ain't never seen no PUSSY a'tall!!! They ain't called "Nashville Tongue," are they??? Truth in advertising, motherfucker!!! WE WANT PUSSY!!! WE WANT PUSSY!!!]. Currently: Band ends set with cover of "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang" by Ted Nugent. With Rev. "The Brain" Nørb at the helm: Band ends set with cover of "The Lumberjack Song" by Monty Python.

There's more stuff i would have them do, of course, but i don't want to tip my hand), but, god-dammit, with the flying clothesline, the journey is its own reward. Today? Who fuckin' cares? Who feels like climbing up on the top turnbuckle and diving off with a hell-bent-for-can-vas flyin' forearm when the only louts staggering around the ring for you to clothesline are this year's equivalent of Jake "The Milkman" Milliken? (who, for the record, was about three echelons below Leapin' Lanny Poffo)

Who wants to put George "Scrapiron" Gadaski in the torture rack??? Who wants to powerbomb Kenny "Sodbuster" Jaye??? SUPERSTAR BILLY GRAHAM WARNS PROMOTERS: "DON'T MATCH ME WITH FLUNKIES!!!" Maybe i'm gettin' old here, but there is simply nothing going on in the world of punk rock today that i currently hate enough to actively vilify with any real fervor. I mean, there's a lotta lotta lousy shit out there, but it's more the type of thing one can merely avoid, as opposed to the type of thing that must be aggressively chased down and lynched. There's also stuff that i do not necessarily dislike, but that amuses with its incredible fuggin' dorkiness — like this whole newly-quasi-resurged "Street Punk" thing (Jim from Underground Medicine once once defined "Street Punk" as "Music for jocks who don't like sports," but i think it's

more like "music for people who take showers but still smell bad") — i mean, musically, it's pretty much similar to pop-punk, except "Street Punk" is slower, more melodic, and with less of an edge, but with dumber lyrics and lower and rougher vocals. If you're really lucky, they sing in a fake Limey accent! Or, even better, in a fake Irish accent! Wowee zowee, it gets no better than this!!! And, yet, this is the stuff that's supposed to provoke one to go out and paint something really stupid on the back of one's leather jacket; the REAL DEAL, as it were. Ya. Sure. Whatever. I am currently of the "anything is better than more pop-punk, even if it's worse than more pop-punk, if you follow" school of thought, so i'm pretty much just amused by the whole thing...but, ah, a couple years ago..! There was URGENCY!!! There was (perceived) NECESSITY!!! There were CLARION-CALLS-TO-ARMS, and all that other pulse-pounding horseshit!!! Not that many moons ago, there was an overwhelming feeling that something was happening, and it was of PARAMOUNT FUCKING

***i mean, musically, it's pretty much similar to pop-punk, except "Street Punk" is slower, more melodic, and with less of an edge, but with dumber lyrics and lower and rougher vocals. If you're really lucky, they sing in a fake Limey accent! Or, even better, in a fake Irish accent!***

IMPORTANCE that we EMBRACE it, or DESTROY it, or UNDERSTAND it, or FIX it, or BEND IT TO OUR WILL, or GRAB IT and TWIST IT and try to FUCK IT UP so it worked for us but not for anybody else — and now, it's just like, eh, fuck it. Or is it just me? And is any of this making sense? Fuck, this column is getting boring. THE CADILLAC OF VAGINAS!!! THE CADILLAC OF VAGINAS!!! THE CADILLAC OF VAGINAS!!! Hmm, case in point: If i was gonna really

hate and/or go off on anyone well enough to truly earn my keep as Contributing Staff Asshole right now, one'd think said lucky targets would be my former literary overlords at MaximumRockNRoll, but, shit, i'm really barely miffed. I just think they're a bunch of WACKO PARANOIAC DOPEY FUCKERS who, in the great zine coordinator commute of life, wound up riding the short school bus for reasons i care not to contemplate. However, this does set us up nicely for this month's coup de grace, which, in the interests of Big Science, i like to call...

THE REAL TOP TEN REASONS WHY I LEFT MRR

- 10) Jacqueline wouldn't fuck me.
- 9) Really sick about hearing that story about how i got drunk and allegedly propositioned George Tabb.
- 8) Lefty Hooligan was making everyone cut their column



length (and, remember, it is a proven fact that column length = penile length, except in the case of Mykel Board, who is grandfather clause incarnate) to 1500 words or less so that he could increase the point size of the columns section's type from like 7 points to 10 points as he felt the smaller text was too difficult to read, even though Tim Yohannan, an old man dying of cancer, had no problems with the smaller type. Then again, Tim was probably smart enough not to read MRR in the first place.

7) Boy, i sure didn't want to get stuck with another one of those Christmas bonus checks, i really hated that shit.

6) Mighty steamed about how Rob Coons made fun of Wisconsin's collective IQ, when he didn't even know "Cum On Feel The Noize" was originally recorded by Slade, not Quiet Riot. Yikes, nothin' worse than a poser headbanger. I mean, and the guy works in a record store and everything! Well, Epicenter...

5) Jacqueline did want to fuck me.

4) Morally outraged about how MRR still won't review Epitaph product, even though rumor has it that Brett Gurewitz signed over control of the company to his parents...if that ain't a mom and pop operation, i dunno what is!!! (hmm...i heard something about him seeing that episode of Sesame Street where Ernie & Bert's TV just keeps going "H...H...H..." one too many times...)

3) What part of "MRR is gay" do you not understand?

2) I think it had something to do with the really snotty five-minute long phone message Mr. Lefty Hooligan lefty on my answering machiney informing me that the MRR Board of Directors (yes, that's what they're really called) had voted not to run the column i submitted for issue #185 on the grounds that it was "too boring." I mean, OW. Of all the pots in MRR's cupboard full o' columnists to call my kettle black, it's Lefty-frickin'-Hooligan who does the deed — imagine how low i'da felt if they had Dave Emory leave the message! Yeesh! Mr. Hooligan's stated grounds for my column's boringness was that, by his own wacky method of computation, the column was the third in a row where i allegedly complained about not being able to use my beloved Phrase That Pays — yep, "The Cadillac of Vaginas" — and thusly reap the bennies of all its attendant groovy neo-Marc Bolan literary glory. Unfortunately, that fucking dimbulb must not've even bothered to read the column he was moaning about, because the only issue of MRR that i complained about not being able to say "The Cadillac of Vaginas" in was #184, which was in error anyway (the exceptionally condensed version of the timeline goes like

this: In #183, i used Said Phrase a number of times in my column, which did not sit well with the MRR top brass. After a bit of heated phone chat with the home office in San Francisco, i was under the impression that all occurrences of "The Cadillac of Vaginas" were being struck from Said Column in the interests of public safety, so, in my next column [#184], like any good columnist would, i pissed and moaned about how i was experiencing great repression at the hands of the philistines making the MRR editorial decisions, yadda-yadda-doo. However, when i actually saw the issue of MRR with the believed-to-be-censored column in it, i found that the only thing missing was one sentence where i said something like "i'm in the doghouse with one of the zine coordinators for inventing the

phrase 'The Cadillac of Vaginas'" — all the other occurrences of Said Phrase were still intact — which brings up two salient points: One, my bitching in #184 over not being able to say "The Cadillac Of Vaginas" is now totally stupid, since the Dreaded Phrase was clearly evident in like three separate places in the previous column;

Two, if, for argument's sake, the phrase "The Cadillac of Vaginas" is sexist, or racist, or Nazi Death Camp Yeah, Nazi Death Camp Yeah — then why am i allowed to use such a heinous phrase in my column, but am not allowed to say that "one of the zine coordinators" has a "problem" with it? In other words, one can be as "un-PC" as one wishes in the pages of MRR — just as long as one never mentions that the MRR top brass has a PROBLEM with you being so. Like, they're afraid someone's gonna find out they're politically correct and it's gonna ruin their meticulously crafted street hipster image??? Hah??? Anyway, in #185 i briefly tried to clear up what the fuck i was going on about in #184, and to set the record straight — that i was able to use the phrase "The Cadillac Of Vaginas," as is every American's god-given right, and that MRR weren't a bunch of repressive, paranoid, knee-jerk simps who censored whatever they didn't understand — but they didn't understand, so they censored me. Viva Gorditas.

1) Quitting MRR is manly. Clinging on like a sissy until you get the boot is for pussies like Jeff Bale, Mel Cheplowitz, and Ben Weasel. Gosh, it's great to be back! ⊕

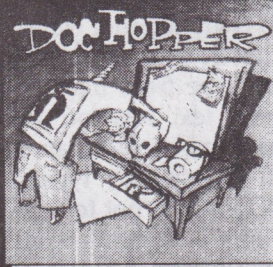
***Mighty steamed about how Rob Coons made fun of Wisconsin's collective IQ, when he didn't even know "Cum On Feel The Noize" was originally recorded by Slade, not Quiet Riot. Yikes, nothin' worse than a poser headbanger.***



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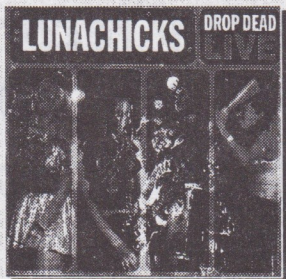
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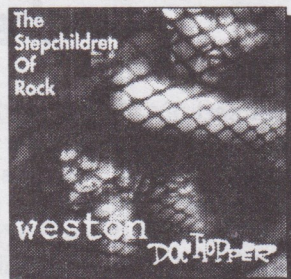
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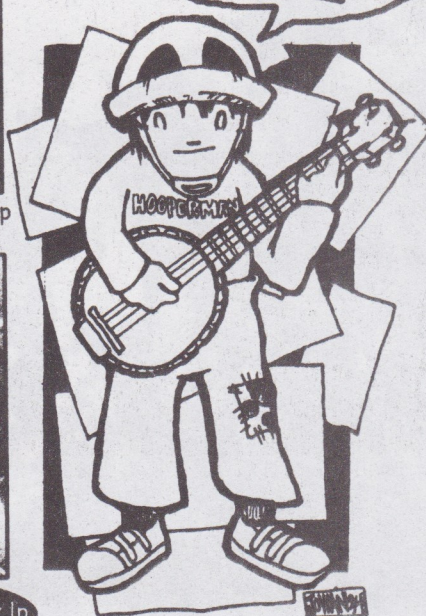


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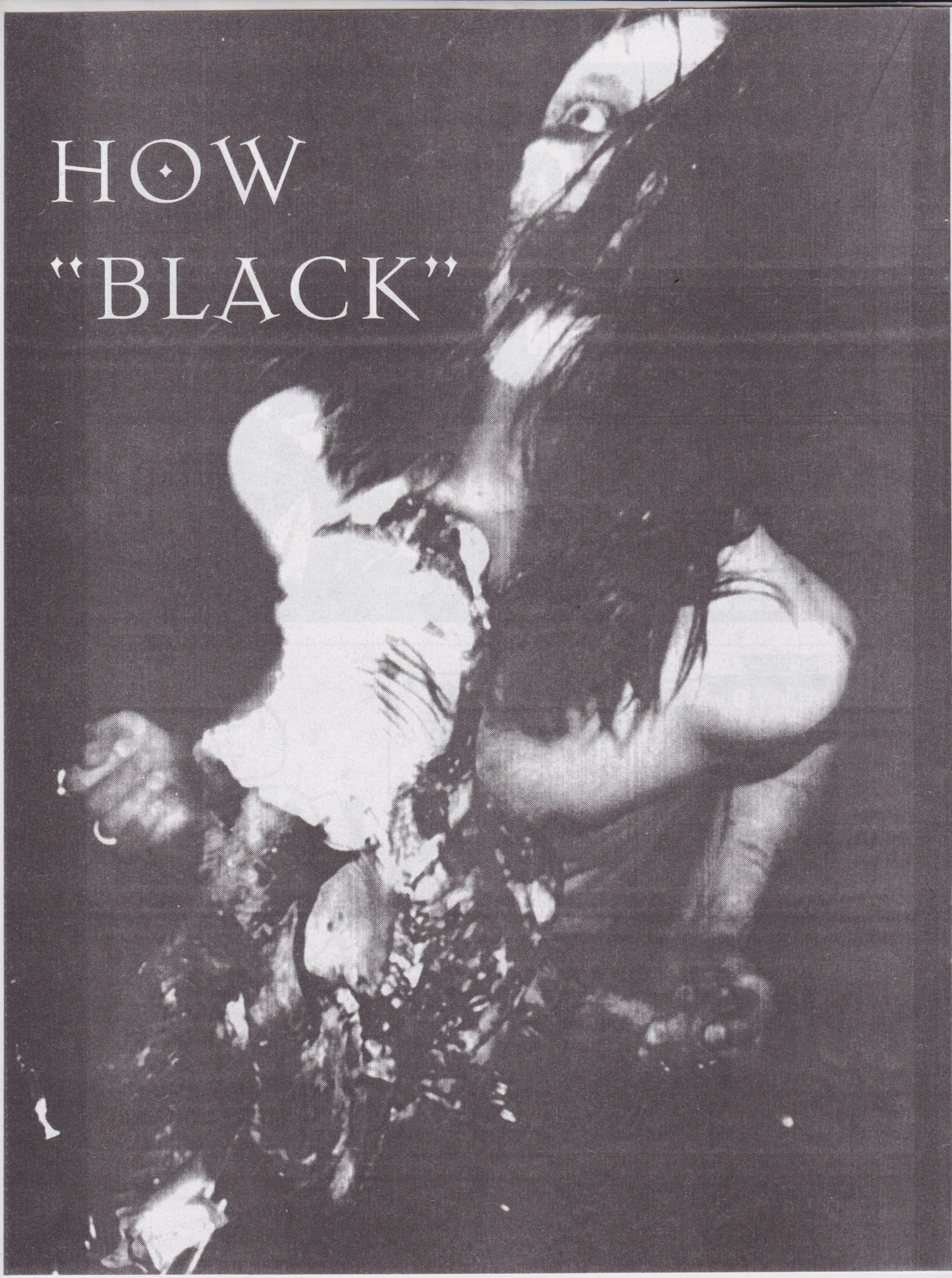


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HOW  
"BLACK"





# IS BLACK METAL?

by KEVIN COOGAN

## Michael Moynihan, *Lords of Chaos* and the “Countercultural Fascist” Underground.

The title of this issue's feature article, “How ‘Black’ is Black Metal”, has a dual meaning. On one hand, given the almost universal historical association of the color black with “evil”, it implicitly questions whether the “evil” image of black metal is really justified. On the other hand, since “black” is the adjective used by Europeans (outside of Germany, where “brown” stands in its stead) for “right-wing”—the counterpart of “red” for “left-wing”—it poses the question of whether today's fascinating black metal counterculture is intrinsically associated with far right political attitudes. The author

of the following article, Kevin Coogan, a leading expert on the complex and multifaceted world of the radical right and author of the forthcoming book, *Dreamer of the Day: Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International* (New York: Autonomedia, 1999), argues that neither of these perspectives is fully warranted. In making his case, he examines some of the interpretive subtexts found in *Lords of Chaos*, an important and extraordinarily interesting book that deals with extremist elements of the black metal counterculture in Scandinavia. Perhaps more importantly, he links those



subtexts to the political orientation of the book's principal author, Michael Moynihan, as well as to the larger cultural and political milieu with which he has long been associated.

In the process, he sheds light on the broader phenomenon of what might be called "countercultural fascism". It is difficult if not impossible to clarify the precise meaning and significance of this term without going into an extended discussion about the nature of fascism, something that is unfortunately not possible here given the existing limitations of time and space. Suffice it to say that fascism is an immensely complex political phenomenon that has assumed a plethora of variegated forms, and that—contrary to popular belief—it rests upon an ideological foundation that is in many respects highly sophisticated.\* To put things in the simplest way possible, fascism is a utopian revolutionary ideology and movement that incorporates and attempts to synthesize a wide variety of superficially incompatible right-wing and left-wing elements. The ideological common denominator of all genuinely fascist movements lies in their attempts to conjoin 1) radical currents of nationalism and 2) an anti-materialist, non-Marxist type of socialism. During the interwar period their aim was to create a (vanguard) party-led, militarily powerful, economically self-sufficient, and socially harmonious national community free of exploitation and internal division, which in practice meant that all "anti-national" elements had to be vigorously excised from the body politic—just as alleged "class enemies" had to be eradicated in order to create an international egalitarian communist utopia. Nazism was an atypical variant of fascism in that both the movement's nationalist and socialist components were overshadowed by the Hitler wing's fixation on biological racism and eugenics. Given the frequent misrepresentation of fascist movements as defenders of "capital", conservatism, and "reaction", it is important to emphasize that for radical fascists, international capitalism has normally been as high up on the "enemies list" as international forms of socialism and "bourgeois" parliamentary democracy. After World War II, this intrinsic fascist anti-capitalist and anti-communist orientation manifested itself in virulent neo-fascist hostility towards the two "imperialist" superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union. Furthermore, many neo-fascist movements abandoned older and more parochial forms of nationalism and began to promote pan-European unity, since no individual European nation could any longer hope to match the military and/or economic might of the two superpowers.

With this background, we can return briefly to the concept of "countercultural fascism". In the same way that new youth countercultures emerged from the New Left during the 1960s, so too have many new youth countercultures emerged from the radical neo-fascist milieu, especially since the mid-1970s. Indeed, teenagers and young adults have always played a disproportionate role in supporting and filling the ranks of fascist movements, and many of these movements likewise contained significant avant-garde cultural components (such as the Futurists in Italy and the "literary" fascists in France). It should therefore come as no surprise to learn that vari-

ous underground "fascist" countercultures are thriving today. The important thing to note here is that these right-leaning countercultures—like their left-leaning counterparts—tend to create or embrace innovative new values, fashions, cultural products, and ways of thinking that are not only alien to those of mainstream society, but also to those of more "traditionalist" elements within their own political milieu. Such youth-oriented groups are thus typically anything but "reactionary" (i.e., backwards looking) or conservative (i.e., resistant to change). If anything, they tend to be radical and transgressive avant-gardists, so much so that many of today's "countercultural fascists" have ended up abandoning some of the central tenets and characteristics of classical fascism, most notably its concern for the "social issue" and its efforts to mobilize the masses in support of a revolutionary political program. Indeed, given their general abandonment of socialist themes, their aristocratic disdain for the herd-like masses, and their harsh criticisms of the "plebeian" nature of Italian Fascism and especially Nazism, perhaps they should not be considered fascists at all. They have much more in common with elitist, aristocratic "conservative revolutionary" intellectuals such as Julius Evola and metapolitical "New Right" figures such as Alain de Benoist than they do with radical fascist thinkers of the pre-World War I and interwar eras.

However that may be, one such right-leaning counterculture has manifested itself within the broader "industrial" culture and music scene. In his article Kevin rightly notes that there has long been an important division within the "industrial" milieu between the therapeutic, "do-gooder" transgressive left, which in various ways is paradoxically puritanical, and the more nihilistic and misanthropic transgressive right. Like the former, the latter have often appropriated the imagery and vocabulary of violence, genocide, and sadism to shock and offend people. In some cases this may be merely an affectation, as it usually is for the left, but in others it appears to be a reflection of genuine misanthropy or outright sadism. In still other instances it is a conscious and well-thought out aspect of their political worldview or agenda, as it appears to be for Michael Moynihan and Blood Axis.

This brings me to the last point I wish to make. In addition to Kevin's article and its accompanying sidebars, we have also included a rant from Lord John Cobbett in defense of the all-important underground nature of black metal, and an interview with Moynihan himself. In my opinion Moynihan is clearly associated with the "countercultural fascist" milieu in the broadest sense of that term, although he himself seems to be less of a true fascist than a devotee of an older pagan, aristocratic European Ur-culture which he sees as being threatened by both the "slave mentality" of Christianity and the crass, "soul-destroying" materialistic forces associated with international capitalism, which nowadays operate loosely under the aegis of the United States. This would explain his interest both in Anton LaVey's Church of Satan and in the ideas of Julius Evola. Whether he is also an active proponent of some sort of de facto alliance between all extremist "anti-bourgeois" forces—left, right, or sociopathic—against the "New World Order" is less certain, although one could certainly be forgiven for



assuming that he is.

If so, that is certainly nothing to be ashamed of. Any thoughtful person should be concerned about the growing homogenization of the world, which by definition is leading to the transformation and degeneration—if not the outright disappearance—of a diverse array of fascinating, highly developed, and accomplished older cultures, not to mention the values they embody, both positive and negative. Nor can one fault him for decrying the marginalization or suppression of creative minorities (whether elites or counter-elites), who have been and continue to be responsible for virtually all human progress (however one defines the term “progress”), or for exhibiting contempt for the masses, who generally do display the sort of sheep-like behavior they are often castigated for. I myself have a great deal of contempt for most people, and believe that the world would be a far better place if its enormous population of ignoramuses and fools was significantly reduced. Hence I confess to being somewhat disappointed by Moynihan’s responses to some of my questions, since they were not always as marked by candor as I’d hoped they would be. Having read many interviews with him in underground rightist publications, and having been impressed with his intelligence, outspokenness, and willingness to express controversial opinions, I naturally expected him to do the same in Hit List. In addition to giving him the opportunity to speak for himself, which was in any case necessary in the interest of fairness, this was one major reason why I was anxious to provide him with a forum to discuss his views. I very much wanted him to challenge the many preconceptions of our readers and thereby help to generate an interesting and perhaps ongoing debate about various important social, political, and cultural topics. (I was even considering offering him the opportunity to write a regular column in this magazine, something which is still not outside the realm of possibility.) Yet rather than being entirely forthright, he opted for a cautious and at times evasive approach. On one level this is understandable, since he may have been concerned that we were going to attempt to “demonize” him or falsely portray his views. But on another level it was surprising, since in the course of his numerous other interviews he did not hesitate to openly proclaim his ideas, and indeed severely criticized others in his own milieu for not exhibiting a corresponding degree of candor. *C’est la vie.*

In any event, I think the article below provides a fascinating glimpse, not only into the black metal counter-culture, but also into the manifold ways in which the political views of Moynihan may have consciously or unconsciously colored his analysis of the phenomenon in *Lords of Chaos*. I’m certainly not suggesting that anything sinister or untoward was involved in the process; as a matter of fact, it would be far more surprising and inexplicable if the underlying values of the author had not influenced the interpretations in his book. Whether they did or did not do so is up to you, dear readers, to decide for yourselves. But in attempting to assess the validity of the arguments in this stimulating work, it certainly cannot hurt to know more about the background of its author. For that we make no apology.

—Jeff Bale

*Lords of Chaos* (LOC), a recent book-length examination of the “Satanic” black metal music scene, is less concerned with sound than fury. Authors Michael Moynihan and Didrik Söderlind zero in on Norway, where a tiny clique of black metal musicians torched some churches in 1992. The church burners’ own place of worship was a small Oslo record store called Helvete (Hell). Helvete was run by the godfather of Norwegian black metal, Øystein Aarseth (“Euronymous”, or “Prince of Death”), who first brought black metal to Norway with his group Mayhem and his Deathlike Silence record label.

One early member of the movement, “Frost” from the band Satyricon, recalled his first visit to Helvete:

*I felt like this was the place I had always dreamed about being in. It was a kick in the back. The black painted walls, the bizarre fitted out with inverted crosses, weapons, candelabra etc. And then just the downright evil atmosphere...it was just perfect.*

Frost was also impressed at how talented Euronymous was in “bringing forth the evil in people—and bringing the right people together” and then dominating them. “With a scene ruled by the firm hand of Euronymous,” Frost reminisced, “one could not avoid a certain herd-mentality. There were strict codes for what was accepted.” Euronymous may have honed his dictatorial skills while a member of Rød Ungdom (Red Youth), the youth wing of the Marxist/Leninist Communist Workers Party, a Stalinist/Maoist outfit that idolized Pol Pot. All who wanted to be part of black metal’s inner core “had to please the leader in one way or the other.” Yet to Frost, Euronymous’s control over the scene was precisely “what made it so special and obscure, creating a center of dark, evil energies and inspiration.”

Lords of Chaos, however, is far less interested in Euronymous than in the man who killed him, Varg Vikernes from the one-man group Burzum. Vikernes, a church burner who dubbed himself “Count Grishnackh” after an evil orc in *Lord of the Rings*, is now serving a 21-year sentence—Norway’s toughest penalty—in a maximum security prison for brutally stabbing Euronymous to death on 10 August 1993. After his arrest just seven days later, the Count justified himself by claiming that Euronymous was a communist “queer” who had cheated him out of Burzum royalties. He also claimed that Euronymous was plotting to kill him. After being ostracized from the black metal community, Vikernes announced that he was now no longer a black metal Satanist, but rather a Nazi Odinist because the Jews had “killed my father Odin.”

If *Lords of Chaos* were only about the antics of the most extreme wing of black metal, it would be an informative and entertaining look at pop culture Grand Guignol. The book, however, suggests that the events in Norway reflect a growing tendency among alienated youth from Miami to Moscow, who are now allegedly blending black metal, Satanism, and currents of fascism into a culturally explosive Molotov cocktail. Vikernes, however, is really famous for murder, not



## A Black Metal Primer for "Punk Rock Rebels"

The truth is: I shouldn't be writing this piece, because I don't want you to know about BLACK METAL. The term "Black Metal" is a little tough to define these days anyway, but then *you* wouldn't know about that, *would you?* I will state that REAL Metal is a fiercely underground phenomenon and should remain so, for its own good. If you're not a METALHEAD to begin with, then stick to your hoary old punk and tily-livered indie rock!

For years and years I've tried to get my oh-so-open-minded friends to appreciate the glories of Morbid Angel, Entombed, Deicide, etc., but to no avail. Now all of a sudden I see every idiot in town raising the sign of the horns at punk shows, swing shows, any fuckn' show. POSERS! Now that Metal is "cool" or something, it's finally safe for you conformist sheep to embrace the aesthetics and the concept of Metal...BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS!

I don't blame you punks and sweater-wearing crybabies for being bored with your music. People get rich playing that shit. It's even on MTV! Indie, punk, neither are dangerous, or even slightly rebellious anymore. Punk has become what it set out to destroy: *dinosaur rock*. It's on the radio, it's on car commercials, it's the darling of critics, it's ubiquitous on the local live music scene in every town in the western world. Playing punk rock requires no skill, no guts, and no individuality; "everybody's doin' it"...and *anyone can*. It's easy, stupid music, the cry of the attention-starved, the talentless, the conformist who wishes she had the GUTS to be a real rebel and playspunk in order to *look* like one. As for so called "indie" rock, or shoe-gazer music as some call it, I can only marvel: what perfect music for the gutless '90's! Emasculated, self-effacing, yet oh-so-clever, "indie" is the soundtrack of the white-guilt-ridden college boy, whose yearning for pussy is forever at odds with his PC sanctimoniousness.

Clearly, you poor slobs *need* Metal! Here, just for you, is a handy guide that will make you Metal in minutes. Run out and catch that bandwagon kids! The Bands: Marilyn Manson, Korn, Rob Zombie, and anything from the great 80's (you know...Ratt, Dokken, etc.)

The Look: Big hair, spandex, and lots of bandanas...be the first on your block to adopt this look and then just watch it catch on!!

The Drugs: When I think '80's, I think COKE!! Coke is back, baybee, make no mistake! Go out and get some today!

The Attitude: Remember that you should always be "into Metal...as a joke." Keep that smarmy, sarcastic grin on your toothless mug at all times. If you REALLY take stuff seriously, folks will laugh at ya', behind your back even (uh-oh)!

Pay no attention to those sourpusses who tell you that REAL UNDERGROUND METAL is a very serious, often spiritual movement: a world of labyrinthine complexity, musically and ideologically. DO NOT seek out bands like Darkthrone, Mayhem, Abigor, Bathory, Emperor, or Ulver...and for heavens sake stay the hell away from Burzum!!

In Darkness...

Sir Lord John Cobbett

Lord John puts on the weekly "Lucifer's Hammer" metal shows at the Covered Wagon Saloon in San Francisco, and brought Mayhem over to play at that same venue a couple of summers ago

music, while the overwhelming majority of black metal musicians and fans are not, and are not likely to become, church burners, murderers, or Nazi Odinists.

To buttress its thesis, *LOC* points to metalheads turned murderers, including "Belfagor" from the Swedish Satanic band Nefandus, who attacked a black man in a self-described "niggerhunt"; Bård Eithun ("Faust") from the Norwegian group Emperor, who murdered a gay man that sought to seduce him; and Jon Nodveidt from the Swedish group Dissection, who butchered an Algerian immigrant. *LOC* even devotes an entire chapter to an obscure two-man German band called Absurd, who coldly executed an annoying fellow high school student. Although the members of Absurd are self-proclaimed Nazis and Vikernes fans, even *they* reported

that they committed the crime for personal, not political, motives.

*LOC* also dwells on the activity of otherwise highly obscure fascist propagandists with no direct ties to black metal who are nevertheless trying to recruit its followers into their cause. It even adopts a far right spin on Jungian theory when it suggests that Vikernes may have tapped into an anti-Christian racial/cultural archetype that is allegedly still aglow in the Norwegian collective unconscious. The book also profiles racist killers with no known ties to black metal, such as the Florida youth clique called the Lords of Chaos. Before being dethroned by

local police, the Lords burnt down a church, murdered a gay teacher, and were planning to slaughter black visitors to Disney World with silencer-equipped automatic weapons.

*LOC* culminates with a paean to the "fire" which, it claims, burns bright inside the black metal underground despite the attempts of mysterious unnamed "forces of finance and materialism" to "root it out and stamp it out." If the jailed murderer Faust is to be believed, however, just the opposite has occurred. In a recent interview in the top Norwegian black metal zine, *Slayer*,



Euronymous

Faust complained:

*As for the black metal scene, it is not really interesting anymore...I mean there must be over a hundred underground labels releasing albums of every immature, pre-ready band around. I'm amazed about the absence of every little sign of a critical attitude from record labels.*

When asked if all this bothered him, Faust replied: "Not really, it is just a normal development. We saw the signs already in '93. As soon as the arrests were made and when people saw the publicity the happenings



made, they thought 'Hey, maybe I can make something out of this too.'" If anything, the "forces of finance and materialism" have used the events of 1993 to mass market black metal. *Lords of Chaos's* publisher, Feral House, itself distributes one of Vikernes' Burzum CDs, Filosofem.

#### NORWAY'S FAR RIGHT

Despite its apparent fascination with elements of fascism, *LOC* studiously avoids comparing black metal to "white power" music, a sound much beloved by real Scandinavian fascists within a cer-



tain age group. A longtime leading Norwegian far rightist named Erik Blücher, who currently controls a major white power label called Ragnarok Records, is only mentioned once in passing. *LOC* also ignores Norway's right populist Progress Party, which won 25 parliamentary seats in the 1997 elections with a pumped up anti-immigrant, anti-welfare state, and anti-Lapp platform, even though Vikernes seems to have shared many of its prejudiced beliefs. He even justified murdering Euronymous because he "was half Lappish, a Sami, so that was a bonus." When it does briefly mention Norway's right, *LOC* admits that the links between the gooseteppers and the ghouls are extremely tenuous. Indeed, with its white corpsepaint, medieval Viking imagery, and industrial strength angst, black metal seems, if anything, overtly anti-political.

*LOC* has generally been perceived as an exposé of a colorful music subculture, and it does indeed provide much valuable information about an

otherwise inaccessible scene. Yet what really makes the book fascinating is that its main author, Michael Moynihan, is himself an extreme rightist whose fusion of politics and aesthetic violence shapes a not-so-hidden subcurrent that runs throughout *LOC*. The book itself, however, is not a "fascist" tract in the strict sense of the term, in part because Moynihan co-wrote the book with Didrik Söderlind, a former music critic for a mainstream Norwegian paper who is now an editor at *Playboy*. Moreover, Feral House editor Adam Parfrey clearly wanted to publish a popular book on the strange universe of black metal rather than a political polemic. Nor does Moynihan himself fit easily into the more conventional definitions of fascism. *LOC* is best characterized as a palimpsest with the author's own political ideology at work just below the surface of a text ostensibly devoted solely to analyzing an extremist musical subculture.

#### THE ABRAXAS AXIS

Michael Moynihan is an interesting fellow. Some might argue that he is actually three people—"Michael Jenkins," "Michael Moynihan Jenkins," and "Michael Jenkins Moynihan"—since all three monikers have graced his projects. In 1989 the youthful Bostonian joined forces with the San Francisco-based Abraxas Foundation, which he described as an "occultist-fascist think tank" linked to the Church of Satan. Moynihan dubbed his own wing of the Abraxas Foundation "Axis Sanguinaries" (Blood Axis) because

*Blood can be seen as LIFE, and at the same time it can be equated to DEATH. It is essential to violence in almost all instances. It has powerful sexual connotations. It is the key fluid of history...[Axis] highlights the genetic aspect of blood, bound together in the will of a people or race. It describes allies of mind and blood, mobilized for total warfare. It also reiterates the pivotal nature of blood in human existence, both personal and world-historic.*

#### FREE CHARLIE!

Although Michael Moynihan is clearly associated with the far right, his own views about the events in the black metal underground in Norway do not simply mirror those of Varg Vikernes. Although Vikernes plays a central role in *Lords of Chaos*, Moynihan may not even approve of the Count's decision to kill Euronymous. By murdering the Prince of Death, Vikernes in fact effectively ended a bizarre de facto alliance between the ultra-leftist Euronymous and someone like himself. Moynihan, however, appears to advocate an alliance between the extremes against the "middle".

Moynihan's point of view is made most clear by his decision to publish *Siege*, a book that from a conventional Nazi standpoint clearly advances a good deal of heretical thinking. Nowhere is this more obvious than in *Siege's* attempt to promote a terrorist alliance between the far right and the far left. Yet what is most surprising is that *Siege's* idea of an alliance between left and right extremists may actually be based on some real life events. For years a bizarre Manson Family-linked commune called Tribal Thumb ran a 130-acre commune in the mountains near San Francisco called Wellspring. It also doubled as a training center for the Black Panthers, Symbionese Liberation Army, and Weather Underground. Wellspring was raided in 1981 after Roseann Guston, whose father was a legislative aide to a California state senator, was murdered for trying to flee the compound. An investigation of the Weatherman/Black Liberation Army attempt to rob a Brinks truck in Nyack, New York, also uncovered a radio station in a Bronx apartment which was traced back to Wellspring.

"Squeaky" Fromme and Linda Good were also involved in a bizarre "radical ecology" group headed by Manson called ATWA (Air, Trees, Water, Animals), which sent threatening letters to companies like Dow Chemical and Standard Oil. Fromme also tried to assassinate President Gerald Ford.

Manson's motive for helping groups like the Weather Underground seems clear. *Siege* reports that the day before Perry "Red" Warthan was arrested for murder, there was a major media story about a jail break being planned by Manson and some of his prison associates. Then there is the curious case of Boyd Rice, who was banned from seeing Manson after prison officials found a single bullet in his pocket during one visit.

-Kevin Coogan

Notes:

1. Ellen Frankfort, *Kathy Boudin and The Dance of Death* (New York: Stein & Day, 1984), pp. 124-126. The Manson/Symbionese Liberation Army connection is also mentioned on page 141 of *The Manson File* (New York: Amok, 1988), edited by Nikolas Schreck with Boyd Rice as a contributing editor. "Manson devotees in Northern California formed a brief liaison with the Symbionese Liberation Army in the mid-70s, planning at one point to engineer Manson's escape from prison."

2. See *The Manson File* chapter "Red and Blue" ("Red" being Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme, and "Blue" being Sandra Good). The Abraxas network also backs deep ecology "ecofascists" like Finland's Pentti Linkola. See *Ohm Clock 3* (Spring 1995), which cites an article in the 20 May 1994 *Wall Street Journal*. Storm also tried to publish Linkola. Moynihan himself reports that Linkola dedicated one of his books to the leftist German terrorist Ulrike Meinhof. See *Heather Skelter 7*. He also argues that the ecology movement is a "Green Nazi" invention in *The Scorpion* 18, p. 25. [Ed. - not without some justification]

3. James Mason, *Siege* (Denver: Storm, 1992), p. 302. Perry "Red" Warthan, Mason's NSLF ally and go-between to Manson, was also a self-proclaimed anarchist, IWW member, and prison rights activist. He even had his own one-man Woodstock Anarchist Party (WAP). The original head of the NSLF, Joseph Tommasi, also wanted to collaborate with the far left. Mason reformed the NSLF some years after Tommasi's murder (by other neo-Nazis) with some of Tommasi's former associates. Tommasi operated out of California, and I suspect that one of his cronies was Warthan.

4. See "Brown Rice: Is You Is Or Is You Ain't A Nazi?" by David Grad, *New York Press* (April 27-May 3 1994), p. 23.



According to some reports, Moynihan's blood fetish included drinking (non AIDs-infected) blood. He was also suspected of setting fire to a manger scene on the Cambridge Commons, just across from Harvard University, in 1987. A note left by the firebug at the smokey scene the day after Christmas asked: "How many more fires before you realize your gods are dead? DEAD!"

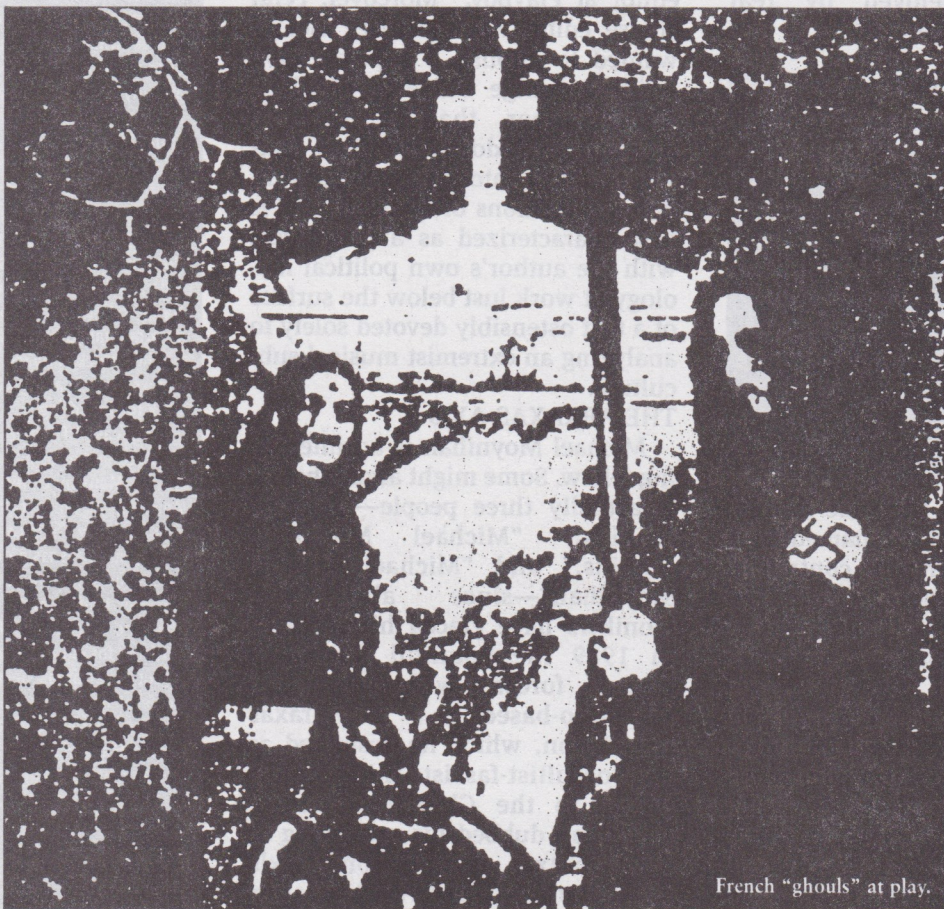
As for the Abraxas Foundation, it was founded by another blood fetishist named Boyd Rice in 1984. The name came from Abraxas, a Gnostic deity that combined within itself the forces of light and darkness, good and evil. Rice hoped that his foundation would help create "a new demographic of people who are into the occult, Fascism, and Social Darwinism. It's out there as an alternative for kids who are growing up and need that information."

Both Rice and Moynihan came out of the "industrial" music scene. Rice, who calls his musical project NON, released his first self-produced "noise music" Black Album in the late 1970s. As for Moynihan, he created his own one-man "power electronics" group called Coup De Grâce in 1984. In the summer of 1989 Rice invited him to come to Japan, where Rice was doing a NON tour. That same year Moynihan renamed his project Blood Axis.

#### THROBBING GRISTLE

*And then you have hypocritical people who use this kind of [totalitarian/fascist] imagery and then claim they're against all the things they're singing about which has always bothered me...they're*

*using these fascistic, totalitarian, disciplined tactics and there's an inherent irony in that. The people in these bands use this incredible level of violence, and yet claim they're in favor of peace and are opposed to violence. What I liked about the black metal people that I saw right away was that they seemed totally unhypocritical...Because you'll see these other bands like TG [Throbbing Gristle] who were also in a lot of ways using really violent imagery and ultimately you*



French "ghouls" at play.

*have someone like Genesis P-Orridge being some hippie, flower child in reality.*

*-Michael Moynihan.*

The chain of events that led Moynihan and Rice to an eccentric and avant-garde form of cultural fascism that would have made Hitler himself apoplectic began in the "industrial culture" movement of the late 1970s, and particularly with the seminal British industrial band Throbbing Gristle (TG). Boyd Rice and TG played together at Rice's first

London concert in 1978, and then again later in Berlin. TG's Industrial Records even agreed to release a Boyd Rice LP before he signed up with Mute. TG and Rice were also lauded by Re/Search in its influential 1983 "Industrial Culture" issue.

TG's most important member, "Genesis P-Orridge" (a pun on General Post Office), legally changed his name from Neil Megson after becoming active in the mail art movement of the early 1970s. He also did extreme performance art with his then-girlfriend "Cosey

Fanni Tutti" under the name C O U M Transmissions. Their shows incorporated whipping, self-mutilation, masturbation, enemas, and vomiting. C O U M Transmissions lasted until 1976 when GPO, Cosey, and their friend "Sleazy" (Peter Christopherson, who had joined COUM in its last year) created TG with electronics wiz Chris Carter to reach a broader audience.

Boyd Rice recalled that when he and GPO first met in

London in 1978:

*I played Gen an early NON concert tape and he played me an early T.G. tape. We both agreed that there were some amazing similarities not only in the musical (if you can call it that) direction we were exploring, but also on a personal level—a lot of shared interests. I had no idea what T.G. was when I went around to look up Gen, all I knew is that he was an artist who was very into Manson and Hitler. Back then, NO ONE*



was into that sort of thing...In those days, Gen still wore swastikas and would tell anyone who'd listen (and many that wouldn't) what a great guy Hitler was. Uncle Adolf he called him. But that was a long time ago.

GPO's interest in Hitler was not unique. British punks often incorporated swastika imagery and Malcolm McLaren's Sex boutique sold Nazi symbols side-by-side with S/M and fetish gear. More than just a cheap shock, the swastika deliberately mocked the ideals of the 1960s, the era of long hair, free love, and flower power.

Nor could English swastika wearers be completely oblivious to the fact that the racial populist National Front (NF) was then polling at an all-time high. The NF took 18.5% of the vote in the Leicester by-election in the summer of 1976, and it appeared likely that it would win its first seat in the House of Commons from the Hackney section of east London. To the aesthetically rigid NF and its "John Bull" allies in the neo-skinhead/soccer hooligan scene, however, punk was too mockingly anti-patriotic and nihilist, just one more symptom of England's sad decline.

TG, the linchpin of the post-punk "industrial" turn, dressed in camouflage gear decorated with an SS-looking lightning bolt patch, and issued songs like "Zyklon B Zombie" and "Salon Kitty" (named after an SS-run brothel in Berlin). The cover for the TG song "Discipline" on Fetish Records showed the group outside the former Nazi Ministry of Propaganda building in Berlin. TG called their Hackney-based recording studio the Death Factory, and its Industrial Records logo was an unidentified picture of Auschwitz. Many punks despised TG as misogynist "death art" fascists. At a 6 July 1978 concert at the London Film Co-op (where Boyd Rice also appeared), a fight even broke out between TG and members of the Rock Against Racism-allied bands the Slits and the Raincoats.

T(ECH)G(NOSIS)

TG's fascination with violent

totalitarian imagery, however, had its roots not in politics but in industrial culture. At a time when disco celebrated the body, sensuality, and mindless pleasure, industrial culture had an almost gnostic contempt for the flesh. Believing that rock music had turned into yet another pop culture narcotic, TG's sound was deliberately abrasive. The Beatles proclaimed: "All you need is love." TG mockingly defined its sonic assault mission as "Entertainment through pain."

Beginning with Lou Reed's "Metal Machine Music", industrial culture demanded sounds that screamed about meaningless life lived inside concrete boxes in decaying cities. Like the Futurists of the early 1900s, it was obsessed with the tradition-smashing technological wonders of modern life—the roar of jet engines, the wail of air-raid sirens, and the screech and sparks of subway cars all served as sources of aural inspiration. Cozey Fanni Tutti later recalled that for TG industrial "wasn't just [about] the music. It was a philosophy. It was a seriousness of what life is about. That has nothing to do with what is called industrial now. It was so anti-music to call something industrial." Unlike their optimistic and utopian Futurist forebears, however, TG and their fans were filled with pessimism about the future.

These dystopian British "industrialists" saw mass consumer society, the Situationist "society of the spectacle," as—to quote from Guy Debord—a "permanent opium war" that reduced all who were trapped inside it to docile sleepwalkers. To anyone who wanted to break the stranglehold of media high priests over the imagination, providing "entertainment" was viewed as collaboration with the enemy. The artist's mission was to shortcircuit the psychic control machine by breaking cultural and social taboos. For just this reason, TG also toured with bands like SPK, whose live performances included eating raw brains from recently opened sheep skulls.

The industrialist fascination with taboo breakers extended to charismatic leaders like Hitler and

## HAIL SADE!

In an interview in the rightist zine *Momentum*, Michael Moynihan was asked what must sound like a bizarre question: "How much of a Fascist or National Socialist do you consider yourself? Or are you merely a Sadist in Fascist trappings?" The sadism question also glancingly appears in the acknowledgments for *Lords of Chaos*, when Moynihan writes: "An initial and sincere word of thanks is due to my good friend Peter Sotos, at whose suggestive encouragement many years ago I first began to investigate much of the material which later wound up documented in these pages." In a *Seconds* interview with Sotos, Moynihan describes his friend this way: "Peter Sotos is a sadist, in the truest sense of the word. His name is hardly well known and he's quite happy to keep it that way."

Sotos' name did become known to Chicago residents in 1985 after he was arrested and charged with the possession of child pornography, specifically the fourth issue of a journal called *Incest*. Sotos, who later mocked the police for not finding even more evidence against him, admits that "the stuff that I had, the child pornography I had, wasn't this sort of Menudo-type thing. It wasn't just Jock Sturges photos or whatever. It was really ugly stuff. It was definitely rape." Although he avoided serious jail time, Sotos wound up with a felony conviction and thousands of dollars' worth of debt.

Sotos and Moynihan crossed paths around the time Sotos was publishing *Pure*, a zine which first appeared in January 1984. *Pure* included detailed descriptions of child torturers, sadistic killers, and homosexual mass murderers, as well as encomiums to the Third Reich in the following vein:

*"Dead jews, jew generation upon jew generation, jewish body upon jewish body, money-sniffing jew upon parasitic princess, broken supercilious jew nose upon cheap jewish cunt. The mighty Third Reich, under the direction of Ubermensch Adolf Hitler, took care of the subhumans who plunged a thorn in his side and these subhumans never witnessed a power so strong and malevolent as Hitler's Nazi Elite."*

Such a passage speaks for itself.

Although Sotos was busted in December 1985, he had been under U.S. government mail and phone surveillance some nine months before his arrest. In an interview in *Healter Skelter*, Moynihan said that his phone had been tapped and his mail interrupted due to his friendship with Sotos. He recalled that after Sotos was arrested, "Interpol police raided numerous people in Europe (mostly people I was in contact with, connected to the underground industrial/violent music scene) and on their list of objects to look out for were cassettes of my old project Coup De Grâce. Why these were of interest I have no idea."

In September 1993 Sotos created yet another disturbing zine called *Parasite*. The November issue contained a feature on Norwegian death metal, including Varg Vikernes' murder of Euronymous just four months earlier. Like Sotos, Euronymous was also into child pornography, snuff films, and films depicting extreme torture. Vikernes claimed that Euronymous spent large parts of his time watching child pornography...so-called "snuff" films where ordinary people are kidnapped and tortured to death in front of the camera. For example—I have been eagerly told descriptions of what these films are like from [Euronymous]—dildos with nails are pushed into women's crotches, or they are nailed to



Manson, who became iconic figures in a world where evil was more real than good, and hate more strong than love. Yet because they, like the Marquis de Sade before them, were also fearless disrupters of middle-class morality, a Hitler or Manson were also, in a sense, perverse role models. The sheer bleakness of industrial culture also provided fertile ground for future misanthropy. If evil was more powerful than good, evil was also more natural. In a truly Hobbesian world the Social Darwinists and the Malthusians were right when they argued that only the strong could and should survive.

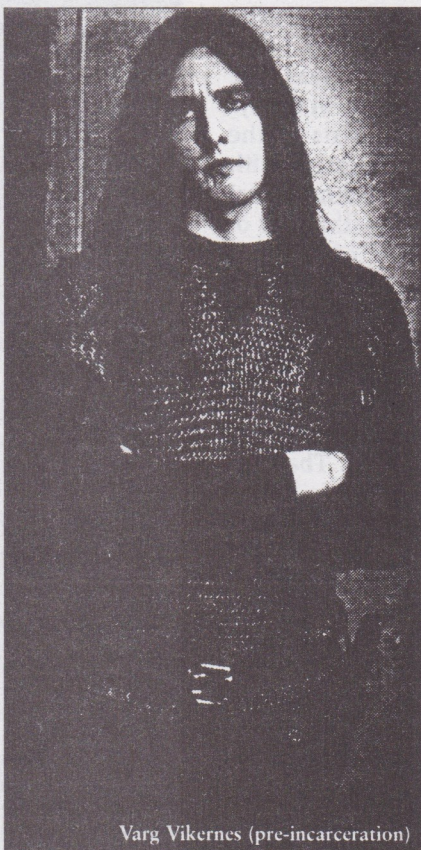
#### "COUNTERCULTURAL FASCISM" AND THE RADICAL EVOLANS

The sense of despair felt by industrial culture was not unique. A similar heroic/pessimistic worldview appeared in Europe after World War I. In the early 1920s there arose what I shall call "countercultural fascism." More a sensibility than a movement, it fused Friedrich Nietzsche's idea of the individual will-to-power and his contempt for middle-class morality with Oswald

Spengler's belief in the imminent downfall of the West. Artists like Futurist founder Filippo Marinetti, Ezra Pound, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and Ernst Jünger viewed traditional forms of conservatism with the same contempt that they felt for social democracy, rationalism, and the Enlightenment. While GPO was not really a countercultural fascist, TG stood on the cusp of a revival of a "countercultural fascist" turn in segments of haute bohemia.

Another set of ideas associated with the Abraxas network had earlier been promoted by a radical Italian

fascist named Franco Freda. Freda, who advocated a combined right- and left-wing terrorist assault on the middle class Establishment, first outlined his ideas at a 1969 meeting of the far-right European Revolutionary Front in Regensburg, Bavaria. In his talk, which was later published as *La disintegrazione del sistema* (*The Disintegration of the System*), Freda argued that the "nervous system of the bourgeois world" had to be disrupted with utmost violence by far right "political soldiers" working in an alliance with the far left.



Varg Vikernes (pre-incarceration)

Freda derived essential parts of his strategy from the Italian conservative revolutionary theorist Julius Evola, the "Herbert Marcuse" of the postwar European far right. Evola argued in books like *Cavalcare la tigre* (*Riding the Tiger*) that the total collapse of modern mass society was something to be welcomed, not resisted. Radical Evolans like Freda believed that violent shocks to the system could only hasten the inevitable collapse of the hated modern order.

#### OVER THE TOPY

GPO chose art and music, not pistols and plastic explosives, as his "aesthetic terrorist" weapons. He declared that he and his supporters were "waging war on mass culture. That's our job. The bottom line is to always keep destroying the status quo." In his continual quest for cultural electroshock, he had no qualms about making inflammatory statements. In his article "Giftgas", for example, he wrote:

*When you kill someone, you affirm your own existence. You heighten your perceptions...Killing puts your social intentions into*

*perspective. If you can kill someone with the correct attitude, you can do anything. You realize the hidden fear of retribution which has informed every action.*

Such ideas were later to be reprised by the countercultural fascist milieu within which Michael Moynihan operated.

TG split up in the summer of 1981. GPO and Sleazy then formed the music group Psychic TV along with the Temple of Psychic Youth (TOPY). GPO's idea for TOPY came from one of his heroes, Aleister Crowley. Crowley, a British sex magician dubbed "The Most Evil Man in the World" by the tabloid press, led a purported magical order called the Ordo Templis Orientis (OTO). He used drugs, ritual magic, sado-masochistic sex, homosexuality, and anything else he could think of in order to magically transform his and his followers' mundane consciousness. GPO saw TOPY as an aesthetic/magical/paramilitary/political order, a new improved OTO. TOPY also fetishized Charles Manson, Jim Jones, the Process Church, and Adolf Hitler, whom GPO viewed as a powerful magician not unlike himself:

*I mean, at least somebody like Hitler had vision! And did something pretty exciting...you can maximize the chance of things happening if you have a vision. And I think that's what happens with people like Hitler...they apply the forces of magick without understanding all of them...But that's how someone like Hitler could get so much done in ten years. He kind of went from cavalry to space travel in ten years! . . . So he was applying the laws of magick completely, but he was misapplying them, because he wasn't genuinely concerned with everybody else. And that's where the big break comes...Basically he was probably very much like we are, but he chose the political arena. And when you choose the political arena...very weird things happen, because it's on such a scale that you can't control it...That's why I'm interested in*



*the individual and not the mass. And precisely why I've been interested in the individual is anti-fascist. And it's always accused of being fascist, and I always think that the mass is what is fascist—mass movements and mass systems of thought.*

TOPY was also meant to act as a seed crystal for a rejuvenated youth culture. GPO, however, always remained an "aesthetic terrorist." Moynihan was in a way right when he lambasted GPO as "some hippie, flower child in reality" because, for all his excess, GPO saw his project as anti-fascist. Boyd Rice, however, clearly took a page from GPO's idea of an aesthetic/political order when he formed Abraxas.

#### CRUEL COOL

*Imaginary evil is romantic and varied; real evil is gloomy, monotonous, barren, boring. Imaginary good is boring; real good is always new, marvelous, intoxicating.*

—Simone Weil

Industrial culture in the United States never attained the brooding complexity of its British cousin. In America it remains jumbled up with a salmagundi of styles that include John Waters' consciously anti-political "trash aesthetics," slasher movie Grand Guignol, and the deconstruction of highbrow academia by Parisian postmodernism. The French invasion was closely tied to the cultural left through intellectual icons like Michel Foucault. Unlike the bleak British industrialists,

transgressive leftist "artworkers" like Karen Finley wanted to épater les bourgeois and promote good causes like feminism and gay liberation.

Since all good transgressives used drugs, liked porn, and despised "middle America," Norman Rockwell, Jesse Helms, and Pat Robertson, a natural alliance existed between the West Side liberals at MOMA and the downtown avant-

garde at La Mama. A small group of mostly straight white male scenesters, however, used transgressive tactics to attack what they saw as the therapeutic left's hegemony over bohemia. Unapologetic bad boys in search of an aesthetic that couldn't be co-opted, they turned to cult leaders like Manson and Jim Jones, serial killers like John Wayne Gacy, violent

images of deformed or dismembered bodies, weird conspiracy theories from the far left and far right, UFO abduction tracts, and hate rants by black nationalists and Klansmen.

Some wanted to épater les communistes because they believed that artists should not live in a world of self-imposed censorship for fear of violating every leftist and feminist dogma de jour. There was also the fear that bohemia, long a bad boy Shangri-La for sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll, was turning into a therapeutic "No Smoking" zone. And what better "in-your-face" way to say "fuck you" to the sissies, parlor

tables through their labias.

#### WHITEHOUSE

Moynihan and Sotos were also industrial music fanatics who had previously been inspired by Throbbing Gristle. Sotos, a former punk, told Moynihan in a *Seconds* interview: "Then you ended up with Throbbing Gristle, and as soon as I heard that stuff everything else just seemed pale." TG's 1981 breakup left a void in the extreme industrial scene that a band called Whitehouse sought to fill. The group's name was a pun on an "Anita Bryant"-type British morals crusader named Mary Whitehouse. Whitehouse lyrics joyously celebrated rape, torture, serial killers, and the worst brutalities of the SS. In a *Seconds* interview with Whitehouse founder William Bennett, Moynihan commented that TG only used the image of death camps for "moral purposes." Bennett replied: "Right, exactly." He then explained that Whitehouse and TG fell out because Genesis P-Orridge "disapproved of anybody using it [death camp imagery] in a different way."

Whitehouse, however, was not—in Moynihan's words—a band for "brain dead fags or Woodstock wimps." Whitehouse openly took pleasure in the SS because the SS, in Bennett's words, gave someone like Joseph Mengele "the freedom to explore a lot of his own pleasures and perversions." Bennett, who assaulted audience members during live performances just as the Futurists had done during the 1920s, also said that Whitehouse wanted "to translate as much mental violence and power into music as is possible."

True freedom for Whitehouse was Sadean, the freedom of the master to torture a child to death. The truly free were also beyond good and evil and labels like "right" and "left." For just that reason, Bennett told Moynihan that "the guys you see in NF [National Front] marches, they would totally despise Whitehouse." Bennett meant that even ordinary skinhead types would consider Whitehouse degenerate. That statement didn't prevent him from describing NF/skinheads elsewhere as "truly an awesome sight en masse in England. They emit such a flood of energy and vitality."

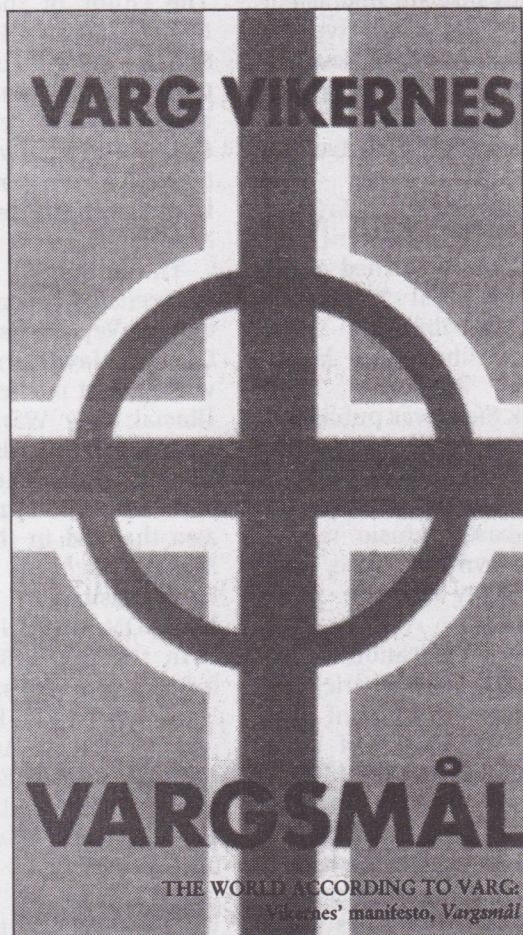
Whitehouse summarized its philosophy in a statement called *War or Peace?*: *Brutality is respected. People need wholesome fear, they want to fear something, they want someone to frighten them and make them shudderingly submissive. Why babble about cruelty and get indignant about violence? People need something that will give them the thrill of attack...because when the violence is greater, the shock upon the nervous system will be sharper, then it will emerge that the harshest and most ferocious will be the best.*

Whitehouse/Come Organization literature also included descriptions of serial killers, much like Sotos' zine *Pure*. Sotos even played on one Whitehouse U.S. tour in 1984, when one member of the trio couldn't make the trip.

As for the younger Moynihan, he too began as a punk but soon turned to industrial music. As a 15 year-old he visited England, where he explored the post-TG violent music scene led by Whitehouse. Returning to Boston, he set up his own "power electronics" group, Coup De Grâce.

#### THE BELGIAN CONNECTION

Like Abraxas in the U.S., Whitehouse/Come Organization came under attack in England as "fas-

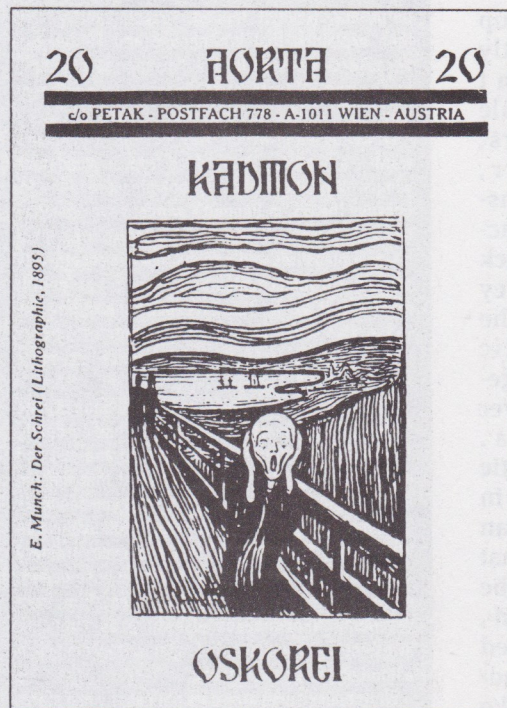




pinks, and Feminazis than to play the ace card of transgression—aesthetic fascism.

## EXIT

The new hip regime of mean was exemplified by the infamous Los Angeles Amok catalog. Amok Press' best-seller *Apocalypse Culture*, a collection of rants, raves, conspiracy theories, and aesthetic terrorist tracts, was another key text. Adam Parfrey, owner of Amok and later Feral House, first entered the scene



in 1980 with *IDEA*, a southern California-based *Re/Search*-type journal about punk culture. He then moved to New York where he met the art designer George Petros. Parfrey also became friends with Joe Coleman, a painter and performance artist once famous for biting the heads off live mice and blowing himself up on stage.

In 1984 Parfrey and Petros created *Exit*, a New York-based journal heavy on graphic design. *Exit* also drew on contributions from "Cinema of Transgression" film makers Richard Kern, Nick Zedd, and actress/musician Lydia Lunch, as well as from artists and musicians like Joe Coleman, Jim Thirlwell (Foetus), Genesis P-Orridge, and Boyd Rice. *Exit* even included drawings by convicted murderers Mark

David Chapman, John Wayne Gacy, Charles Manson, and the "Night Stalker" Richard Ramirez. It used strong psychedelic-like designs, cartoons, totalitarian agit-prop images, photos of Hitler, and John Heartfield-style collages to punch outraged readers in the eye.

Parfrey worked with Petros on the first three issues of *Exit* before leaving to create Amok Press. Once a succès de scandale, *Exit*'s increasing fascination with fascism doomed it to just six issues. Issue five, for example, featured a particularly rancid piece of anti-Semitism entitled the "Execution of Carl Jung", which was "conceived by George Petros" with "text researched by Robert N. Taylor," a former paramilitary Minuteman leader turned racial Odinist. The final 1994 *Exit* included contributions from Michael Moynihan and James Mason, an American Nazi whose book *Siege* was published by Moynihan. While producing *Exit*, Petros also served as an editor at *Seconds*, an eclectic New York-based music magazine that Moynihan, Rice, and Parfrey regularly write for.

## ENTER SATAN

The new glorification of the instinctual and the barbaric, the belief in the survival of the fittest, and the hatred of both Christian morality and liberal humanism, were all music to the ears of Anton LaVey, the founder and head of the San Francisco-based Church of Satan. Not surprisingly, Boyd Rice developed close ties with LaVey in the early 1980s. In 1984, Rice set up the Abraxas Foundation as a "social Darwinist think tank." An Abraxas tract called *WAKE* proclaimed "Long Live Death!" and hailed Malthusianism as "Nature's Eternal Fascism." (The Church of Satan also maintained close ties to TOPY.) Today Rice is himself a member of the Church's governing inner circle, the Council of Nine. He also conducted the last interview with LaVey for *Seconds* prior to LaVey's death on 29 October 1997.

LaVey, who is often only seen as just a libertarian maverick, called for a new kind of fascism in a 1994

interview with Michael Moynihan in *Seconds*. Moynihan's essay, "The Faustian Spirit of Fascism," was also published in the Church of Satan's magazine, *The Black Flame*. LaVey even contributed an introduction to a new edition of "Ragnar Redbeard's" *Might Is Right*, a Nietzschean and Social Darwinist tract first published in 1896 which LaVey had liberally plagiarized in his own book, *The Satanic Bible*. The editor of the new edition of *Might Is Right* is listed as Katja Lane. She is the wife of David Lane, an Odinist leader of the high-profile far right paramilitary group called the Order, who is now serving a life sentence for conspiring to murder a Denver radio personality named Alan Berg.

The author of *Might's* afterword is, arguably, even more "devilish" than LaVey. He is none other than George Hawthorne, head of the white racist musical group RaHoWa (Racial Holy War) and founder of Resistance Records, whom Michael Moynihan interviewed for *Seconds* and *The Black Flame*. Moynihan is also thanked in the new edition of *Might Is Right* for helping make the book possible.

## MANSON/MASON

In the mid-1980s Adam Parfrey formed Amok Press, the precursor to Feral House, with Ken Swezey of the Amok catalog. Amok's first book, *Michael*, was an English translation of Nazi Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels' sole novel. Parfrey's next book, *Apocalypse Culture*, was followed in 1988 by *The Manson File*, which was edited by Nikolas Schreck (the boyfriend of LaVey's daughter Zeena) in collaboration with Boyd Rice and others. Rice regularly visited Manson, and even campaigned to get him released from jail through an Abraxas spin-off called the Friends of Justice.

Via Manson, the Abraxas circle came into contact with James Mason, a former member of George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party (ANP) and the eccentric head of the National Socialist Liberation Front (NSLF). Mason had established contact with Manson in the early 1980s through an NSLF member named Perry "Red" Warthan.



Warthan later murdered a 17-year-old high school student in Oroville, California, because the boy told police that Warthan had been distributing racist literature.

In the late 1980s Rice got into hot water due to his friendship with Robert Heick (aka "Bob Blitz"). Heick is the leader of a skinhead group called American Front that once attacked the San Francisco anarchist bookstore Bound Together. Although he denied having any political ties to Heick, the growing unpopularity of Abraxas in San Francisco led Rice to decamp to Denver, Colorado.

As for Parfrey, he first moved his publishing operation from New York to Los Angeles. After the LA riots, he relocated to Portland and then returned south to Venice, California. While in Portland, Parfrey (whose own mother is Jewish) hired the late Keith Stimely, an openly gay former editor of the journal of the Institute for Historical Review, the world's leading Holocaust-denial outfit, to write Feral House press releases. Stimely's name also appeared on a leaflet, along with that of Moynihan and Portland artist Diabolos Rex, as part of a Boyd Rice/NON "Total War" performance in that city.

#### SIEGE

Michael Moynihan was Boyd Rice's Denver roommate in 1991. That summer their apartment was visited by men who first said they wanted to talk to Moynihan because, as he later recalled, "they believed I had witnessed the murder 'of a black man.'" The visitors, who turned out to be Secret Service agents, next accused the stunned Moynihan of plotting with some Manson followers to assassinate then-President George Bush during a visit to Denver!

One year later, Moynihan was more preoccupied by literary than legal matters. His Denver-based Storm Press published *Siege*, a 400-page anthology of the writings of James Mason, the Nazi fan of Charles Manson. In his acknowledgments, Moynihan ("Michael M. Jenkins") thanked (among others) both Adam Parfrey and Anton LaVey for their help in facilitating *Siege*'s publication.

Mason argued in *Siege* that National Socialism had lost its violent, revolutionary edge. "We want to see crime and chaos rise to such a degree where the System becomes no longer viable and falls apart," he wrote. In a tract called "Smashing the Pig System," he growled: "If a bunch of Black Nationalists rob a Brinks truck, if they kill some System Pigs, WHO CARES?!!!"

*Siege* also paid homage to white racist "lone wolf" assassins like Mason's former ANP colleague Joseph Franklin, who specialized in shooting interracial couples ("race traitors"); and James Huberty, who massacred a largely Hispanic clientele at a McDonald's restaurant in San Diego. Mason felt that the lone wolves were merely expressing healthy "Viking berserker rage" against "Big Brother." He especially liked the fact that, since they acted alone, these lone wolves were very difficult to catch. *Siege* also glorified Charles Manson. Mason even created a Manson-inspired successor group to the NSLF called the Universal Order in an effort to transcend the traditional "left-right spectrum."

In his introduction to *Siege*, Moynihan also highlighted Mason's call for a unity of extremes against the System:

*At this point in history there were no such things as "innocent bystanders." The degeneration and decline of the West had long since passed the point where such ideas had any meaning. Now it all boiled down to whether you were working "for" or "against" the System, and anything which helped further augment instability in society—no matter what corner it came from, or what "opposing" (i.e., Left Wing or Marxist) group might be responsible. The break with conservatism and "Right-Wingism" (the categories most people invariably believe Nazism falls into) had now been made once and for all...Mason will reiterate that he wishes the best of luck to anyone willing to attack the System head-on.*

For all its crudeness, *Siege* echoed Franco Freda's radical Evolan call

cists". Rough Trade not only refused to carry Whitehouse, but also warned other distributors about the nature of the group. The London Musicians Co-op took a similar stand, as did *Re/Search* in America. In 1983 Whitehouse refused to play San Francisco because of bomb threats. GPO's TOPY followers also denounced Whitehouse, as did feminists sick of the group's glorification of people like Peter Sutcliffe, a serial killer who preyed on prostitutes.

For its part, Whitehouse continued to deny any political motives even as it released records like "Buchenwald", which it advertised in one leaflet as "the most violent music of the new right." Come Organization also issued "Triumph of the Will" by Leibstandarte SS/MB (Maurizio Bianchi), "Lie" by Charles Manson, a tape called "SS Marches", and 21/5/62/82 that the group Ramleh did in homage to Adolf Eichmann. Yet Bennett still denied that there was any political meaning behind it all, saying that people were free to interpret the sounds and images any way they chose.

Bennett's claims fell flat, however, once it became known that he had written an article called "The Struggle for a New Musical Culture" for the June 1982 issue of an Antwerp-based journal called *Force Mental*. In it he wrote:

*"Come Organization is concerned with the struggle against the unhealthy negroid influence in all popular music today. These primitive forms have corrupted many generations of youth in music and in word...We must blame the corruption of the negroid music and the Jewish exploitation for the reprehensible movements today like Anti-nuclear, Amnesty International, and feminist groups, to name but a few...The music of Come Organization artists fulfills a twin purpose—firstly, to crush the disease we have just discussed and secondly, to express the new movement in terms of power and strength of will. It is almost totally electronic in nature, extremely uncompromising and sometimes violent in expression. But brutality is respected."*

Bennett's piece caused a scandal. Although he later tried to say that he meant it all as a parody, he was forced to admit that "it was a total mistake for me to write something like that, and a worse mistake to allow it to be printed."

Whitehouse broke up in 1985, when Bennett moved to Spain and then on to Thailand. As for Moynihan, his work began to be distributed in Europe through a German record label called Cthulhu, named after the greatest of the other-dimensional "old ones" in the horror tales of H.P. Lovecraft. In 1988, he toured the continent after "some European artists in Belgium" financed the trip. Since he spent a good deal of time living in Antwerp, a likely guess is that the *Force Mental* circle brought him over. *Force Mental*—and allied musical groups like Club Moral and État Brut—were also accused of being part of the European New Right, although the magazine claims that it only publishes extreme material to force the reader to react to it.

After returning from Belgium in 1988, Moynihan contacted Boyd Rice by letter and phone. They finally met in 1989, when Moynihan went to Japan where Rice was on tour. As for Whitehouse, it reformed in 1990. Its current members are William Bennett, Jim Goodall, and Peter Sotos.

—Kevin Coogan



for total social disruption in *La disintegrazione del sistema*. Storm also plans to issue the first English translation of Evola's 1953 book, *Gli uomini e le Rovine* (Men Among the Ruins).

In August 1993, one year after *Siege* was published, Varg Vikernes murdered Euronymous. Although Moynihan was not a black metalist, the lure of Norway's new Charles Manson was too much to resist since

*Varg Vikernes serves the role of a pariah and heretic to Norwegians, similar on a number of levels to that of Charles Manson in America. Both profess a radical ideology at odds with, and at times unintelligible to the average citizen. Both insist they have done nothing wrong. Both espouse a revolutionary attitude with strong racial overtones. Both have become media bogeymen in their respective countries, and both knowingly contribute to their own mythicization. Both also understand well the inherent archetypal power of symbols and names—especially those they adopt for themselves.*

#### BOMBING BLITZ HOUSE

In *LOC* Moynihan suggests that Vikernes is an avatar of a long-repressed Odinist archetype analogous to what Jung claimed for Nazi Germany in his famous 1936 essay on Wotan. Moynihan clearly believes in racial archetypes and told *Ohm Clock*: "racial achievements are distinctive between different races and I think that culture is based on race. I don't understand why it's a taboo topic to discuss."

In *LOC* Moynihan relies upon "Kadmon," editor of a Vienna-based journal called *Aorta*, to bolster the racial archetype thesis. Kadmon argues that Norwegian black metalists are modern day examples of an ancient martial/mystical band of Werewolf-like "berserker" warriors known as the Oskorei. No disinterested scholar, Kadmon is also a political supporter of Vikernes as well as Moynihan's collaborator. His band Allerseelen, for example, put out a joint CD with Moynihan's group Blood Axis. A blood fetishist,

Kadmon named his journal *Aorta* because it is "a blood-red cycle. In *Aorta* there is my blood. The blood of the poet, the blood of the magician, the blood of the warrior." Kadmon also devoted one issue of *Aorta* to "the Odinist Norwegian composer Varg Vikernes...who is currently in prison due to his Viking ethics."

But should Odin take the rap for Vikernes' "Viking ethics"? *LOC* offers strong evidence that Vikernes, who came from a divorced family and was raised by his mother Lene Bore, was a fascist well before he became a metalhead. Vikernes reports that his mother "was actually afraid that I was going to come home with a black girl! She's very race-conscious...She could just as well be my friend as she is my mother." He also said about his acts:

*It's not a rebellion against my parents or something, it's serious. My mother totally agrees with it. She doesn't mind if someone burns a church down. She hates the church quite a lot.*

Few doubt the truth of Vikernes' remarks, especially after Lene Bore was arrested in 1997 for giving close to \$20,000 to a neo-Nazi clique that wanted to break her son out of jail. Her racialism clearly affected her son, who "insists his racial/nationalist feelings have been present since childhood." Vikernes also said: "I was a skinhead when I was 15 or 16. Nobody knows that. People say that I suddenly became a Nazi, but I was actually a skinhead back then. It was in waves — in '91 I was into occultism, in '92 Satanism, in '93' mythology and so on, in waves."

Vikernes recalled that when he was a skinhead, "there were these Punks — that was more the reason I went over to the other side. But of course the main reason is weapons: German SS helmets, Schmeizers [sic] and Mausers and all these weapons. That's what they shot the British and Americans with, great — we hated British and Americans." In January 1993, some months before his murder of Euronymous and at a time when Vikernes wasn't

openly identified with fascism, a photo taken in his apartment displayed his Nazi memorabilia.

Given how much valuable information *LOC* does present, it is somewhat incredible that the book fails to note that at the time that Vikernes murdered Euronymous, he was also planning to destroy an Oslo-based punk anti-fascist squat called Blitz House. After his arrest for murder, the police discovered that he had about 330 pounds of stolen dynamite in his possession. Vikernes may have felt that he had no choice but to kill Euronymous before bombing Blitz House because "the Communist" would almost certainly have opposed such an act. Recall in this context that Vikernes also claimed that Euronymous had been plotting to have him killed. It may well be true that Vikernes really did murder Euronymous for petty personal reasons. By refusing to even mention Blitz House, however, *LOC* glides over another potentially highly relevant motive.

*LOC* also ignores another obvious cultural influence on Vikernes, the Abraxas network's glorification of killers like Charles Manson! Vikernes' home town, Bergen, is also home to Jan Bruun's Hypertonia World Enterprises. Bruun is a major distributor of Charles Manson memorabilia like "Watching Satan — the Legacy of Charles Manson." He knows Moynihan and interviewed him for an Italian journal aptly named *Healter Skelter*. Moynihan also thanks Bruun, an avowed social Darwinist and Malthusian, in the acknowledgements to *LOC*. It seems almost impossible to believe that Vikernes would not have known about Hypertonia World Enterprises, especially since Bruun was in contact with Euronymous and even sold Mayhem LPs.

#### THE ÁSATRÚ CONNECTION

Despite his use of Kadmon's theories, Moynihan claims in *LOC* that "there is absolutely no specific connection" between practitioners of Nordic religion and the black metal scene. "In fact," he writes, "public assumptions that such a link would exist have been a severe liability to these groups." Moynihan, however,



neglects to mention that he himself is a leading member of a U.S.-based racist "Old Norse and Germanic religion" movement called the Ásatrú Alliance of Independent Kindreds (AA), which is headquartered in Arizona.

The AA evolved out of a 1960s Odinist/Nordic revival movement called the Ásatrú Free Assembly. The AA faction argued that a Norse religious movement should only include people of Northern European descent. It also publishes a journal called *Vor Tru* which is edited by Robert Ward, the former editor of a rightist music zine called *The Fifth Path*. He is also almost certainly the "R. Ward" thanked by Moynihan for his typesetting contribution to *Siege*. Another AA leader, "Valgard" (Michael) Murray, was a former member of Rockwell's American Nazi Party.

Moynihan's close friend Robert Nicholas Taylor, who publishes an Odinist journal called *The Continuing Clan*, is yet another AA bigwig with a far right bio. The rightist music journal *Ohm Clock* reports that during "a 12-year stint as a national spokesman for the Minutemen, he [Taylor] went on to become Director of Intelligence and set up the first guerrilla training schools ever to exist in the United States." Taylor's call for the racial balkanization of America, an argument associated with the late "Klanarchist" leader Robert Miles, was also featured in the last issue of *Exit*.

#### BYE BYE BOYD

Moynihan now lives in Portland, where he moved in order to work for Feral House. He also left Colorado after a falling out with Boyd Rice. In an interview in *Momentum*, Moynihan announced that Blood Axis "will not ever work with Boyd Rice again, due to personal differences." He also told *Healter Skelter*: "I don't have any contact with Boyd Rice anymore, mainly because we just went our separate ways."

Unlike Moynihan, Rice is usually quite careful to call himself a fascist only in aesthetics and not in politics. He did, however, tell *Seconds*: "I think basically I am a Fascist,

because I do think there is a hierarchy, and there are people that are stupid, and there are people that are clever," a definition so bland that it hardly does justice to the complexity of fascism as a political ideology and the extremism of fascism as a political system.

Moynihan clearly seems fed up with Rice's bob and weave. In the *Momentum* interview, he groaned:

*I'm sick of people saying they're "not political," as I think this is a cop-out...If you're going to espouse "fascist" ideas, then I believe you have to accept some of the responsibility for their application in the real world; otherwise what is the point of espousing them in the first place?...Terms which are bandied about like "occult fascism" don't have any tangible meaning as far as I can tell, though they sound impressive.*

Moynihan apparently feels that "occult fascists" like Rice "cop out" when they refuse to carry their "aesthetic" agenda to its real world conclusions. For the same reason Moynihan hates black metal bands that don't use violence because they fear it might prevent them from becoming rock stars.

#### THE FAR RIGHT AND BLACK METAL

True to his principles, Moynihan is quite active in the propaganda support network for Vikernes. He is, for example, a leading contributor to a rightist journal called *Filosofem*, which is published by a group also called Blood Axis. *Filosofem* is located at 5 Rue Gabriel Price in Metz, France. This same address is the source of a series of pro-Vikernes leaflets which carry the name Cymophane on them. *Filosofem* also takes its name from a Burzum CD that Vikernes recorded in 1993 while out on bail. That CD is currently being jointly distributed by Misanthropy Records, Cymophane Productions, and Feral House Audio.

*LOC* also contains an interview with Kerry Bolton, a New Zealand-based Satanist who is trying to popularize fascism inside pop culture with a series of small journals like

#### Notes:

1. In an interview in *Slayer* 11, Moynihan said: "I've also been friends with Peter Sotos, of the band Whitehouse and also Pure magazine fame and he told me about the extreme fringes of Heavy Metal sometime around 1989, and I started following Death Metal with some interest, mainly because it was so obsessed with violence."

2. *Seconds* 35 (1995).

3. See the anthology of Peter Sotos' writings called *Total Abuse* (Portland: Goad to Hell Enterprises), p. 3. Jim Goad, Sotos' publisher, also published *Answer Me* magazine. All my citations from Sotos' zines are from *Total Abuse*.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 18.

5. Sotos' troubles began after Scotland Yard found a copy of *Pure* in the house of one member of a Scottish group called Metgumnerone, who had been arrested for grave robbing. British authorities then alerted U.S. Customs in Chicago about *Pure*.

6. Sotos explained what he liked about death metal in *Parasite*, in a way that sounds very much like Moynihan:

*Death metal has always delivered. Based on obsession with rage and violence, there was a time when that alone would entertain. But recently the ante's been upped. While the old guard, in the face of just-about-to-break record sales and brighter media attention, have been falling all over themselves to tow the old, tired "violence for a violent society" tag, a group of young extremists from Norway have devoted themselves to a purer sense of art...Young and preternaturally morbid...the Black Metal Mafia, as they've come to be known, make up for all the ritual-abuse stories you love to hear but can't believe. Finally, a group of men willing to go the extra length to provide real entertainment.*

7. *LOC*, p. 75.

8. *Seconds* 35 (1995).

9. *Seconds* 28 (1994). Bennett also said in a Come Organization release: "We are not political. We have no scruples about enjoying the pleasures of the death camps, though, and the wonderful excesses the SS indulged themselves in." My main source on Whitehouse is from an over 300-page unpaginated clip compilation called *The Whitehouse/Come Organization File*, which I will refer to as *WHF*.

10. *WHF*.

11. *Ibid.*

12. *Ibid.*

13. Sotos may also have been an early member of the group in England. One early Whitehouse member was a performance artist/musician from Chicago named Philip Best, who had his own group called Consumer Electronics. Best did a show in London in June 1982 that combined machine sounds with films of open heart operations and dead corpses. Philip Best and Peter Sotos may be the same person. If they are different individuals, it seems remarkable that both of them came from Chicago and played with Whitehouse.

14. During that visit Moynihan bought his first Boyd Rice record. He further explained:

*In 1986 I got "Blood & Flame" when it came out and was amazed to see NON suddenly presenting more concrete (or blatant) ideas in the record and packaging—things which specifically related to my own interest. It was very different from his [Rice's] more ambiguous earlier releases. I think in 1987 an English friend who had gotten in contact with Boyd around the time The Manson File was being assembled gave me his address. It wasn't until 1988 that I finally sent him a letter and various enclosures, very unsure of what response I would get (if any). As it turned out he wrote back enthusiastically, and when I returned to America (I was living part of the year in Belgium at the time) we started talking on the phone very frequently.*

See *Ohm Clock* 3 (Spring 1990).

15. The background of the Bennett article is a bit complex. He was asked to write for a magazine called *DATA* on "the most violent music of the New Right" in an issue devoted to exploring the New Right that would include contributions from members of the New Right. *DATA* began as an experimental arts journal funded by Antwerp University. After three issues it lost its academic support. Some members then decided to continue *DATA* as an independent journal devoted to experimental media. *DATA*'s first issue was to be on the New Right. *DATA* never got off the ground, but one branch of it created an industrial band called Club Moral as well as the magazine *Force Mental*. *Force Mental* then printed the article Bennett intended for *DATA*. Bennett at first claimed that he was asked to write a parody on the left, the right, and the anarchists. *Force Mental*, however, said this was total nonsense.

16. *WHF*.

17. Moynihan asked Bennett in the *Seconds* interview if he experienced any repercussions after Sotos was arrested in Chicago. Bennett replied: "Surprisingly, not to my knowledge. I know Kevin Tompkins [a Whitehouse member at the time] got a couple of things taken by customs, but neither myself nor the record label, there was no investigation. Not that we'd have had anything, anyway. It was a classic case of police paranoia." One seized item seems to have been a video called "First Fuck." Tompkins, who came from a group called Sutcliffe Jugend, also made a Whitehouse/Come organiza-



*Key of Alocer*, *The Nexus*, and *The Flaming Sword*. His essays have also appeared in *The Black Flame* and *Filosofem*. In one of his writings Bolton even calls the Futurist (and later Fascist) Filippo Marinetti a forerunner of "Industrial Culture". His publications also feature Moynihan, R. N. Taylor, Boyd Rice, Kadmon, and others like them.

In his interview in *LOC*, Bolton denounces Christianity in classic "right meets left" jargon as:

*one product of the Magian [i.e., Jewish-KC] infection of Western culture, the others being plutocracy, liberalism, globalism, egalitarianism, and so forth...Since the thrust of the present civilization in its phase of senility is towards a global plutocracy, with the plutocrats and globalists utilizing consumerism and multi-culturalism to break down the different nations and cultures and archetypes upon which they are based, it is fitting that "new" forms of Satanism are emerging with a nativist heathen basis to challenge this globalism.*

Bolton also leads an overtly fascist magical sect called the Black Order. The Black Order's New Zealand address is conveniently reprinted in an illustration in *LOC*.

A French far rightist and OTO leader named Christian Bouchet also pops up in *LOC*. Along with publishing his own occult journal *Thelema*, Bouchet helps lead *Nouvelle Résistance*, a fascist "third way" grouping whose journal *Lutte du Peuple* he edits. Bouchet advocates an alliance with the far left, applauds Castro for resisting American imperialism, and praises the French nineteenth century anarchist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon. He even offered a eulogy for the German ultra-leftist Ulrike Meinhof, a leader of the terrorist Rote Armee Fraktion. *Nouvelle Résistance* is also behind a pro-Vikernes music fanzine called *Napalm Rock*, whose editor *LOC* interviews.

Given his own background and publicly proclaimed political views, it seems fairly obvious that Moynihan would not be terribly dis-

traught if a new wave of "berserker youth" chose to follow in Vikernes' path—regardless of whether or not he holds the Count's most extreme political statements in high regard. Although Vikernes was later ostracized for killing Euronymous, *LOC* claims that black metalists who act out their violent fantasies gain "a perverse form of credibility over the bands who merely sing and dream of empty morbid fantasies." Speaking to *Ohm Clock*, Moynihan was even more explicit:

*I would see these forms of music and expression talk about violence, people who were clearly obsessed with violence, but never would actually go out and do what they were talking about. They never take the logical step...If you're going to sing songs or record entire records about killing people then after a while it gets silly when it's just fantasy. I think that's why a lot of the death metal stuff got really cartoonish and stupid. Then the black metal phenomenon superseded death metal and basically wiped it off the map. They actually did something more than just release records for their friends to buy. The others had been doing a disservice to themselves by not actually going out and committing the act.*

For much the same reason *LOC* highlights non-black metal killers like Florida's Lords of Chaos or the teenager in France who stabbed an elderly Catholic priest to death. They too are part of the fiery youth of the future, in whom "rebellious embers grow brighter."

#### CONCLUSION

*Lords of Chaos* contains a good deal of fascinating information about both black metal and cultural fascism. But does it all add up? While one could persuasively argue that church burnings per se might well arise from black metal's dime store Satanic ethos, *LOC*'s musings about fascism and black metal largely hang on a thin evidentiary thread, Varg Vikernes. Yet when Moynihan replaces his steel helmet with a reporter's fedora, *LOC* shows that

Vikernes had been a far rightist well before he became a black metalist. After his murder of Euronymous, Vikernes lost almost all his credibility in a scene where the old timers still mourn for the "Prince of Death".

*LOC* gives an especially clear, even restrained, summary of its core thesis in the following paragraph:

There are many divergent political views found across the spectrum of Black Metal musicians and fans (the communism of Euronymous provides a prime example of someone taking leftism to its utmost extreme), but no one will deny that right wing attitudes have become a natural extension of the interests of some involved.

But just how many black metal "fascists" are there? Ten? One Hundred? One Thousand? *LOC* doesn't tell us. And are these unnamed fascists the natural children of black metal? For all its cleverness in seeking to portray Varg Vikernes as the Charles Manson of the Marilyn Manson generation, *LOC* fails to make a convincing case that black metal and fascism walk hand in hand.

*LOC* may even get the story of Norwegian black metal backwards. There really was a small clique of black metal Satanists whom Euronymous dominated. Vikernes made his mark in the scene by torching a church, an act so extreme that Euronymous had little choice but to go along or be revealed as a con man or a coward. After Vikernes killed Euronymous—for whatever reason—the subsequent wave of arrests decimated the underground. Nor did massive press coverage spawn a new wave of Vikernes copycats. The exact opposite seems to have occurred: a poseur takeover by would-be rock stars blathering about Satan. Far from symbolizing black metal's metamorphosis from guitars to gasoline, Vikernes actually helped to rob black metal of its dark soul. Since then, it has largely been just show biz and record deals.

Since Euronymous' murder still haunts Norway's metal scene, it seems appropriate to give the last word to "Son of Satan," who writes in the most recent *Slayer*:



Welcome to Norway, the Black Metal centre of the world. Never has such a small country spawned such a big amount of bands in a somewhat limited genre. Yeah, that's cool...or is it? The scene is unique and so on, but there is a but...Shouldn't there be something more? Shouldn't also Black Metal be extreme? Something went wrong somewhere. In between all bands signing to major labels I think something disappeared. There is [sic] not many in Norway who puts [sic] Satanism before Black Metal in our scene...Everyone has his or her definition of Satanism but at least you can say the extremity is gone. I think many just dress in black because everyone else does it, wearing pentagrams without knowing its potential danger...But nothing is really happening in Norway now as in regard to anti-Christian action. People say that there will be no more church fires which of course is a sad thing. No matter what, the church burnings were great. Even if it didn't really help in the war against Christianity I thought it was a great thing. A hail to those who committed those deeds. But nothing like that happens now, there is not even proper violence. Everything is so nice up here.

#### Notes:

\* There is an enormous scholarly and popular literature on fascism, but much of it is sadly deficient. The best general history of fascism is undoubtedly that of Stanley Payne, *A History of Fascism, 1914-1945* (Madison: University of Wisconsin, 1995). For the best introductions to "classical" fascist ideology, see Eugen Weber, *Varieties of Fascism: Doctrines of Revolution in the Twentieth Century* (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1964); the many studies by Israeli scholar Zeev Sternhell, including "Fascist Ideology", in *Fascism: A Reader's Guide*, ed. by Walter Laqueur (Berkeley: University of California, 1976), *La droite révolutionnaire, 1885-1914: Les origines françaises du Fascisme* (Paris: Seuil, 1978), and *Ni gauche, ni droite: L'idéologie fasciste en France* (Paris: Seuil, 1983); Emilio Gentile, *Le origini dell'ideologia fascista, 1919-1925* (Bari: Laterza, 1975); and A. James Gregor, *The Ideology of Fascism: The Rationale for Totalitarianism* (New York: Free Press, 1969). All of these works rightly emphasize the left-wing and anti-capitalist features intrinsic to fascist ideology, especially in its earlier "movement phase". For more on these elements, compare Paul Mazgaj, *The Action Française and Revolutionary Syndicalism* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina, 1979); David D. Roberts, *The Syndicalist Tradition and Italian Fascism* (Chapel

Hill: University of North Carolina, 1979); Renzo De Felice, *Mussolini il rivoluzionario* (Turin: Einaudi, 1965), the first of many volumes of De Felice's comprehensive biography of Mussolini; Reinhard Kühnl, *Die nationalsozialistische Linke, 1925-1930: Eine Untersuchung über Geschichte, Struktur, und Ideologie der Strasser-Gruppe* (Meisenheim: Hain, 1966); Patrick Moreau, *Nationalsozialismus von links: Die "Kampfgemeinschaft Revolutionärer Nationalsozialisten" und die "Schwarze Front"* Otto Strassers, 1930-1935 (Stuttgart: Deutsche, 1985); and Rainer Zitelmann, *Hitler: Selbstverständnis eines Revolutionärs* (Stuttgart: Klett-Cotta, 1990). Needless to say, the term "fascist" has nowadays become a general epithet used by all sorts of people to smear their political and ideological opponents, so much so that its actual meaning has become hopelessly corrupted and confused and it has been transformed into a virtual synonym for absolute "evil", not to mention authoritarianism, genocide, and militarism. (Why the same fate has not befallen the word "communist", a political ideology and system which shares many of the same characteristics and has been responsible for an equal measure of human misery and even more genocidal murders, is a subject worthy of serious study.) For good surveys of the contemporary Euro-American radical right, see Paul Hainsworth, ed., *The Extreme Right in Europe and the USA* (New York: St. Martin's, 1992); Luciano Cheles & others, eds., *The Far Right in Western and Eastern Europe* (New York: Longman, 1995); and Jeffrey Kaplan & Leonard Weinberg, *The Emergence of a Euro-American Radical Right* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University, 1998).

† For an introduction to Julius Evola's thought, see Richard Drake, "Julius Evola and the Ideological Origins of the Radical Right in Contemporary Italy", in *Political Violence and Terror: Motifs and Motivations*, ed. by Peter Merkl (Berkeley: University of California, 1987), pp. 61-89; and Franco Ferraresi, *Threats to Democracy: The Radical Right in Italy after the War* (Princeton: Princeton University, 1996), pp. 43-50. For contemporary For the continental European neo-pagan, anti-American, and "metapolitical" New Right (i.e., the *Nouvelle Droite*)—which must be carefully distinguished from the conservative, pro-free market Anglo-American New Right—see especially Pierre-André Taguieff, *Sur la Nouvelle Droite: Jalons d'une analyse critique* (Paris: Descartes, 1994).

1. *Slayer* 11, p. 57. *Slayer* is published by John "Metalion" Kristiansen, and is the leading black metal zine in Norway. See *Lords of Chaos*, p. 33. Issue 11 appeared after *Lords of Chaos* was published. Although the issue includes an interview with Moynihan, it does not comment on *Lords of Chaos*.

2. The American-based Revolutionary Communist Party (RCP) is a highly similar outfit. The RCP spent the late 1970s and early 1980s trying to recruit youth from the punk and hardcore scene, and the Norwegian group may have recruited Eurononymous in the same way.

3. *Slayer* 11, p. 57.

4. The leading extreme music magazine *Terrorizer*, which devotes considerable space to black metal, has condemned such murderous activities.

5. LOC, pp. 272-73; also see *Terrorizer* 57 (1998), p. 5.

6. *Slayer*, p. 8.

7. In the inside text to the *Burzum* CD, there is even an announcement for *Lords of Chaos*.

8. LOC, p. 159.

9. *Ibid*, p. 120.

10. *Ibid*, pp. 324-329.

11. The most recent issue of *Slayer*, for instance, does not devote one page to politics of any kind.

tion Ultra video which included the torture and death of cats and other animals. WHF.

18. *Ohm Clock 5* (Spring 1998), p. 12.

19. Moynihan's photocopy edition of *The Antichrist* was published in Antwerp in 1988, with a cover by the Whitehouse-allied artist Trevor Brown.

20. From an article by the founders of *Force Mental* in the WHF. I have not seen a copy of the publication.

21. Santos also discusses Whitehouse in *Total Abuse*, pp. 215, 218-20.



12. Moynihan, however, is clearly the book's main author. The acknowledgement section in *LOC*, for example, is written only by him. In it he remarks: "The bulk of the book was written and organized by myself, with important editorial contributions from Didrik." In an interview with the Italian publication *Healter Skelter* 7 ("Mondo Estremo"), he says: "A friend in Norway who works for one of the newspapers there helped me on the book as well." Moynihan was also interviewed in the current *Slayer*. In the interview he does not mention Söderlind's name once when discussing how he wrote the book.

13. Moynihan said that the idea for *Lords of Chaos* came when he was asked to write a chapter about events in Norway for a proposed book project on "extreme things connected to Rock in general" that was to be called *Apocalypse Rock* in homage to the Feral House best-seller *Apocalypse Culture*. After that project collapsed he decided to turn his chapter into a book. See *Slayer* 11, p. 24.

14. Not to be confused with *Abrasax*, an occult Aleister Crowley/OTO-influenced magazine edited by James Martin.

15. Interview with Moynihan in *The Fifth Path* 3, p. 27.

16. Compare Linda Blood, *The New Satanists* (New York: Time Warner, 1994), pp. 195-96; and Carl Raschke, *Painted Black* (New York: Harper & Row, 1990), p. 237. It should be pointed out, however, that Raschke is a Christian activist who sees "Satanists" under every bed.

17. In an interview in *Rollerderby* 18, Rice said: "I was into blood fetishism since I was a kid and I had a whole philosophy relating to blood and the mythology of blood."

18. *Seconds* 38 (1996), p. 40.

19. Rice first attracted attention in 1976 when he tried to present then-First Lady Betty Ford with a pig's head.

20. On Moynihan's background, see *The Fifth Path* 3 (Spring 1992); *Ohm Clock* 5 (Spring 1998); and *Seconds* 46.

21. *Ohm Clock* 5, p. 18.

22. On industrial music, see Dave Thompson, *Industrial Revolution* (Los Angeles: Cleopatra, 1994).

23. *Re/Search* 6-7, 1983.

24. COUM Transmissions was following a path outlined by the Viennese Aktionists who carried out performance art pieces involving sex, scatology, coprophagy, urination, vomiting, and the slaughter and evisceration of animals. See Jack Sargeant, *Deathtripping: The Cinema of Transgression* (London: Creation, 1995), p. 78; and Stewart Home, *The Assault on Culture* (London: Aporia, 1988), p. 63.

25. Technically speaking, TG first began in 1975 with just GPO and Cosey Fanni Tutti. See the entry on TG in *Industrial Revolution*. My summary is also based on articles in *Re/Search*, *Vague*, and *Rapid Eye*.

26. Interview with Boyd Rice in *The Fifth Path* 3, p. 8.

27. The name was also a pun on Andy Warhol's Factory.

28. Jon Savage, *England's Dreaming* (New York: St. Martin's, 1993), p. 516.

29. The term "industrial music" was actually coined by Monte Cazazza, a San Francisco performance

artist and friend of GPO's from the mail art movement.

30. Thompson, p. 49.

31. William Burroughs and Brion Gysin were extremely influential in shaping TG's thinking. TG even put out a record by Burroughs called "Nothing Here Now but The Recordings" on its Industrial Records label.

32. For more on this, see Zeev Sternhell, *Neither Left Nor Right* (Princeton: Princeton University, 1986), and *The Birth of Fascist Ideology* (Princeton: Princeton University, 1989).

33. *Esoterica* 6 (Spring/Summer 1996), p. 11.

34. *Ibid*, p. 13.

35. GPO described his project to an interviewer in issue 6 of *Esoterica* this way: "Me and my friends began discussing the idea 'What if we had an open ended, publicly available, magical paramilitary, occult order?' At the time, I remember reading something about David Bowie and it said: 'What if David Bowie became political?' All these people who adore him, dress like him, and look like him would follow him. They would do whatever he told them. Of course, Bowie said: 'No, no I would never do that.' What would happen if we said: 'Let's do it?'"

36. *Re/Search* 4/5 (1982), pp. 85, 88.

37. Cynics also wondered if GPO was really using TOPY to make himself famous. For a hilarious satire of both TOPY and the punk scene, see *Vague* 20 ("Televisionaries"), pp. 24-39.

38. For this reason Feral House types hated women like Andrea Juno, a *Re/Search* founder and publisher of *Angry Women* (a book devoted to women transgressive artists) almost as much, if not more, than Andrea Dworkin types. One "Angry Woman," the musician Diamanda Galas, also tried to get Boyd Rice kicked off the Mute Records label. See *Seconds* 38, p. 36.

39. Parfrey even took a stab at a manifesto in his "Aesthetic Terrorism" essay in *Apocalypse Culture*.

40. Parfrey interview in *The Fifth Path* 4 (Winter 1992/93), pp. 21-25. Also see Parfrey's interview in *Divinity Five*.

41. All the issues of *Exit* have recently been reprinted in *The Exit Collection* (Chicago: TACIT, 1998).

42. R. N. Taylor also has written for *Seconds*. One article in issue 40 was a long sympathetic interview with Lyndon LaRouche!

43. At one point *Re/Search* was planning to do an entire issue on LaVey. The plan was canceled after *Re/Search* decided that LaVey was a reactionary. For Boyd Rice's take on his split with *Re/Search*, see his interview with Lisa Janssen in *Your Flesh*.

44. WAKE was also reprinted in *Apocalypse Culture*.

45. Blanche Barton, *The Church of Satan* (New York: Hell's Kitchen, 1999), p. 49.

46. *Seconds* 38, p. 41; and 40, p. 63. Issue 40 includes Boyd Rice's interview with LaVey.

47. *Seconds* 27 (1994) contains Moynihan's interview with LaVey. In it LaVey says (p. 60): "We are already living in an inept and counterproductive fascist state. But because screaming, guilt-ridden liberals make the most irrational fascists, we behold their glorious handiwork every day. There is nothing inherently wrong with fascism, given the nature of the average citizen...Now it's not so much a case of avoiding fascism, but of replacing a screwed up, disjointed, fragmented and stupefying kind of fascism with one that is more sensible and truly progres-

sive."

48. *The Black Flame*, vol. 5, no. 1/2 (1994). Moynihan also said that his Storm label was planning to release a CD by the Church of Satan's Peter Gilmore called "Ragnarok Symphony". See *Healter Skelter* 7. Gilmore also edits *The Black Flame*.

49. *Seconds* 36 (1996); *The Black Flame*, vol. 6, no. 1/2 (1997), pp. 40-42.

50. As for Boyd Rice, in 1995 he issued a CD on Mute Records called "Night" which consists of him reading passages from *Might Is Right*. The soundtrack for one cut is a tape that simulates the sound of a woman being raped. Rice thanks "Eric from Minneapolis for use of the rape tape."

51. Joseph Goebbels, *Michael* (New York: Amok, 1987).

52. In *The Fifth Path* interview with Parfrey, 4 (Winter 1992/93), he mentions Stimely on p. 24.

53. For more on Stimely, see Kevin Coogan, *Dreamer of the Day: Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International* (New York: Autonomedia, 1999).

54. *The Fifth Path* 3 (Spring 1992), p. 29. Moynihan signed his letters to Manson with the swastika. He also met with Manson Family member Sandra Good.

55. For more on Mason, see his interview in *Ohm Clock* 3 (Spring 1995). Storm also sold Libyan leader Mu'ammar Qadhafi's *Green Book*.

56. Franklin shot Vernon Jordan in one such incident. He is also believed to have shot *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt. Ironically, Parfrey frequently writes for *Hustler*.

57. James Mason, *Siege* (Denver: Storm, 1992), p. 333.

58. *Ibid*, p. xii.

59. *Healter Skelter* 7 (interview with Moynihan).

60. *LOC*, p. 162.

61. *Ibid*, p. 180.

62. *Ohm Clock* 5 (Spring 1998), p. 15. Moynihan told *Momentum* that he believed that "many so-called 'occult' forces are actually electrical, or more specifically electro-magnetic in nature. There is evidence as well that the key to racial differentiation may ultimately be governed by bio-electrical factors at the level of DNA. Lanz von Liebenfels' theories of 'Theozoology' coincide with this, as does Sheldrake's theory of 'Morphogenetics' in many respects."

63. *Ohm Clock* 3, pp. 13-16.

64. *LOC*, pp. 146-47.

65. *Ibid*, p. 90.

66. *Ibid*, p. 303.

67. *Ibid*, p. 146.

68. *Ibid*, p. 148.

69. *Ibid*, p. 303.

70. Jeffrey Kaplan, *Radical Religion in America* (New York: Syracuse University, 1997), p. 212, note 98. There is one cryptic mention of Blitz in *LOC*. Regarding his trial, Vikernes claimed that "punks were testifying against me, from the Blitz squat [in Oslo]." Moynihan's omission is especially odd, since Kaplan contributed a blurb to *LOC*. Kaplan interviewed Vikernes on 4 August 1995.

71. Blitz House was a sore spot for the skinhead right. In November 1995 there was a bomb attack on



the squat.

72. *The Fifth Path* 4, pp. 51, 55-57.

73. *Healter Skelter* is published out of Bologna by Alex Pappa, apparently an Evola supporter. Issue 7 ("Mondo Estremo") includes interviews with the Manson Family's Sandra Good, Moynihan, Jim Goad of *Answer Me*, Jan R. Bruun, and the gore film director Jörg Buttgerreit.

74. *Ibid.*

75. *LOC*, p. 181.

76. "Asatru" is an Icelandic word which means "Faith of the Asir" (the old Nordic gods).

77. *The Fifth Path* 5 (1994) lists Michael Moynihan as associate editor and R. N. Taylor as a member of the contributing staff.

78. Kaplan, p. 20.

79. *Ohm Clock* 3 (Spring 1995), p. 18. For a brief period in the early 1970s, Taylor had his own rightist folk group called Changes. Moynihan's Storm Records sells the Changes' "Fire of Life" CD. In the late 1960s Taylor wrote for an LA-based journal called *Innovator* that appealed to "libertarian nomads." Taylor also makes a (fictional?) reference to his activity in an story called "Animal Spirit" in *The Fifth Path* 5 (1994), pp. 48-49:

There was printing to be done, collating, folding and envelope-stuffing of printed propaganda. Or sometimes hand grenade or claymore mine assembly. This was a task that required absolute concentration to what you were doing. A false move or static-shock could vaporize everything in sight...Then there were the tasks of intelligence, analysis, security and countersecurity methods for every move we made. In revolutionary warfare there are few second chances to be had.

80. Taylor also cites from the work of anarchist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon to support his argument for the breakup of America in his pamphlet *The Cult of Revolution*, which was displayed during the Adam Parfrey-organized 1994 "Cult Rapture" show in Portland. See *Ohm Clock* 3, p. 42.

81. Rice's claim is similar to that of LaVey, who claimed that the link between Satanism and fascism was aesthetic. *LOC*, p. 236.

82. *Seconds* 38, p. 38.

83. Moynihan expressed a similar sense of frustration with Doug P., the head of Death in June, in an interview in *Ohm Clock* 5 (Spring 1998). He complained about artists like Doug P., who make cryptic references to fascism: "they can't handle it if it has more impact than that. It has to be this detached, distanced, ambiguous thing, where there is always this 'out clause' where you can excuse it away. And I have a problem with that." In 1995, however, he conducted a sympathetic interview with Doug P. in issue 33 of *Seconds*.

84. *LOC*, pp. 303-307.

85. I have also seen the journal spelled *Filosophem*. For more on the French-based Blood Axis, see its ad in *Ohm Clock* 4, p. 31.

86. Some leaflets appear in *LOC* on pp. 132-33.

87. *Seconds* 41, p. 33.

88. Bolton also promotes the writings of David Myatt, a British occultist who heads a fascist sect called the National Socialist Movement (NSM). Myatt is also the founder of the occultist Order of Nine Angles (ONA), which publishes a journal called *Fenrir*. The ONA also published *A Gift for the Prince: A Guide to Human Sacrifice*, and has links to a group called the Jarls of Baelder, whose address is given on p. 314 of *LOC*. Also see *The Black Flame*,

vol. 4, no. 3/4 (1993), p. 19. For a spirited attack on Myatt, see the April 1998 issue of the British "anti-fascist" publication *Searchlight*. Also see the November 1997 *Searchlight* article entitled "Rocking for Satan."

89. See, for example, Bolton's essay "Eugenics and Dysgenics" in *The Black Flame*, vol. 4, no. 3/4 (1993), as well as his essay "Satanic Dialectics" in *The Black Flame*, vol. 5, no. 1/2 (1994). This same issue has a picture of Bolton and his young son in Satanic garb (p. 38). For a summary of *Filosofem* articles, see *Ohm Clock* 4 and 5. Its authors include Moynihan, R. N. Taylor, Kerry Bolton, David Myatt, and Robert Ward (former editor of *The Fifth Path* and current editor of *Vor Tru*). Issue 4 of *Ohm Clock* also carries an ad for *Filosofem/Blood Axis* on p. 31. 90. For a summary/review of Bolton's publications, see *The Black Flame*, vol. 4, no. 3/4 (1993); *The Black Flame*, vol. 6, no. 1/2 (1997), p. 26; and issues 3, 4, and 5 of *Ohm Clock*.

91. *LOC*, pp. 312-13. As for the term "Magian," it was used by Spengler in *The Decline of the West* to describes a certain way of looking at the world shared by Christianity (around the time of Saint Augustine), Judaism, and Islam. Spengler did not use "Magian" in an anti-Semitic sense. The American far rightist Francis Parker Yockey, however, did use the term "Magian" in this way in his book *Imperium*. Bolton, a big Yockey fan, also sells *Imperium*. On Yockey, see Coogan.

92. The Black Order's self-proclaimed purpose is to "(a) Study the esoteric current behind National Socialism, Thule, and the occult tradition from which they are derived, (b) Prepare a political and cultural infrastructure to replace the collapsing of the Old Order, (c) Preserve the Dark Forces on Earth via ritual magick, study, propaganda, infiltration and any other means deemed necessary." See *The Black Flame*, vol. 5, no. 1/2, pp. 18-19. Also see two pamphlets published by Renaissance Press: *Aleister Crowley and the Conservative Revolution* by Frater Scorpio (1996), and *Thelema Invictus* by Siatris (1996).

93. *Siege* notes that James Mason learned Rockwell's ANP address from a photo in a book on extremism.

94. Nouvelle Résistance members also went to Moscow in 1992 to establish links with the Red-Brown alliance of Communists and ultranationalists.

95. *Searchlight* (December 1996).

96. *LOC*, pp. 274, 309-11.

97. *Ibid.*, p. 263.

98. *Ohm Clock* 5, p. 17.

99. *LOC*, p. 332.

100. *Ibid.*, pp. 132-33. The latest issue of *Slayer* has a full page picture of Euronymous on its inside cover.

101. *Ibid.*, p. 307.

102. Moynihan's "two-tier" approach is at also at work in his introduction to *Siege*:

The...volume you hold in your hands is intended both as a guide and a tool. For the observer, or the curious, it serves as a guide through the netherworld of extremist political thought...Secondly, and even more importantly, this book is meant to serve as a practical tool. A majority of readers will hopefully not be mere sociologists or researchers, but rather that small faction of people who may be already predisposed towards these ideas. This certainly does not only refer to National Socialists, but revolutionaries and fanatics of all stripes.

103. *Slayer*, p. 11. ⊕



1) Let's begin with some basic questions about *Lords of Chaos* [hereafter *LOC*]. How did the project come about, develop, and assume its final form? Could you describe the general process from the point when you first came up with the idea of writing about the "black metal" counterculture?

I've often written about unusual and "difficult" (in the sense of embracing attitudes the average status quo person might find troublesome or frightening) elements in music, and for a number of years I both interviewed and reviewed many artists in the more extreme wing of Heavy Metal, which had become increasingly violent or, on the other hand, preoccupied with radical religious positions like Satanism. When I heard about the excesses of Black Metal, which is an extreme example of where both violence and peculiar forms of Satanism meet, naturally my curiosity was piqued. For a few years I researched Black Metal more intensively, interviewed dozens of people involved with it, and then in the Fall of

would have been hesitant to analyze without his contributions.

3) How would you characterize the general response to *LOC* since its publication? Has it been received differently in the United States and in Europe? How have various reviewers treated the book, and how have black metalists themselves—including some of the protagonists—reacted to it? Has the book sold well?

The book has been well-received everywhere, and has done extremely well (the last I heard, it was the bestselling Feral House title). I don't think the attitudes toward it have been significantly different between the USA and Europe, although in the European countries there is probably more familiarity and interest in the music—in America I think it may have reached a more general audience than elsewhere. The reactions from Black Metal fans have been overwhelmingly positive, although some probably wish we focussed a bit more on the music

# AN INTERVIEW WITH MICHAEL MOYNIHAN

1995 went to Norway for two weeks to also interview some of the most involved figures, a number of whom were serving jail sentences. I also interviewed a few astute commentators there who had written about Black Metal in Norway, from diverse vantage points—such as a Christian Theologian, or the founder of the O.T.O. in Oslo (an initiatory order connected to the late British occultist Aleister Crowley, who was also often accused of practicing "Satanism"). Interviews were also conducted with sociologists, priests, and police officers, not to mention fanzine publishers and record label owners. Once a wealth of material had been gathered, I set about organizing it and writing the book itself, trying to present everything in a way a reader unfamiliar with the subculture could understand. This was not an easy task, given the bizarreness and obscurity of the subject matter.

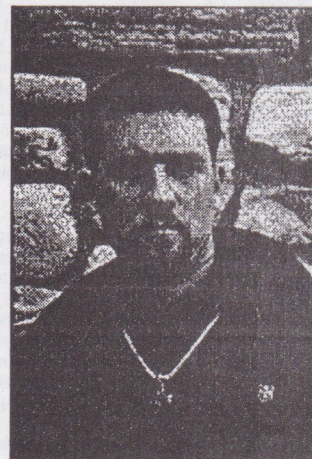
2) What role did Didrik Soderlind actually play in researching and writing the book? Do the two of you share similar perspectives concerning the nature and significance of the black metal scene, or do your interpretations diverge in important respects?

Didrik played an active role in the book, although the bulk of the writing and organization was done by myself. He translated quite a lot of material into English, as well as conducting some interviews in Norwegian and translating them. He also had significant insights due to the fact that he personally was acquainted with important figures like Øystein Aarseth, the guitarist of Mayhem who was later slain by Varg Vikernes. I don't think Didrik and I have particularly similar perspectives, but we continuously discussed the material throughout the process of putting the book together, questioning or countering each other's opinions, which I believe helped lead to the balanced nature of the book as a whole. Also, being Norwegian, Didrik was qualified to comment on a lot of cultural aspects there, and the relation of Black Metal to them. These are things that I

rather than events surrounding it. Still, I think the general impression is that it is a far more interesting and level-headed treatment of the subject than could have been expected from a typical mainstream journalist. As for the protagonists, the responses were also very positive, with one exception: Varg Vikernes. He thought the book portrayed him in an extremely negative light. Most of the others, including Bård Eithun, complimented the book as a well-researched and fairly-presented analysis of what they had been (and in some cases still are) involved in, both musically and in terms of "beliefs."

4) How did Feral House end up distributing BURZUM's "Filosofem" CD? Was this a direct outgrowth of its publication of *LOC*?

The explanation for the Burzum release is quite simple. At one point in time, Feral House planned to start up a record label in addition to the book imprint. Since I was writing a book about an unusual genre of music, an obvious idea was to release a compilation CD of Black Metal which could also tie in with the book. I began to work on putting this together, asking for material from the main bands and figures discussed in *Lords of Chaos*. It became clear that Varg Vikernes would not participate in a compilation which featured other musicians who had testified against him in court. At the same time, Burzum was a seminal band in the genre and we thought it would be misrepresentative to ignore it. The idea was arrived at to license a Burzum record in addition to releasing the compilation. Unfortunately the plans for the compilation ended up falling through entirely due to completely unrelated circumstances, in the wake of which Feral House decided against pursuing plans to run a record label. Contracts had already been signed on the Burzum CD, so this came out but ended up being the first and last "Feral House Audio" release.





5) What sort of family and educational background do you have? Were there any aspects of your early upbringing or childhood experiences that you regard as formative or otherwise significant?

I come from a New England, middle-class liberal background. I dropped out of school the day I turned 16 and lived in Europe for a few years shortly thereafter. The most significant aspects of my upbringing were the fact that I was raised agnostic, and in general my parents encouraged reading and striving for knowledge in their children. Independence of thought was respected. They were also extremely ethical, often to their own detriment.

6) Describe the general developmental process that led you from an early interest in punk rock to an association with the transgressive "industrial" music and cultural scene. How did your association with these two countercultures influence your current socio-political views and musical tastes?

I listened to music from a very early age, starting with my mom's Beatles albums and quickly moving to punk rock and hardcore. I still have the first issues of *Maximum Rock and Roll*, which I enthusiastically bought right when they came out. I also attended many of the early hardcore punk shows in Boston, ranging from SS Decontrol to the Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat, etc. I liked many of the attitudes and the angry, violent creativity of the bands, but the robot-like behavior of the audience quickly turned me off. I've never had any interest in being part of some "movement" for human clichés. Back in the period of punk and hardcore, Industrial music had a far more extreme edge than it does now (since it was coopted into Disco), and I think that the earliest wave of Industrial musicians (Throbbing Gristle, SPK, Monte Cazazza, to name the obvious) demonstrated more genuine intelligence and unconventionality than most of what was produced under the banner of punk.

After exposure to Industrial I realized that I really didn't care about "rock" music one way or another, whether it was snot-nosed punkers screaming "fuck the system!" or cruise-control arena bands singing shitty power ballads. I don't think any form of music ever influenced my socio-political views, nor do I have any "allegiance" to any particular genre of music. I really don't care about the vast majority of it.

7) How would you characterize your current political orientation? Would you locate it somewhere along the traditional left-right political spectrum, or do you feel that your views transcend this standard classificatory scheme?

I don't bother "characterizing" myself—people who do seem to become cartoon characters sooner or later. I don't have any interest in trying to "locate" myself either, since I'm not confused about my own position in the world, nor do I need to identify myself in terms of some outside abstraction like the "spectrum" you speak of. According to some people I'm an anarchist, others say I'm a Nazi, so I've long since given up caring whether any of them are right or not. Nor do I have any interest in wasting much time arguing about it.

8) You have often been described by others as a "fascist", and indeed you yourself seem to have accepted that designation, albeit with some qualifications, in your interview in *Momentum*. Do you in fact consider yourself a fascist? If so, how would you define fascism and which currents of fascist thought do you sympathize or identify with? If not, in what ways do your views differ from various interwar or contemporary fascist ideological conceptions?

I don't consider myself a "fascist" in any typical sense. Such definitions are sort of pointless now, anyway, since so many people have misapplied the term for so long that any sense of real meaning is blurred beyond recognition. As you say, there are "various fascist ideological conceptions." If you want to tell me a specific one, and define it, then I could explain how my views might differ from it, or what aspects of it I would sympathize with. Many, if not most, of the people who've pejoratively labelled me a fascist probably couldn't define the word, or in the cases where they could, it would become rapidly evident to any intelligent person that I hardly fit in with their definition.

9) How did you become associated with elements of Anton LaVey's Church of Satan? What is it about the contemporary brand of "Satanism" that attracts your interest? Is it simply a logical outgrowth of your oft expressed elitist and Social Darwinist views, or is something else involved? Do you see the new Satanism as embodying an older European pagan or heathen worldview that is uncontaminated by, or at odds with, the "slave mentality" of Christianity? Is Satanism even conceivable except as a reaction against—or indeed as an inverted image of—the Christian conception of "good"?

I met Anton LaVey in 1989 and found him a charming person with far more vitality, humor and common sense than most people on this continent. There is little I would disagree with in his outlook, although personally I don't care much about "Satan" one way or the other. Maybe since I wasn't raised a Christian, it's hard to get much of a thrill from this. So to answer your second question, there isn't a whole lot of "contemporary" so-called Satanism that I have any overwhelming interest in. Many people who call themselves Satanists are just as silly as any other type of person one might encounter. The fact that a given person might be a "Satanist" does not make them interesting to me. In lots of cases I'd probably steer clear of them. Nothing is an outgrowth of "Social Darwinist" views, because I don't consider myself a Social Darwinist. I'm attracted to people who do things I think are worthwhile. That's the only grounds for elitism, in my book, and my elitism is based exactly on such value judgments of content, depth, and aesthetics. LaVey did many intriguing things and was a repository of forgotten ideas and insights. I'm glad to have been lucky enough to meet him on a few occasions.

In theory Satanism should be the antithesis of a "slave mentality" but naturally, humans being what they are, many of them can enslave themselves just as well to an antithesis.

In Norway a particularly virulent brand of Satanism arose which we chronicle in *Lords of Chaos*. It attempted to live out an inversion of Christian conceptions of what is "good." In doing so it was often ludicrous in its behavior, and it couldn't maintain itself for very long.

10) Like many other people associated with "industrial" culture, you appear to have a fascination for serial killers, spree killers, sadists, and other extreme figures who are shunned by mainstream society. Does this attraction derive solely from their transgressive, taboo-breaking behavior, or does it also have a political dimension (as it appears to have for James Mason in *Siege*)?

I think you are confusing me with some other people, as I certainly have not ever made a big deal out of any fascination for serial killers, etc. However, I am interested in certain people who are genuinely outside of mainstream society, and who exist on their own



terms. This doesn't mean they have to be criminals, although I'm sure some are left with no choice in the matter.

11) How and why did you become a Charles Manson supporter? I can understand why so many "bohemian" transgressives would embrace a high-profile "public enemy" merely as a means of shocking bourgeois squares, but I find it perplexing that you and many others seem to be trying to transform a convicted murderer with an apparently psychotic personality into a contemporary "folk hero"—regardless of whether he should be considered legally or morally responsible for the crimes committed by his "Family" members. What exactly is the source of your own fascination with Manson?

I have no interest in shocking people. I've always stated I have far more interest in Manson's ideas than in the Tate murders and all that nonsense. But irregardless of anything I might think about him, the fact of the matter is that Manson already IS an American folk hero, has been for decades, and it surely had nothing to do with me. For example, I've just been reading Peter Baumann's book *Terror or Love?* He was a member of the leftist June 2nd Movement in Germany—they already considered Manson a folk hero back in the early 70s.

12) What is the nature of your relationship with Boyd Rice? Did you have a falling out of some sort? If so, over what issues? You claimed in your interview in *Healter Skelter* that Interpol carried out an investigation of your European contacts in the wake of Peter Sotos' arrest. Why? [These are both issues raised in Kevin Coogan's article, which I am here offering you an opportunity to clarify further.]

Is this an interview or the makings of a gossip column? Actually, Boyd and I are on friendly terms. At one time, now many years ago, we collaborated and I helped him out with his music project Non for awhile. At a certain point we decided to go our separate ways and concentrate on our own endeavors, which was a mutual decision.

If you want to know why Interpol had nothing better to do than bothering people in the Industrial scene, you should probably ask them. As far as I could ever ascertain, the whole thing stemmed from the Chicago police raiding Peter Sotos' apartment (with highly dubious legality, as was later raised in court) and finding his address book. At the time dozens of people in the Industrial underground were in contact with Peter, and it was these addresses which the police found. I imagine these were turned over to Interpol, as part of their effort to crack down on an imaginary pornography ring which simply didn't exist.

But this raises a good question, and one I've still never gotten any real answer for: if Kevin Coogan is really interested in "researching" my background, friends and acquaintances, associations, etc, so closely, why doesn't he just call me and ask me about it, rather than creating "issues" based on a sentence here or there in scattered interviews. At least that would seem to me the sensible thing to do.

13) How did you come into contact with Mason, and why did you decide to publish *Siege*? What do you think of his expressions of support for any and all violent actions that serve to disrupt or undermine the moral and social order of mainstream society, regardless of whether they are perpetrated by the right, the left, or apolitical psychotics?

I was first sent a flyer that Mason produced with a text by Manson called "Drugs, Power and Sanity", which I thought was surprising and insightful. If I remember right Jack Stevenson (an underground cinema impresario, who later wrote a book on the films of John Waters) sent it to me. Having an interest in both Manson and the Third Reich, I was intrigued to see the two so blatantly intertwined. I started corresponding with Mason and eventually obtained copies of his old newsletter *Siege*, which was about the most radical thing I'd ever come across. It was thought-provoking and totally atypical from most of the typical neo-Nazi junk floating around. In fact it was so bizarre that even most Nazis had totally blacklisted Mason. I figured he must be doing something right. At times he was so unclassifiable as to be off the political map entirely. In light of all this, I thought it deserved a wider audience, and since I figured no one else would ever do it, I published it. The reactions were interesting. The right wingers and Nazis mostly hated or ignored it, and the most enthusiastic responses came from leftists. As for Mason's opinions, they're his own and we disagree on all sorts of things. Regarding his support for these alleged "disrupters," honestly I don't think they've managed to disrupt anything in the slightest, so there's not much to have an opinion on.

14) What is your opinion of the contemporary American radical right, ranging from neo-Nazi elements to the militia movement? How and why did you become involved with certain currents of Odinism? [This latter issue is also raised by Coogan]

My opinion of the American radical right is exceedingly low, but then again so is my opinion of the radical left. Come to think of it, my opinion of the "center" is pretty deplorable too. So is my opinion of just about anything "American." I don't have much interest in rubbing elbows with any of these people, but on the other hand I would like to stress that I am not a misanthrope.

I'm not sure which "currents" of Odinism Mr. Coogan has me pegged as being involved with. I know a number of people in the Asatru movement, which in principle I firmly support. I think any return to older, more organic spiritual values, especially those of one's forefathers (no matter who they are), is a positive thing. I see far more for European-Americans to identify with in older indigenous faiths of their former homelands, than in some cockeyed religion like Christianity.

15) Why have you decided to publish an English-language version of Julius Evola's *Men Among the Ruins*? Why did you select H.T. Hansen to write the extensive introduction as opposed to some other Evola authority, and will your version also include the brief preface by Junio Valerio Borghese? Do you plan to publish any of Evola's other works in the future (e.g., *Riding the Tiger*)? What is it about Evola's thought that you find interesting or appealing?

Since first coming into contact with his writings over a decade ago, I have been continually impressed by Evola's depth of perception and insight, both into spiritual as well as philosophical principles. He is one of the most challenging thinkers of this century. As many of his works are slowly appearing in English, *Men Among Ruins* is one of the major books that was not yet translated. That was one reason to do it. Secondly, his attack on the erroneous principles that underlay important historical events like the French Revolution is devastating and deserves as wide an audience as possible. I didn't "select" H.T. Hansen to write an introduction; he'd already written it for the German edition. As it is a very in-depth explanation of Evola's political views, it is a useful complement to the book itself. The English



version will not include the preface by Borghese, which I've never even read. Personally I would love it if all of Evola's books were available in English, and if I can continue to contribute to this occurring, I will. As I said, I find his perception unparalleled. I don't always agree with everything he says, but it is invariably food for thought. His aristocratic detachment from world affairs was commendable as well. His esoteric writings are unequalled in their erudition. So these are just a few reasons why I find Evola appealing.

16) And now, here's a loaded question. Do you share an affinity for the Nordic or Europeanist, if not racist, conceptions promoted by certain circles of black metalists, including Varg Vikernes? Do you approve of their acts of anti-Christian arson or "berzerker" violence? If so, why? If not, why does your own interpretation in *LOC* echo that of Kadmon, why do you criticize those metalists who are only interested in music and "evil" imagery as opposed to carrying out extreme actions consistent with their alleged values, and why do you end the book with a paean to the "fire" that allegedly burns deep within the souls of genuine iconoclasts and dissidents and thus can never be extinguished by the "forces of finance and materialism"? [This question grows directly out of Coogan's analysis, which is why I'm soliciting your feedback regarding these matters]

Personally I find many of the Black Metal "conceptions" you allude to pretty shallow. Much of it was done simply for shock value or very reactionary reasons.

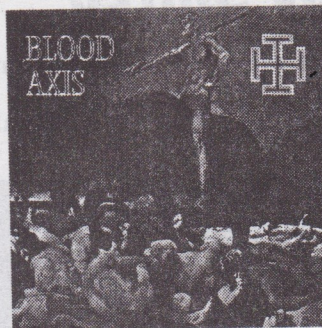
As for my own views, I don't share an affinity for Nordicism racialism. I certainly don't agree with a lot of what Varg Vikernes says, but I respect his right to say it, and there are on the other hand some aspects I would sympathize with (Nordicism racialism not being one of them!) If my confessing to an abiding admiration for European culture constitutes something problematic for certain people, tough shit. I was raised in the most liberal environment imaginable, but I've never felt the slightest interest in jazz, rap or gospel music. Maybe I'm just an inherently uptight honkie, who knows?

Regarding the "beserker" violence perpetrated by Black Metalists, I don't approve or disapprove of it. As I've often said, I can sympathize with their motivations, but not necessarily their actions. I've never felt the urge to go burn down churches, but on the other hand if someone else takes it upon themselves to do such a thing, I'm not going to lose any sleep over it either. That's their business. When one commits such acts, one does so with the looming threat of societal repercussion and punishment. For myself, I have no desire to sit in jail for years or pay million dollar insurance fines to attack a religion I could really care less about in the first place. On the other hand, if the churches were ugly examples of bad modern architecture, maybe the arsonists were doing a public service merely on aesthetic grounds. There are a lot of different ways one could look at it.

Why do I echo the interpretation of Kadmon? Simply because it was an intriguing theory, and I found it a stimulating subject to write about for a chapter of the book. I certainly do not claim that it is the "correct" explanation of events that took place in Norway, but there are curious synchronicities which one can uncover. Actually I don't think there is any one "correct" way to explain a phenomenon like Black Metal, which is one reason why the analogy to ambiguous and repressed elemental forces like fire itself seems a more apt generalization to me than some typical sociological mumbo-jumbo, for example. Not to sound hokey, but I do believe in a certain indomitable human spirit. The modern world, financial and materialistic as it is, is likewise firmly opposed to any genuine forces which

rise up against such limitations. As I've said, I often sympathize with the motivations behind an uprising, although I don't necessarily think the subsequent actions are always useful.

17) What was your primary aim in forming Blood Axis? Is it primarily a musical entity, or a vehicle to disseminate political and philosophical views? Have frequent attempts been made by totalitarian leftists to forcibly ban Blood Axis performances, as unfortunately happened here in San Francisco a couple of months back?



I see Blood Axis as an experiment in willpower, but this is too complex to explain in detail in an interview like this. Blood Axis is a music group, although one where ideas and instincts are of primary importance. I follow my instincts and I draw inspiration from ideas I find important. This might be the baptismal fire of world conflagration or the hallucinatory storm set off by a few

too many glasses of Absinthe. I've come to realize that more than anything, Blood Axis is a psychedelic group.

Actually only a couple of attempts were made to ban our shows, and in all cases by confused people who didn't even have the slightest idea what the music was in the first place. The end conclusion I've arrived at is that they wouldn't tolerate our playing a concert simply because my personality doesn't suck up to the kind of retarded Marxist gibberish these people have made the central point of their lives.

The biggest irony of it was that in both instances we received vast amounts of publicity (most of it positive, in my view), far more than we could have ever hoped for, and up in Seattle we got paid \$1200 and didn't even have to step out the door—the money helped to later pay for our plane tickets to Europe.

So in reality these activist types didn't activate anything except their own selves. The people behind the cancellations, the horribly misnamed "Freedom Socialist Party", also vowed at one point that they would shut down our entire European tour. This grandiose claim was totally laughable, since we've just returned from playing 16 concerts in 11 different countries all over Europe, with nary a protester in sight. [Ed.—the Freedom Socialist Party is a cult-like ultra-feminist sect based in the Pacific Northwest whose leader broke with the Trotskyist movement several years ago. As Moyhihan notes, it is "horribly misnamed", at least insofar as the term "freedom" is concerned.]

18) Is there anything else you would like to add or clarify, either about these issues or about other subjects?

Who is Kevin Coogan, and why has he bothered to write such a long article about me?

Ed.—You'd have to speak to Coogan directly to get a thorough answer to that question. He is one of most well-informed people I know concerning the complex netherworld of the international radical right, not to mention a variety of other arcane topics. As to why someone would bother to write about you and *LOC*, all that needs to be said is that *LOC* is an interesting book about the black metal counterculture, and that you have a very interesting background. ⊕



**Grumpy Punk Loathes  
Everyone!**

## **"I HATE", by ShitEd**

"I hate them all, creatures!" -Rikk Adolescent

I hate liberals, because they aren't really liberal,



except maybe with other people's money. You want all those touchie-feelie federal programs, pay for them yourfuckingselves.

I hate "progressives". Where the fuck do they get off arrogantly proclaiming themselves to be the agents of progress, when all they actually are is a bunch of busy-body would-be social engineers who want to change everyone else for "their own good" against their will. Fuck progressives. Go die.

I hate Republicans. A republic operates from a constitutional system of principles and guarantees. Republicans only guarantee those rights which suit them and their religious beliefs, and never notice that other people might have different values than they do. Liars.

I hate Democrats. Pure democracy is pure evil because if everything were voted upon, then the major-

ity opinion would impose tyranny upon all minorities. That is similar to what Karl Marx called the "dictatorship of the proletariat". But then, most Democrats aren't really democrats, they're demagogues. Look the word up in a dictionary, Slo-boy.

I hate conservatives, because all they're conserving is a value system based on Protestant Christianity. The dirty little secret of their morals is that American culture contains a large element of Puritanism. Many conservatives seem insane to the point of hysteria on the subject of sex. Whatever happened to my constitutionally guaranteed right to the pursuit of happiness?

I hate legislators who pass laws presuming that everyone in the country has thousands of dollars in the bank, just like they do. Take the mandatory car insurance law (please! Henny Youngman lives!). Some people just do not make enough money to maintain their car and keep it insured. The law discriminates against the poor. If insurance is required by the state, then the state should provide it. Or fuck off. The problem with most legislators is that they are rich lawyers. Need I say more?

I hate the multiculturalism movement. It's a cover for the activities of anti-white racists and anti-American cryptofascists. Fuck off! Speaking of which, I hate the Reverend Jesse Jackson too. Never forget "Hymietown". The hell with that goddamn grandstanding, rabble-rousing SOB. He should go get a job doing something useful in society.

I hate self-described "minorities" who whine and puke about how they don't have a chance, when in fact they refuse to really try. Lazy loserass bums!

I hate Nazis. We got some of those inbred fucks here in Sunland-Tujunga, and I wish each of them possessed two brain cells to rub together so that they could ignite a flame of cluefulness. The essence of a human being has nothing to do with skin color or ancestral origin. It has everything to do

with character, and only a little to do with culture. Nazis are idiots.

I hate the editors at major media conglomerates like ABC News, NBC News, CBS News, CNN, the *Los Angeles Times*, and all the rest of their icky ilk. They wouldn't know how to report the news in an unbiased,

***Fuck co-ops and fuck the mega-corporations that co-ops are a revolt against, too. The real way to be free is to start your own small business, employing just yourself.***



objective fashion if their jobs depended upon it. As a matter of fact I suspect that they only keep their jobs by reporting it in a slanted manner. The worst thing about them is their habit of not reporting most of the news, but instead arbitrarily picking and choosing what will appear. Fuck that, I want the raw feeds. Fire all the "talking heads".

I hate most self-proclaimed "anarchists" within the punk scene. Many of them are nothing but a bunch of wussie closet communists building airy-fairy castles in the sky. They want to set up co-ops and other socialist entities, when it is painfully obvious that such things never work. Want to starve? Form a cooperative. Idiots! That's hippie economics. Fuck co-ops and fuck the megacorporations that co-ops are a revolt against, too. The real way to be free is to start your own small business, employing just yourself.

I hate knee-jerk anti-war demonstrators. I hate war too, but the anti-war crowd seems to be incapable of visualizing any situation where it might be necessary to use force. If they had their way, we wouldn't have any armed forces, which would leave imperialist fuckheads like Communist China and Saddam Insane free to invade their neighbors at will. We kicked the Wacky Iraqi out of Kuwait, now what are we going to do about Tibet? Why are we trading with China? Fuck China. And fuck all the wussies that can't see that ultimately the real world is ruled by naked force. Remember what Mao Zedong said about power coming from the barrel

## SHITED

of a gun?

I hate "Hanoi Jane" Fonda for doing a photo op manning an anti-aircraft gun in North Vietnam, which was no doubt used to shoot at American aircraft. Traitor bitch.

I hate Ronald Reagan for hanging Ollie North out to dry. What North was doing was probably unconstitutional (although we'll never know because Reagan avoided a showdown with Congress over whether the White House had to obey Congress in that case), and certainly he should not have engaged in activities that were concealed from Congress, but the bottom line is that he was following Ronnie's orders. Reagan should at least have backed

his man up, and if he had any balls, dared Congress to do anything about it. Separation of powers, baby. Coward.

Read my lips, George Bush.

I don't really hate Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich, or Rush Limbaugh. I think they're hilarious. Put them on the Comedy Channel where they belong. . . I lied, fuck them too.

". . . I hate them all!" -Aggro Agnew ⊕

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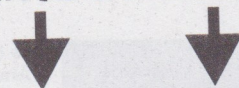


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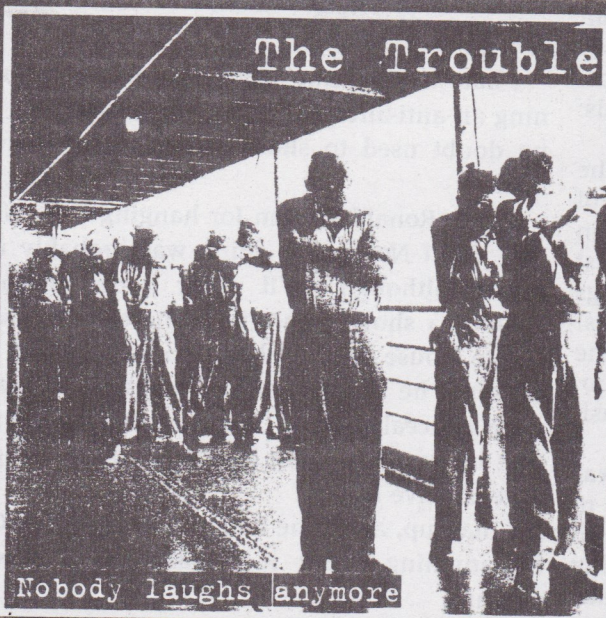
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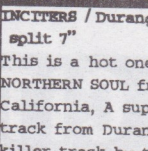
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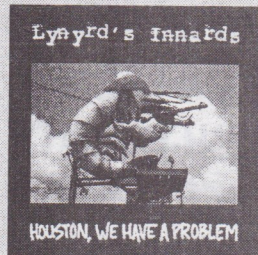
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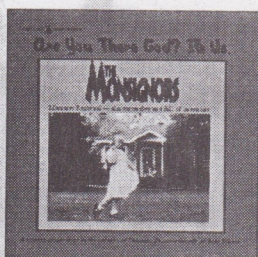
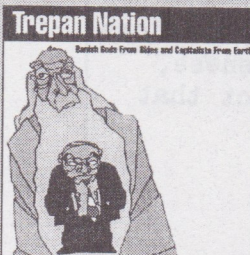


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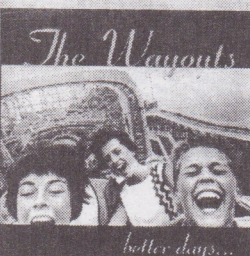
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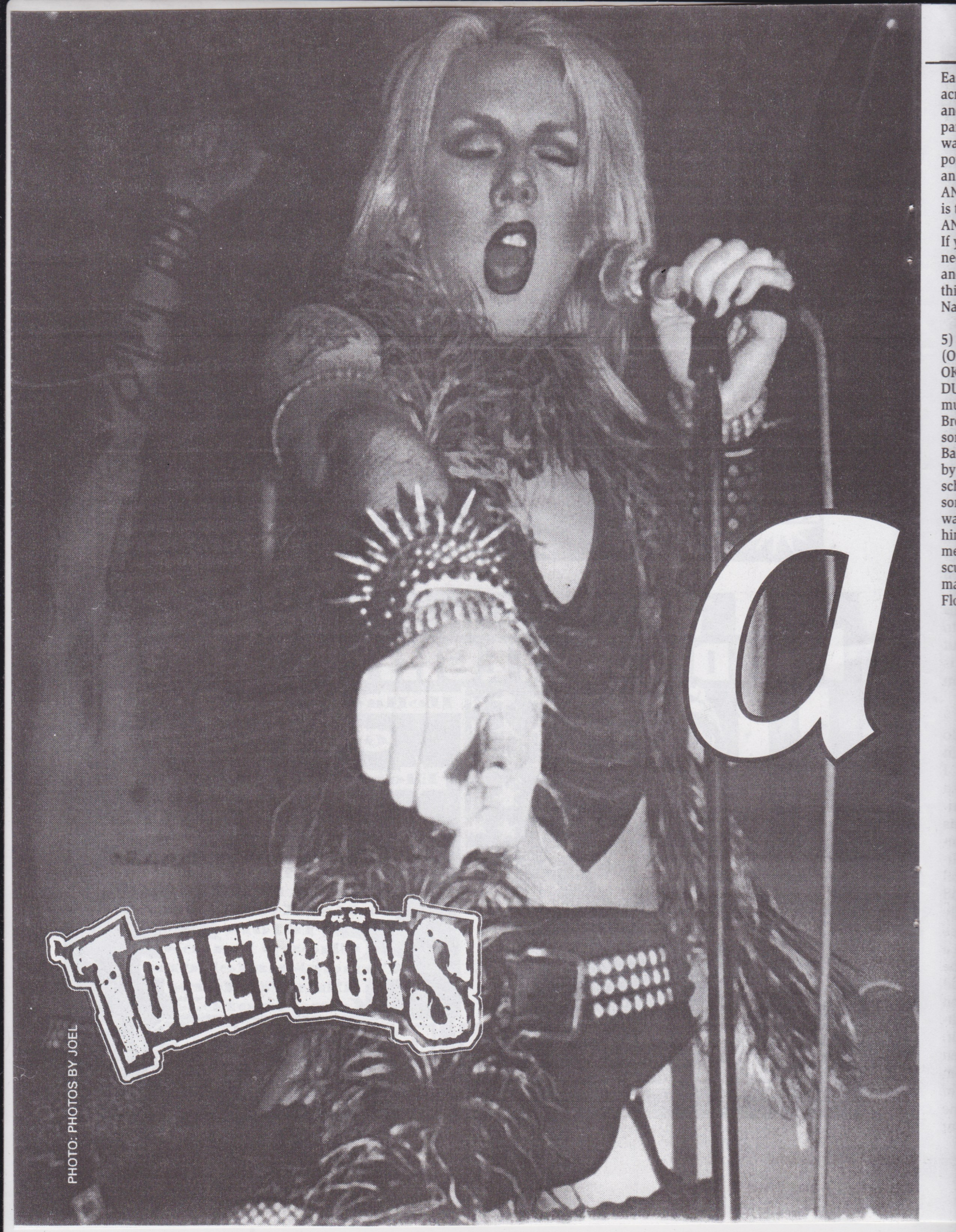
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TOILET BOYS

PHOTO: PHOTOS BY JOEL



"Alright, are you ready to rock . . . I said are you ready to rock . . ." Miss Guy, lead singer of New York City's Toilet Boys, shouts into the mike with an affected rock n' roll rasp. The rest of the band's frontline, bass and two guitars, is bathed in soft blue lights, shirtless and hunched over their instruments, stacking chords and guitar leads on Electric Eddie's tribal drum intro. Then there's a big rock n' roll crescendo, and, like a cat's eyes glowing in the dark, two bright beams of light peak out from fixtures mounted on each side of Electric Eddie's drum kit.

Next, the Toilet Boys mold the intro's musical clump into "Go Go Boys" tight opening riff. "Let's go", the boys shout in unison. A few open chords ring out, and Miss Guy pauses from his (we'll get to that later) gum chewing to deliver the tune's lyrics. Sean, the six-foot five guitar player, rolls his head from side to side in

The Toilet Boys don't just play, they perform these hip-shakers. The guitar solos, simple yet flashy, dazzle but never lose their purpose—to heighten a dramatic passage of a song—in selfish indulgence. And Guy's campy machoness is playful enough to get you to scrunch up your face and pump your fist without ever reaching eye-rolling exaggeration.

Heads bob and frantic "woooooooooows" from the audience fill the gaps between songs, as the Toilet Boys claw their way through a nine song set. Tonight the band is opening for the Donnas from California and the Lunachicks from up the street, so it's unfair to say the sold-out, 1200-plus crowd is here just to see the band. But then again, who cares, it's a great gig, and a long way from being a one-off pickup band at Squeezbox, an out-of-the-closet, off-the-wall rock n' roll night at Don Hill's, a small night club in New York

straight boy to join him in the bathroom for a little. . . without embarrassing or making the boy feel uncomfortable. If the boy obliges then. . . (insert imagination here), but if he doesn't, Guy can make the offer seem totally innocuous, like an ice-breaker or a joke, the friend said.

But that's the Toilet Boys' way—charming ambitiousness. As Rocket (guitar) once said, "Nothing you see at a Toilet Boys show, or hear on any product we have, is accidental." You also get the feeling that nothing a Toilet Boy says or does is accidental.

In a way, they're hustlers, loveable hustlers. In describing Adam Vomit's (bass) "outfit", they all laugh mischievously. A seven-hundred dollar pair of Stingray boots. A two-hundred dollar Lip Service jacket. A two-hundred dollar watch. A diamond ring. A platinum ring. "It's so ghetto," Sean says laughing, "He can't even afford to buy two donuts." "Because he's a cheap

# night in the life of TOILET BOYLAND

BY LORNE BEHRMAN

time with the tune's peppy beat while Rocket, the band's other guitarist, comes center stage, leans into the audience, and flashes them a guitar lead.

Tonight the Bowery Ballroom—a large dancehall down in New York City's lower east side—looks and sounds kind of like Kiss 1978 at Madison Square Garden. Blue lights flash. Banana-yellow light-beams dart. Guitars, aimed like guns, shoot laser beams. Real guns, ambushed behind drums and amplifiers, shoot real confetti. The tunes are of the bubblegum metal variety—heavy hummable hip-shakers that stick to your ribs as much as they stick in your head.

City's lower west side.

But even that wasn't so bad, because the band was opening for Miss Guy's idol Debbie Harry. Oh yeah . . . We were supposed to go over Miss Guy: he, she, or what? What, a little of everything—lipstick, long bleached blond hair, and lingerie—everything except padded bras or implants. Guy looks like Debbie Harry but performs like Paul Stanley. Tonight Guy is the one in black stockings, silk panties, and a loose fitting tank-top-like sequined blouse that he jokes Cher let him borrow.

Miss Guy is full of playfully mysterious statements like this. A friend of the band once said Guy's the kind of person who can ask a seemingly

bastard and never pays for anything," Guy quips.

But hustlers, loveable ones especially, go far. After their one-off Debbie Harry show, the Toilet Boys wrote a bunch more songs that they debuted two months later at a Lollapalooza date in New York City. Then, three months later, the Toilet Boys went on the road with Rancid. And now, a year and a half later, there are the recent "is rock n' roll still alive?" debates/arguments Sean has had on the Howard Stern show with Billy Corgan.

So welcome to Toilet Boyland where fantasies are reality, and realities happen on cue, and when they don't, you don't know it. Tonight,



when the Toilet Boys begin the opening chords to "Another Day In The Life," on cue three beautiful scantily-clad girls take the stage behind the band and shake their butts and pom poms to the tune's bubbly beat. A month earlier, at a Toilet Boys record release party, the same thing happened. Last December, at a CBGBs show opening for D Generation, the same thing happened. You can bet that in the next show, during "Another Day In The Life", the same thing will happen.

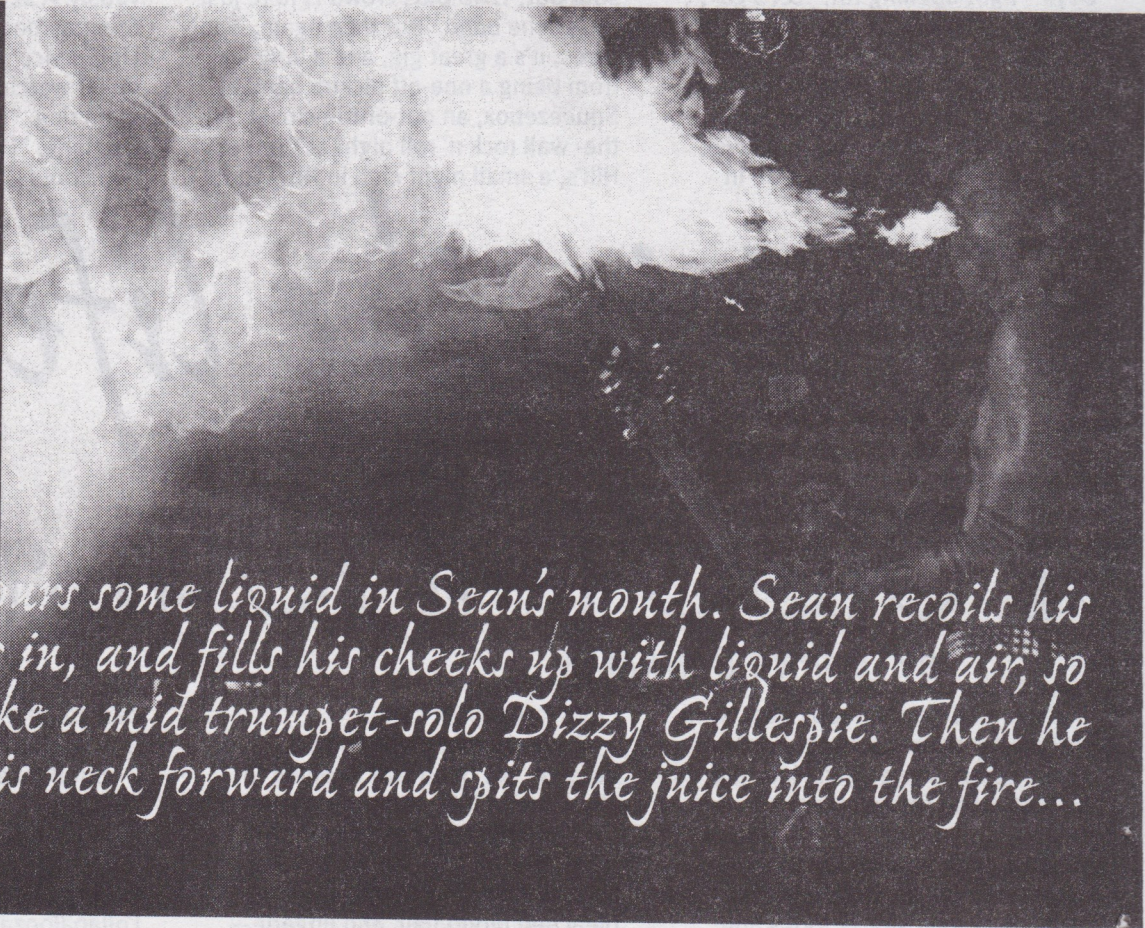
And when things don't happen on cue, you don't know it. Tonight the flashpots, the columns of fire, didn't go off during "Go To Hell," but you wouldn't know the Toilet Boys were

nervous about being on-stage with active explosives. Tonight Guy got to the show twenty minutes before the band was set to hit the stage, but you wouldn't know he didn't know where the explosives and Sean's fire-breathing juice (that he is supposed to squirt into Sean's mouth) were hidden. You wouldn't know Guy was tired as hell because he got only twenty minutes of sleep

Coney Island High, a New York City night club in the east village. And Adam Go Go dances and models occasionally; most recently he modeled naked for Mario Testino, a noted fashion photographer. Day and night the Toilet Boys are Toilet Boys.

One night, after putting on a record at Squeezebox (where Guy DJs), he crouched behind the DJ booth and pulled out a compact. He looked in the small mirror and made a few touch-ups. The song had just started and Guy had time to go to the bathroom to do the touch-ups. Guy might not have cared about smeared lipstick or blemished foundation; after all, this was his equivalent of a day job. But it was as if Guy didn't want any-

see the way you look at Rocket here on guitar . . ." Guy proceeded to do this to each member of the band, and of course each band member rose to the challenge to single himself out by playing his instrument more flashily than the others. However, when Guy got to Sean, the six-foot five guitar player, obviously the most macho guy in the band, he caressed Sean's sweaty chest. Sean responded by putting his guitar below his waist, wearing it like a protruding phallus, and then coaxing some wild notes from it. For a minute you couldn't help but ask yourself, "Do these guys really do it." You can't help it because it's so wild. Guy is this waif-like dropdead blond queen, and Sean, six-foot five



*Guy pours some liquid in Sean's mouth. Sean recoils his head, sucks in, and fills his cheeks up with liquid and air, so he looks like a mid trumpet-solo Dizzy Gillespie. Then he thrusts his neck forward and spits the juice into the fire...*

the night before. And

you wouldn't know that the band neither practiced nor saw each other since their West Coast tour ended two weeks earlier. You wouldn't know any of this because the Toilet Boys get a lot of practice, they're always on stage—all the band members do underground rock star stuff like model, Go Go dance, and Dj. Guy DJs at three clubs per week. Rik and Sean host their own night at

one between the Dj booth and the bathroom seeing any imperfections—imperfections are reality reality, the Toilet Boys are fantasy reality, and there are no imperfections in this reality.

At one point during the set, Guy did the "band-introduction" thing. "Do any of you guys want it," he said wantonly. "I know you do . . . 'Cause I

and muscular, looks like the football jock that might have given him a hard time back in high school.

However, this is part of the fantasy reality that alienates some potential fans. Electric Eddie once said that sixteen year-old boys often get frustrated because they think Guy is a hot girl, until they realize Guy is a guy. Consider the following mental calcula-



tions :

If Guy=girl, they want to have sex with her.

But Guy=guy.

Thus Guy=a guy they want to have sex with. So by the transitive property they had a homosexual fantasy, and that violates their delicate masculinity. And they're probably further frustrated because in so many ways the Toilet Boys are the ultimate guy band: the pom pom girls, the fire columns, the solo spots during band introductions, the songs about "hell"... The Toilet Boys are the type of band Beavis or Butthead would proudly hang a poster of in his room between an autographed AC/DC poster and an original 1977 Kiss Alive 2 promo photo.

But if there's any homophobes here tonight, they're not making themselves known. Everyone "oohs and ahs" at the gesture (Guy massaging Sean's sweaty chest) before returning to head bobbing as the "band introduction" thing segues smoothly into the next song.

During this song, there's a breakdown where Guy repeats the lyric "Set me on fire." Guy then goes stage left, and one of the Toilet Boys' crew hands him a lit torch. He faces the audience, holding the torch over his head, and slowly does a clockwise windmill with it—the motion looks like some vintage Diana Ross move. And on cue—this is Toilet Boyland—the rest of the frontline takes its hands off its instruments and finishes



now is tribal and is slowly building an eerie momentum. Guy pours some liquid in Sean's mouth. Sean recoils his head, sucks in, and fills his cheeks up with liquid and air, so he looks like a mid trumpet-solo Dizzy Gillespie. Then he thrusts his neck forward and spits the juice into the fire, and the fire shoots into the audience dragon-style. The band punctuates the gesture with heavy rhythmic stabs from their instruments. Booooooooooom.

Next the song thunders to a screeching halt, guitars feed back a little, and Guy announces that this is going to be the last song. The band hunches over its guitars and churns out "Living Like A Millionaire" ascending riff. Mid-song Guy goes over and gets some more fire. He then goes back over to Sean. Sean is now holding his guitar over his head as if he were making an offering to some higher being. He holds the guitar over his head and squeezes a rapid series of notes from it. Guy reaches up and touches the guitar with the lit torch, and Sean proudly displays the flaming sacrifice to the audience.

The fire rituals, the customized guitars, and the dance movements all have a certain studied naturalness to them—as if the Toilet Boys just applied discipline to raw talent. Which is exactly what they did, seeing that the Toilet Boys are everyone's, except Sean (guitar) and Ed's (drums), first band. By pooling individual talents—Rik Rocket (guitar) is a visual artist, Sean (guitar) Go Go dances and produces music, Adam Vomit (bass) is a magician, Electric Eddie (drums) is a workaholic, and Guy (vocals) is a glamorous charmer—the Toilet Boys have made

*Thus Guy=a guy they want to have sex with. So by the transitive property they had a homosexual fantasy, and that violates their delicate masculinity.*

the move in unison with Guy.

The "Set me on fire" lyric, softer and monotone now, becomes almost like a chant—a chant to some ancient fire ritual, as Guy toys more with the lit torch. Sean gets on his knees facing the audience with Guy at his right. Guy then hands Sean the torch and Sean attaches it to the pitchfork on the headstock of his guitar. The music

Booooooooooom. Drums thunder and guitars roar as Sean does it again.

The primitive noise then congeals back into a structured musical statement. "You want it, you got it," Guy yells into the mike before getting on his back, and raising his legs into a "V" in front of the drum kit. The music soldiers on and Guy moves his raised legs in time to its raunchy pulse.



the Toilet Boys an event as much as a band.

But it's an event the band is constantly working on. Backstage before a show the guys run around with duct tape and glue guns fastening gizmos to their guitars. Rik Rocket likens it those scenes in the A-Team in which the bunch would construct the extraordinary from the ordinary, such as watching Mr. T making an explosive device from an old television. And once the event takes place, the Toilet Boys video it and make sure that what the audience saw is up to Toilet Boy standards—they scrutinize everything from head bobs to fire rituals.

The fire rituals. . . Sean's Hendrix-like fascination with fire is rooted in the period when, he says, he thought

he was channeling Hendrix: "I used to think Hendrix was talking to me—like every time he said 'Baby,' I thought he meant me—and then they sent me to the nuthouse. I've been to the nuthouse three times. The first time, the time when I thought Hendrix was talking to me, they put me in because I went on my college campus in sham-rock boxers and busted on people with a toothbrush. The university sent some public safety people in after me, and they put me in this nuthouse with a fat chick who I thought was Janis Joplin. She was all fucked up, and she thought she was Janis too. I'd be like 'Janis,' and she would be like 'what.' It was the combination of drugs and alcohol, that's why I stopped drinking."



Over the summer Sea, and the rest of the Toilet Boys, gathered up these stories, squeezed out some of the facts and mixed in a lot of fiction, and made a movie about Sean. The movie "Hammer Trails" is a factionalized (fact plus fiction) account of Sean's rock n' roll life with his former band Black Light Rainbow. The cast includes Willem Dafoe, RuPaul, Joey Ramone, the Lunachicks, L7, and the Toilet Boys. And currently major film distributors are looking into picking up the factionalized story, the story of an obscure band by an obscure band.

Right now in Toilet Boyland the house lights are on. A couple of "fuck, yeahs" are echoing from the back of the Bowery Ballroom. Hands are clapping. Girls are screaming "woooooow." And slowly the Toilet Boys file back on stage, one by one. "Alright, do you wanna hear one more," Guy yells in his rock n' roll rasp. "I said alright, do you wanna hear one more?," Guy yells three more times, whipping the audience into a frenzy. "Yeaaaaaaaahhhhh. . . .Wooooooooww. . . .Fuck, Yeaaaaaaaah. . .," the audience responds. "Then show me some lighters because this one's a slow one, it's called 'Slow Dance'," Guy commands as little flames begin flickering in the audience. Sean, unaccompanied, slowly picks the song's opening chords before gently chugging on them; Ed, Rik, and Adam build musical peaks and valleys to color the tune with gentle dynamics. Guy at first sings in a bedroom whisper before building his delivery on the chorus. "Shut your mouth, baby," Guy sings with gentle forcefulness. Then the music splashes to the side as background, and Sean takes center stage and coos out gorgeous lead guitar melodies.

The guitars ooze to an end before fading out. Ed keeps the drums going, building a brisk pace. Suddenly the band lunges hip-forward into the opening riff to Kiss' "Deuce." Sean and Adam handle back-up vocal duties. Guy delivers a convincing performance on the lead vocal. Finally, the spotlight moves over to Rik and he nails Ace Frehley's solo, of course, note by note—this is Toilet Boyland, everything here happens on cue, note by note. ⊕





*The reasons why I've asked the editors of Ugly Things magazine to write a column for Hit List are simple and straightforward. First, Ugly Things may be the world's greatest rock 'n' roll magazine, and I've been reading it with great pleasure for years. Second, editors Mike Stax and Johan Kugelberg know vastly more about the history and minutiae of rock 'n' roll than I will ever know. This is quite an embarrassing admission for me to have to make, since I probably know more about the history of rock 'n' roll than 99% of the people on this lame planet of ours, including most of the readers of this very magazine. So sit back, relax, grab a Coke or a beer, and read on. You might actually learn something about the amazingly variegated manifestations of "punk" attitude and style from the early 1900s to the present. If not, that's nobody's fault but your own.*

— Jeff Bale

**W**hy would anyone want to put out a fanzine? Not for the money, certainly. There's far easier and less time consuming ways to make a fortune. Panhandling springs to mind. Or perhaps going to the beach with a metal detector. For free records and

C D s ? Certainly it's a pleasant side effect, mostly for the crap you can haul down to the used record emporium, but by the time you fac-

tor in the time, money and headaches you sink into your little publication, it would've been a lot easier to just go pay for your musical kicks like any regular person. When *Ugly Things* was launched, it was really for one reason alone: PASSION. A possibly irrational passion for music that bordered on the obsessive. It's a passion that has sustained *Ugly Things* for almost 17 years now. There's an element of egotism involved, too. Like most fanzine editors we think that our music tastes are infallible and that

everyone should agree with us. When Mike claims for example that the Pretty Things are the greatest rock'n'roll band that ever existed, or that 1960s Dutch freakbeat is infinitely more relevant and meaningful than hardcore punk or hip-hop, he means it, man. These beliefs may be improvable and basically irrelevant, but at least they are convictions.

Without passion and convictions any kind of writing is drab and lifeless. Like 95% of all fanzines, actually. What initially was a one man rant has since become a forum where many voices can make their improvable, irrelevant but absolutely passionate voices heard. People like Johan, our food and wine editor, and writers like Mick Farren, Don Craine, Rex Doane, Dan Epstein, Doug Sheppard, and

dozens more. With more contributors, our scope of coverage has expanded but the basic framework remains the same. One thing *Ugly Things* doesn't do is cover any "new" bands. Why not? There's plenty of good music out there, but there's already 90,000 other publications sorting through that mess. We concentrate our efforts on "Wild Sounds from Past Dimensions" — '60s garage, R&B, freakbeat and psychedelia; choice '70s and early '80s punk rock; '50s blues and rockabilly; even '20s and '30s rural and popular music; and whatever else catches our fancy. There's hundreds of excellent reissues in all those genres; and any one of them is infinitely more stimulating and musically relevant than the latest "hot" new flavor at the moment. For us, at least. It's liberating not to have to keep up with the NEW, when a new unreleased freakbeat acetate from '66 is gonna deliver me a hundred times the sonic thrill anyhow. According to our readers, they feel pretty liberated too, cos they share the same madness and passion that fuels every page of every issue of *Ugly Things*.

And there are plenty of magazines that cover the new stuff. Today, however, we've decided to take the opportunity to mention some bands and records of the 1990's that are slanted for coverage in *Ugly Things* circa 2015 or so. Ladies (and gents), these are some *Ugly Things*-quality sounds of recent: purchase Stiffs, Incorporated's endlessly rewarding album "The Electric Chair Theatre Presents" (Gladgum). It is obsessive/compulsive geek rock at its finest. A foursome with limited musical chops reaching for "Pet Sounds", the Zombies' "She's Not There", or Tim Rose's "Morning Dew" in the same manner as the Damned did on "The Black Album" or the Stranglers did on "The Raven" or for that matter the Jam on "Setting Sons". Stiffs Incorporated are an ugly little punk band obsessed with the Hollywood of the 1920's, of Victorian and Edwardian England, of the whodunnit murder mystery as well as the American hard-boiled school, obsessed with arcane medical equipment, obsessed with the etiquette of yore — And they love these subjects with the fiery glove of the fanatic. Making "Electric Chair Theatre" is their homage to what morsels of brilliance they've unearthed as students of the many secret museums of





# WINSTON







SMITH



mankind. This album is not as good as Scott Walker "Four" or "Pet Sounds", but it is as good as the Damned's "Black Album" or any of the Stranglers baroque pop albums.

So, it has been four years since the Strapping Field Hands released their phenomenal debut album "Discus" in an edition of a couple of thousand or so. Somewhere between Incredible String Band, Ivor Cutler, Robert Wyatt, Roy Harper and Vivian Stanshall, these Philly-boys smeared on the anglophilia in one hell of a layer. Extremely intelligent pop music, this. And funny. And timeless. Stupendous live band they were, and the first three 45's were the greatest triple-whammy since early Halo of Flies.

The Negro Problem's first album "Post Minstrel Syndrome" (Aerial Flipout) was for me the most rewarding debut of 1998. Stew, the singer is AMAZING, a heavy/muscular black guy in his early 30's whose song-writing is Elvis Costello/Sparks/XTC, and whose vocals are Randy Newman/Sam Cooke/Jackie Wilson. The arrangements and orchestration on the record borders on the baroque, like so many orchestral pop records of the late 60's, and the final schmear is the double-doses of excellent prime-psychedelic fuckery that these overtly potent imaginations unload on the happy listener. File next to Os Mutantes, (prime) Pizzicato Five or Richard Harris' "A Tramp Shining". ⊕

- Mike Stax and Johan Kugelberg

## UGLY THINGS

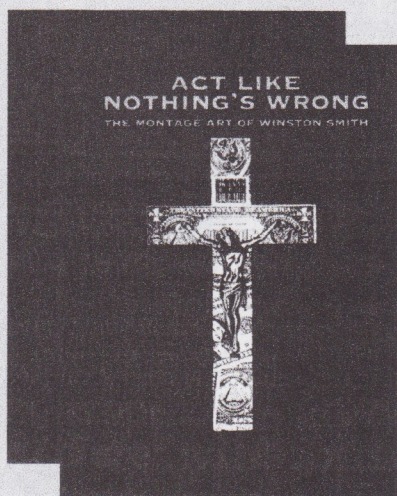
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**Nurse With Wound - "Second Pirate Session"**  
**Hi Times - "The Hi Records R&B Years"**  
**King Bennie Nawahi - "Hot Hawaiian Guitar 1928 - 1949"**  
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**Performing Ferret Band - LP**  
**Pretty Things - "SF Sorrow" CD reissue [Ed. — one of my all-time favorites, too]**

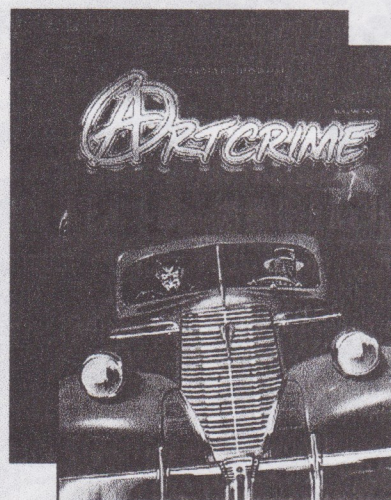
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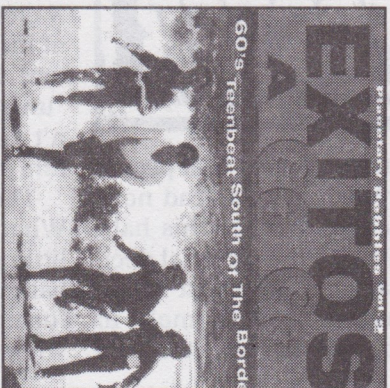
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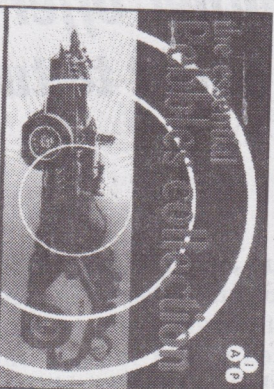
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TO THE ADDRESS ABOVE





**I**t's probably a sign of my slowly improving mental health that I haven't had a whole lot to say on the subject of punk rock for the past few years. Sure, I was canned from *Maximum RockNRoll*; Tim didn't want me subverting the troops or something. I took it as a compliment. I didn't have anything left to say anyway. When Bale got canned [Ed.—*I didn't get canned, I quit when Tim told me I couldn't write about politics anymore, only about music*], we all knew it wasn't because he was writing things in his column with which Tim



disagreed; it was that Tim started seeing that people were taking the column seriously. Tim's dead now, but I hear through the usual sources that his half-sane ghost is still making most of the editorial decisions over at *MRR*. The grapevine says that sometimes you can smell his spectral cigarette smoke in the hallways of *MRR* headquarters, which seems odd; Tim quit smoking a few years before he died. I've had no spooky nocturnal visits from the spirit of Tim Yo, but maybe that's just because I made him promise not to haunt me. He said I'd become too cynical and jaded, at least in regards to punk rock. It didn't seem worth it to search my soul to figure out if he was right.

So we're all supposed to pretend that this new rag isn't in competition with *MRR*. Right. Bale calls me up and asks me to write a column. I've gotten a total of one other offer since 1995 so I'm not about to turn it down; I have an ego to feed. But I'm immediately faced with a rule so silly that I have no choice but to break it in the second

paragraph of my first column in the premiere issue. This magazine is in competition with *MRR*, and *Punk Planet* too, and it's gonna kick both their asses. Whether it is the publishers' intention or not really doesn't matter. And considering the

competition, it won't take much to lead the pack. *MRR* has become a trade magazine written by people who don't read, featuring record reviews by people who don't like music, all in the name of promoting a pseudo-anarchist manifesto that most of its readers wisely ignore. *Punk Planet* is an inappropriately titled rag filled with nothing more than the latest developments in the world of

bunny-punk as reported breathlessly by faux-jaded Gen-X cretins; its columnists are third-rate hacks whose idea of insight is whining about the lack of an affordable natural food store in the town where they're attending "university"; and its editor is a petty art fag who wouldn't know good writing if it crawled up his leg and gave him head.

There goes rule number two: don't get personal. What the fuck? Why call me? After all, I'm an obedient little pup but I's only knows one trick, massuh... bark bark... take off my leash and yell "sic"... I'll tear your fucking eyeballs out... stomp 'em into jelly with my white Converse Chuck Taylor All-Star hi-tops... I'll be

the one in the leather jacket... talk about sick... unhealthy... low-brow comedy... I was a red-assed baboon... a zoo monkey too dumb to know that if you're gonna whack off in front of a crowd you should at least have the dignity not to do it with a huge grin plastered on your face... knock what you can't have... or don't understand... a clockwork orange... I really *didn't* understand... I still don't quite get it... I used to drink a lot when I wrote... chain smoke...

three packs in eight hours... anybody who tells you that drugs don't help is either a Christian or a reformed addict... when I was at my happiest I never had anything to say... a few more milligrams of Klonopin a day... I had one month that was just fucking beautiful... 4:30 A.M. in a hotel room

***So we're all supposed to pretend that this new rag isn't in competition with MRR. Right. Bale calls me up and asks me to write a column. I've gotten a total of one other offer since 1995 so I'm not about to turn it down.***



in Munich... a swank hotel... sitting on the edge of the bed with my Mosrite... writing pretty little songs like I was the only man in the world who knew how... I'm off drugs now... haven't been drunk in years... chewing on toothpicks that still remind me of cigarettes... funny thing though... can't write for shit... punching a lot of walls lately...

"What's it like to be a middle-aged punk?"... you're supposed to hang out in dingy bars... try to pick up other sad, lonely ex-punks... rock and roll rebel for the night... music courtesy of another bunch of too-cool rockers copying the Dolls or Iggy... painting by numbers... beer by the pitcher... cruising on fumes... drink up because tomorrow you go back to the cubicle... laugh to yourself at your co-workers who like Springsteen... you're still a small fish in a smaller pond... going gentle into that good night... those of us who can't or won't aren't any better... just doomed to see the reality of our shitty lives a little more clearly... the months rush by so fast you start to realize you'll never win... and once you've seen the truth you can't ever make yourself forget... alcohol only works for so long... tell the lie to teenage kids?... now *that's* fucking cruel!... everything will *not* be okay... you laugh at yourself... not in some humorous, self-deprecating way... it's a mean laugh...

I don't even listen to rock and roll anymore... I swear to god... most of it sounds like noise to me... I hate kids... they've got too much energy and pointless enthu-

## BENFOSTER

siasm... I want them to give up now... see your future like watching an old man whip open his raincoat to give you an eyeful of filthy crotch... "youth is wasted on the young"... they'd rather hold hands than fuck... they believe in God... think they're going to go to hell if they're bad... they don't know that hell is for the stupid and weak and they already live in it... no idea how much they'll regret all the times they could've gotten fucked... fucked up... quit their jobs... don't get personal?... wrong number, pal... controversy?... I don't know the meaning of the word... I'm not playing dumb... don't ask me to try... I belch and halfway across the world some jerk gets a wild hair across his ass... I can't explain it... I'm a pussycat... I don't try anymore... can't try... takes too much out of me... not worth the effort... it's not cynicism... it's intelligence... everything still sucks... it's just that now you're not lying to yourself about it... not exactly a tidal wave of an insight... I might not be able to learn new tricks... doesn't mean I have to keep repeating the old ones... should've called me for this gig back when I still gave half a fuck about being king of the shitpile... thanks for asking... but you know me... you know I'm probably gonna hate this rag so much that in six months I'll be knocking it in some other rag... ☺

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# HIT SQUAD

**N**ot many humanoids could roust the ultimate SEMANTIC TACTICIAN, THE DIDACTIC DESPOT OF VERBIAGE, and HAS BEEN PUNK IKON TESCO VEE from my completely self imposed journalistic fetal position..but then not everybody is JEFF BALE!! When informed of the lunatic fringe line-up he'd traversed the globe to assemble, the DUTCH HERCULES, hoping desperately to



fill the literary black hole of late, fell into formation with the his fellow SHOCK-TROOPERS..hell bent on goosestepping over every two bit crappy thing WE FUCKIN FEEL LIKE!!! It's so open ended..so open season..SO MANY ENEMIES... SO LITTLE TIME!! I'm in the SAME MAGAZINE AS KICKBOY-FACE, for shit's sake!! It was his CHRIS DESJARDINE's pen-

men-ship courtesy of SLASH Magazine back in the 70's that helped mold this moron into the Satan-Fearin', Satin Wearin' GOD OF WORDS I IS TODAY!! And thanks to this NEW and WONDERFULLY CRANKY MAG YOU HOLD IN YOUR GRUB-BY, PUSSY STINKIN' PAWS...THERE IS HOPE!!! Good music AND GOOD WRITERS still exist. Even if it seems like you're

swimmin' thru an Olympic-sized full of turds in your regular, hopeless existences..once every so often the new HIT LIST will careen through your creative cranium, turning you ON AND OFF to all that is

new!!! I'll be spinnin' platters and ratin' them on their merits! I will show you HOW A FUCKIN RECORD SHOULD BE REVIEWED. READ ON, KLONDIKES. Each issue I'll get a package of stuff, and then rank (on) it from best to worst.

1) THE CRUSADERS-"FAT, DRUNK, and STUPID" (Dionysus Records)

Aussie A-Holes pissed to the gills take numero uno in this column's Boss Olympics..Big and Crusty, Stompin'-some-Sissy-in-the-Moshpit brand crude..Operating in that 60's/70's Keep it Simple, Stupid, and Crank-it-up Mindset, toss in a dose of late 90's sledgehammer panache. These Clydes also get bonus points for the cool 7th Century "I cut me a neu shuurt off'n that DEAD CATHOLIC's lifeless trunk" White Cross Band Uniforms, and it's

totally Fuckin' Fuzzed Out, so this one gets Uncle Tesco's U.S.D.A CHOICE Pick-To Click" stateside..13 wonderous Romps Thru A Room Fulla Titties in your bare feet from 4 scumdogs from fuckin Australia..A +

2) THE MULLEN'S-"S/T" (Get Hip Records)

I'll reiterate..CRITICS are the lowest Sub-Genus of Sub-Species..Lower than ..the Hepatitis C waitin' for you in that piece o' shrimp..Lower than any girl that would date GG Allin...Lower than the IQ of HENRY ROLLINS..So for anyone to stand before you and declare any platter a hit or miss is preposterous. As THEE Headmaster in Northern Virginia's ROCK U. University, I teach daily of the Hazzards of Dismissal. Remember, I've been hunted down by TSOL..OK, so they beat up Brian Baker, thinking it was me. I mean THE MULLENS HERE JUST SPENT A FUCKIN' YEAR OF THEIR GODAMN LIVES CONCEPTUALIZING/ WRITING/RECORDING/PRODUCING/MASTERING (4 out of 5 ain't bad), and for any FAT ASS PETER DAVIS Lookin SUNUFUBEECH to have the audacity to.. with a wave of keypad.. show this fine band the door for sins against the GODS OF ROCK AND ROLL, BE THEY REAL OR IMAGINED....well, it just wouldn't be right. Gosh darn it I don't have too, cuz in case you haint noticed these guys came in second in the "WIN A DATE WITH THE LEZBO MORDAM EMPLOYEE OF YOUR CHOICE SWEEPSTAKES", and even though Get Hip's Promo budget dictates all I get is THE DISC I can't make fun of how they look...They live in Kosovo, I mean godawful Western PA, after all, but there's no denyin' when the old dutchman's size 15's start tappin' to distorted shit, recorded in their Uncle Clint's shack on a Wollensack 4 track, somebody's doin' something right

For MULLENS about to Rock, ahh say AMEN BRO! A-

***These guys came in second in the "WIN A DATE WITH THE LEZBO MORDAM EMPLOYEE OF YOUR CHOICE SWEEPSTAKES", and even though Get Hip's Promo budget dictates all I get is THE DISC I can't make fun of how they look.***

3) PILSNER-"AUTOSUGGESTION" (Get Hip)

Again? Prolific little peckers at this label, yet another respectable R&R venture. (If I like EVERYTHING my street-cred is blown..somebody on this list is gonna get it.) It is indeed heartening to know so many lads choose to paddle upstream against the Niagara of current trends. Bald faced rock-in-out like it used to be when people had the time of their life goin' to the rock show, gettin' pie eyed and then moonstomped, and loose tooth laughed about it all the next day. (What a BUNCH OF PUSSIES we're stuck with

nowadays.) Undaunted bands like this continue pumping blue collar aggro as if oblivious to the tides of change that threaten to wash anything with ballsack asunder..Throw away your crappy little NOFX Records and buy this ! B

4) NASHVILLE PUSSY-Anything

If Rock and Roll ain't dead then it's the Italian guy in a Clint



Eastwood Spaghetti Western, legs all shot up and draggin' himself across the desert. Buzzards boldly gouging mouthfuls of flesh and spittin' the slugs back into the sand. The hot sun bakes the parched carcass, as life and blood leech into the arid dust. Then waltzes in these freakazoids, get THEIR ASSES signed, and seem poised to take some sort of heavyweight crown. But who has got an appetite for this raunch and roll? ME ME ME!!! THESE GUYS AND GALS REALLY DO FUCKIN' KICK ASS!! and all I can hope is that YOU STUPID FUCKING STATUES WITH SHIT FOR BRAINS AND EVEN WORSE FOR TASTE WILL RUSH OUT AND BUY THIS. If your idea of a hot n' happenin saturday nite is smashing 24 long necks against a double wide and suckin' a drunk outa the dirt, and negative demerits for major label signing notwithstanding, this is as good as it gets. They should cover Johnny Cash's "A Boy Named Sue", and please don't ask me why...A + + +

5) GARDY LOO, featuring EL DUCE-"PERVERTS ON PARADE" (Off The Records)

OK, you all know the real story of how the ULTIMATE SOD EL DUCE met his maker, right? You see the factory can only make so much "Olde English 800" and DUCE was puttin' a hurt on all the Brothers' Fortified Beverage of choice, ya know what I'm sayin? So some boys from the hood commandeered that southbound out of Bakersfield hellbent on Squashin' EL's Big Honkey Ass and thereby restoring the Suds River To South Central. Well their evil little scheme worked and the annoying alcoholic who wrote songs sorta like mine but with the brains knocked outa them..no longer walks the planet. And really the world is a better place without him, much as I enjoyed our little meeting where he would thrill me with witticism's like "Tesco ya see yer a sickwad...But I'm a scumbag", and the next line would invariably be "Any bumpers of malt I might inhale around these parts?" Oh ya, this record. Florida's Mighty GARDY LOO give EL the best Backup band he

## TESCOVEE

ever had. Lots of odes to cornholing grandmas and Pooping...what's not to like? MENTORS fans and the initiated will groove. The rest of you should go die anyway...A

6) SNUBNOSE-"S/T" (Sin City Records)

Novel concept...They painted the tune titles on rusting hulks at the junk yard and then make a little game out of it by puttin' track #'s on the discs. Kept me busy, but I kept losing my focus on the task at hand. Kind of like when you realize you read 20 pages of a book and were thinkin' about somethin else...C-

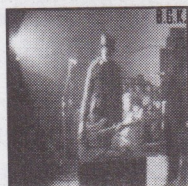
7) DENIZ TEK-"EQUINOX" (Citadel Records)

Remember RADIO BIRDMAN? 70's thang from down under. Didn't they put out a domestic on Sire? This guy was RB. Ahh, the 70's. You know one of my greatest regrets? I was at a keg party in Mich in 73 and we heard the Fuckin' NEW YORK DOLLS, who were playing outside at the Lansing Drive Inn, and we didn't fuckin' go!! Somebody shoot me!!! THE NEW YORK DOLLS!! The 70's were the most wonderous musical decade ever, but I'll save that soap-box oratory for a later column. And I'll let you fans of "progressive I-dont-know-what-the-fuck-this-is" try to decipher THIS CD. Life's too short and I gotta make poopy...D

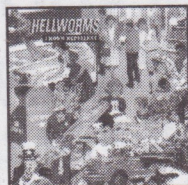
Till we meat again...All my turds. ⊕

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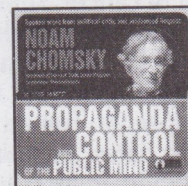
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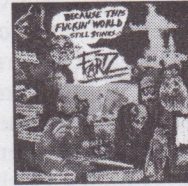
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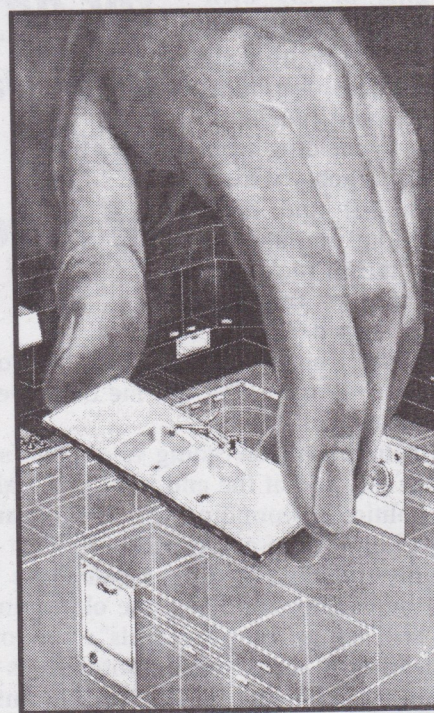
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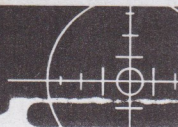


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I'm sorry that I can't provide a header with a picture of me for this column, but it was on short notice and I didn't have a camera. I went into Kinko's and pressed my face against a photocopy machine, but all the copies came out crappy. I didn't pay for them. The people who work there sure have a bad attitude. They actually expected me to pay for all the copies, like it wasn't the fault of their machines. Oh right, I guess there's something wrong with me, maybe a birth defect or something, and I just don't



photocopy well. Anyway, I'm a middle aged white guy about 5' 10", with glasses. Does that sound like something you really want to see a picture of? I didn't think so.

I wanted to write a column in the historic first issue of *Hit List* because I was one of the guys who started this zine along with Jeff and Brett. I'm no longer a partner in the zine, since I'm publishing a zine of my own called *Shredding Paper*. I came up with the names for both zines, and when it came to deciding who would get which name, Jeff and Brett were kind enough to allow me to pick second. One of the reasons I started *Hit List*

is because I hate *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*. What were the other reasons? Well, for me there were actually no other reasons.

This column is now going to change subject matter. Bear with me, and at the end it will all make sense.

The politics surrounding the Republicans' attempt to remove Clinton from office during the last year has been thoroughly repugnant. The Republicans love to hide behind the constitution. Like the old saying, "Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels". The only time any Republican ever reads the constitution is when they're searching for loopholes. If the Republicans did read the constitution they'd be shocked to discover that in America an individual is considered innocent until proven otherwise. Under our system, and basic principles of fairness,

no one can be found guilty without specific charges being alleged. It's impossible for an innocent person to defend themselves, unless they are told exactly what they are being accused of. What the Republicans are guilty of is McCarthyism, which is one of the worst evils that exists in our society. McCarthyism has been responsible for some of the ugliest smear campaigns in our nation ever since World War Two ended. At that point the McCarthyites (including Nixon) picked up where the Nazis left off, terrorizing innocent Americans, mainly Jews, with accusations that they were, or had been, members of the Communist Party, even though that would have been perfectly legal, and in fact those individuals had every right to be members of whatever political party they wanted. There's no law against having views that aren't held by the majority. [Ed.—no there isn't, but perhaps there should be for actively supporting a semi-clandestine organization conducting espionage and otherwise operating in the service of a hostile foreign power, which is as true of the CPUSA as it was of the German-American Bund.] In the past year the Republicans demanded that Clinton admit to a crime, and that he resign, even though he's made it clear he believes he hasn't committed a crime, and the Republicans have never made specific alle-

gations which can be proven. The Republicans don't need to worry about doing what is right, they are in the majority.

What's this got to do with me? Well in the past year I went through a personal experience that was surprisingly similar to impeachment.

For more than 10 years I had worked for a local zine called *Maximum Rock 'n Roll*. In April, my friend and editor of MRR, Tim Yohannan, died of cancer. Shortly after that I was contacted by a band who had been close to Tim, and had recently helped Tim and the magazine a lot. The band complained to me that after Tim died the new editor, Jacqueline Prichard, had refused to run an ad the band had listing their upcoming tour dates. The band also complained that Jacqueline treated them in an insulting manner. I agreed to talk to Jacqueline on their behalf. My talk with her convinced me that the band had been totally justified in their complaint. I brought the problem to the attention of MRR's new corporate style Board of Directors, whose collective response was that Jacqueline could do whatever she wanted. Following this incident

***If the present day MRR stands for anything...[it's] a mindless and pathetic brand of conformity. Conformity in the name of rebellion?***



# MELCHELOWITZ

Jacqueline went out of her way to create additional conflicts with me. I was asked to meet with the board again and agreed, hoping that at least one of the individuals that Tim had trusted might have some insight into how the problem could best be resolved. Instead all the members of the board simply fell into line with their apparent leader, Timojhen Mark, and fired me. Timojhen Mark and his gang of sheep who now control MRR equate punk rock with a mindless and pathetic brand of conformity. If the present day MRR stands for anything, that's it. Conformity in the name of rebellion!? Give me a fucking break! Like with Clinton, I was never told what I was accused of. Despite that, Timojhen suggested that I resign. Martin Sprouse suggested that I admit to wrongdoing, saying that everyone else at the meeting had admitted to wrongdoing, and that I was the only one who hadn't "owned up to anything". When I did not admit to wrongdoing, I was fired. So that's how MRR treats someone who's done a great job for them for 10 years. It makes you wonder what level of McCarthyism they might subject outsiders to.

That brings us to the latest issue of MRR, number 188. In Jacqueline's column she senselessly attacks a number of innocent people. The source of her displeasure is that she chose to attend a business convention hosted by her magazine's distributor, and then was upset that most of the discussions that took place related to business. If Jacqueline went to the World Series I guess she'd proba-

bly come back complaining that the people there just seemed interested in baseball. She used the following words in her attack on one well respected indie label head; "Punk broke in '94, so you're too late for that gravy train. If you want to get rich, buy some funky fresh fashions and co-opt someone else's scene for awhile, then rest in shit vomit, stupid ass, sell out fuckers..." Attacking people solely because they might be "rich"?! Does that make sense to you? It sure doesn't make any sense to me. Obviously there are rich people who are admirable, and poor people who are scum. I'd like to say that it is the responsibility of every staff member at MRR to work to end the magazine's bigotry in the name of punk, regardless of how Jacqueline and the gang of sheep feel about it. Until that happens we should all boycott MRR. If you're a reader, stop buying it. If you're an advertiser, stop advertising. Let's send a message to the new gang at MRR that there's nothing "punk" about inheriting half a million dollars worth of publishing resources and using it to victimize innocent people. ⊕

Some of Mel's old Maximum columns can be found on the Shredding Paper web site at: [WWW.INFOASIS.COM/PEOPLE/AMPOP/SP.HTML](http://WWW.INFOASIS.COM/PEOPLE/AMPOP/SP.HTML)

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**I**magine that it's pretty unhealthy, just sitting here, thinking such hateful thoughts and feeling so good about them, feeding them with all kinds of exaggerations and elaborate variations. Actually, to be honest I'm really enjoying them. I know it's not a "good" thing, in a moralistic sense, but it is real and it is honest, and I do know that is "good". And whether I like it or not it is completely out of my control. So what the fuck, why not just bask in the warm glow of my own contempt.

Sometimes it's just a simmering feeling, centered more in the upper part of my body, shifting all by itself from abstract thought to a more solid form of tangible emotion, rising up into the subconscious part of my mind, comfortably



nestling there, all at once, finding itself a welcome home, while simultaneously "injuring" me, digging its claws or hooks or whatever the fuck

it's using nowadays to tighten its grip on my presently forming memories and leaving me a victim of its not completely unwanted presence. Other times it emanates outward from my heart of hearts, flowing freely, unobstructed by the burdens of reason or logic, finding its form this time in what can only be defined as rage, a wild outburst, something that is very akin to joy so far as human expression goes. I must admit to liking the rage much better than the former, but at the same time I understand it is much more dangerous and needs to be controlled tightly. So I do.

I really, really do hate that motherfuckin' faggot, though. (Note: if you're an individual who still thinks that the word "faggot" has anything to do with homosexuality, please take one giant leap into the present...on your

marks, get set...go!...good, nice to meet you, thanks for coming...words and their meanings change with time, and just for the record I don't think this faggot fucks his mother, either.

His name is Mark, and he is my neighbor. Not next-door, but the second house over.

And although I have hated others in the past much more

than I hate him, never have I hated anyone so severely for so little. After all, he's practically a complete stranger. I've never had a conversation with him and, as a matter of a fact, I just realized that I don't even know what his voice sounds like. Nor would I recognize him in public.

So I guess you might say that I hate him from afar.

Nevertheless, I hate that ass-kissing, spa-tanned, mother-fucking faggot with a passion. He is a metaphor of sorts for many of the things that I really hate about people and more precisely people of my generation, the people (whom I believe are in the majority) that form a worldview at around age twenty and then cling to it for dear life until they croak. It is those people precisely who are directly to blame for making your short stay here mostly a uncomfortable one. If you're not mostly uncomfortable, then you're probably one of them, and therefore, have no business nosing around in our private little "fuck you" club during your mostly disposable years.

I have heard tell that Mark is a couple of years my junior. I received this little tidbit of information from the girl next door, to whom I like to talk with from time to time, even though our conversations do tend to focus more on her mental illness than mine. I tolerate her self indulgence for several reasons: number one, she's a schizophrenic and that keeps the topics interesting, and number two, she's an angry person who's usually full of piss and vinegar, as well as a 6- or 12-pack of "Miller". Finally, she has this wonderful tendency to wear extremely loose fitting tops with no bra so that when she leans over the fence to talk to me, I get a perfect view of her tits, which are really nice tits as far as tits go. They're not very large tits, but they are shapely ones. They also have that really cool "pouty" look that I find very attractive in a tit and,

though I'm not much of a tit man, she has silver dollar sized aureolas surrounding the nipples on her tits and I'm a big fan of big dark aureolas. So I think that it's reasonable for me to say that I consider her a "good neighbor".

Nevertheless, this Salingeresque digression was intended to briefly illustrate just how

surrounded by hateful things that I am, and not to talk about the girl next door, since I don't consider her a hateful thing but rather a pleasant one. However, I do hate her Mother.

One day while carrying an armload of packages into my house and attempting to locate the proper set of keys, I quite loudly and vociferously began to abuse gravity, since it had

***Note: if you're an individual who still thinks that the word "faggot" has anything to do with homosexuality, please take one giant leap into the present...on your marks, get set...go!...good, nice to meet you, thanks for coming.***



just sucked my entire cache of goods downwards and left them scattered and broken upon the cement. Now even though it wouldn't have mattered at all if I would have noticed the girl next door's Mother's big ugly fat fucking ass sticking out of the bushes as she pawed at the weeds with the crooked little stumps that stick out of her arms and seem to function as a piss poor excuse for fingers, I guess that I offended her with my terse expletives since it seems that she felt that it somehow now entitled her to speak to me with a "reprimanding" tone. She bellowed forth, "watch your mouth, Joseph". I was sickened by the thought that she even knew my name, and was even more disgusted that she would be so bold as to use it, so I told her to "suck my dick". Then she started to wobble on over to me hollering something about calling the police, so I slammed the door in her face full of chins.

The girl next door's mother is friends with Mark. So, as you can probably see by now, I'm dealing with a tangled little conspiracy of sorts.

The girl next door's Mother sold Mark her recently deceased husband's riding lawnmower, and a big part of why I hate him so much is simply for the reason that he rides that stupid thing around in his yard every day, or so it seems and...well...it's something about the way he whips around the trees in his yard, with his backwards baseball cap and his faggot ass perched atop that bright shiny red lawn tool, as though he's really cool or carrying out some daring stunt.

Godamnit, I really hate that fuckin' bastard.

There are so many more reasons why I hate "Mark the Big Faggot", but the incident that follows was the clincher of all clinchers for me...it was the cherry on top, the straw that broke the camel's back, and the proverbial nipple on the tit.

I'm outside changing the flat rear passenger side tire on my van. It was a nice sunny day. During the summer, "The Village" found it necessary to tear up all of the sidewalks in front of the houses on my block. Mark's cement had just been poured a little while earlier, so it was still wet. Keep in mind that neither Mark nor the contractors put up any barrier or indication to denote the condition of the still-wet cement.

Along come these two unsuspecting little kids, somewhere between five and seven years old, riding their bikes past me first, on their way towards Mark's wet cement. I looked up from what I was doing, but it happened too fast for me to really process any information or to say anything. So the kids rode their bikes right into Mark's wet cement. They fell off of their bikes, front tires about halfway submerged in Mark's wet cement. I'm sure they were already freaked out being

physically stuck in Mark's wet cement. Just then big fag cunt motherfucking bitchy Mark bursts out of his front door, leaps over his stairs, and sprints the ten feet or so to where the little kids are still lying. The "King of Fags" grabs them by their shirt collars and starts shaking them around like rag dolls. By now the kids are bawling, but he keeps screaming his lungs out, right up in their faces, jerking them around, just being a total fucking dickless piece of shit about the whole thing.

I had my hatchet in hand since I was using it to fix my tire, but wisely I suppressed the impulse to run over there and bury it in Mark's head, like he deserved. Then the faggot did one of the shittiest things an adult can do to a little kid, that motherfucker called the cops on them. What a big motherfucking faggot. I swear to god.

By now you oughtta be hating Mark as much as I do, cause if you don't you're probably a big motherfucking faggot as well.

***The point here is that Mark and people like him piss me off so much because they represent to me how soon people my age and even younger seem to forget what it felt like to be a little kid. Shit, it seems that even the kids are forgetting how to be kids.***

So a nice summer memory was destroyed for two little kids that day, and in its place was this fucked up experience with Mark the motherfucking faggot.

This is a major fucking tragedy in my book, since you have a very limited amount on nice summer days to spend as a kid in life. Period. The clock is always

ticking. Now these poor kids run the risk of growing up to be motherfucking faggots too.

There are other things that Mark the fag could have done, but he made a conscious decision to take the previously described course of action. Mark the fag could have very easily just called "The Village" and said, "it looks like some kids rode their bikes into my wet cement, could you come over and fix it"? I'm sure they wouldn't have said "no way, 'Big Motherfucking Faggot Mark'. How could you have let those little trixters slip through your faggot fingers? You should have grabbed them by the throats and throttled them like the big motherfucking pussy you truly are and then called the cops. You really dropped the ball on this one, it looks like you're gonna have to fix your own fuckin' sidewalk. Sorry, bitchieboy."

Anyway, the stupid cops come and so do the kids' parents. Then they go off with their Dads in their respective cars, probably to go home, get bitched at some more, and then get grounded, all because of Mark the big stupid motherfucking fag.



# HIT SQUAD

Instead, they should have arrested Mark the faggot for assaulting the two little kids. But what really "should" happen, rarely does.

What spineless parents those kids must have, letting that faggot get away with laying his fucking hands on them.

But here's the good part. A few days later I'm walking past Mark's house, and right there on the very same cement that makes up Mark's new sidewalk, I see the word "hell" scratched into it. Then it looks like someone else, in order to go "one up" on the "hell" scraping guy, scrawled the word "fuck" into Mark's new sidewalk, and in bigger letters too.

I like to think that it was those same two kids who came back to seek out their revenge. But who knows?

The point here is that Mark and people like him piss me off so much because they represent to me how soon people my age and even younger seem to forget what it felt like to be a little kid. Shit, it seems that even the kids are forgetting how to be kids.

I've noticed that at punk rock shows. On the rare occasion that I do go out and see a band play, I feel like I'm going to a Cub Scout Bake Sale instead of a rockin' roll show. Everyone just seems so subdued. [Ed.—you can thank lame places like Gilman for that, with their romper room atmospheres and all their dumb fucking rules!]

I'm aware that this is really a shitty time in American his-

tory to be a kid, but if you're bored it's only because you're boring.

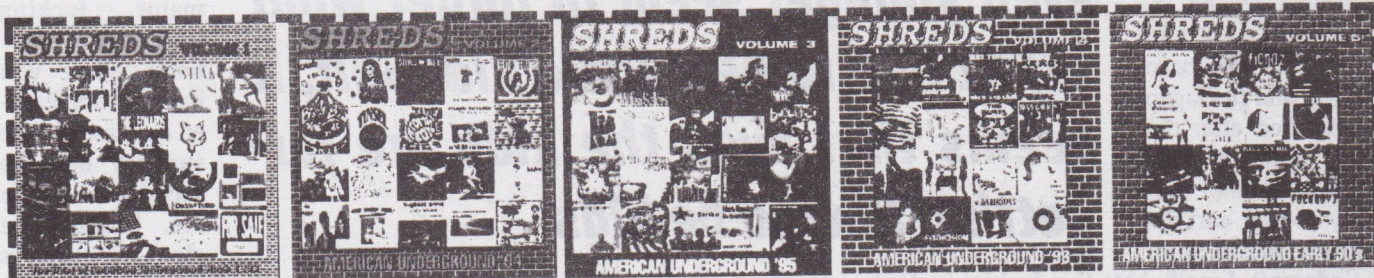
Personally, I can't even imagine boredom. As a matter of a fact my biggest fear is that I won't get to do everything I'd like to do before I kick.

So I just don't go to shows very often because I end up getting depressed and longing for the "olde days", back when the clubs were dark and foreboding, when the scents of fresh sweat, hot leather, and way too much hairspray commingled together and created a smell that was punk rock's own, when you could walk in to a bathroom and see one guy on his knees barfing his soul out in stall one, some hot punk chick on her knees giving head to a lucky recipient in stall two and finally, upon reaching the rear of the latrine, cop a couple of Quaaludes to go. I tend to be kind of romantic when I think about that period of my life. It's the closest that I've ever come to being "happy" so far. I've been "glad", I've had "fun", I've experienced "pleasure" and even moments of "bliss". But nothing that lasts too long.

So instead, here I sit gazing out of my panoramic third floor lower middle class apartment building situated on the edge of Chicago's suburbia, watching my motherfucking moronic faggot neighbor Mark blowing his leaves around. I really hate leaf blowers, and the people who own them.

I often fantasize about shooting Mark from this very window, but it's just a thought and you gotta keep those feelings inside. So I do.

Joey Vindictive: Wed. Dec. 16, 1998 ⊕



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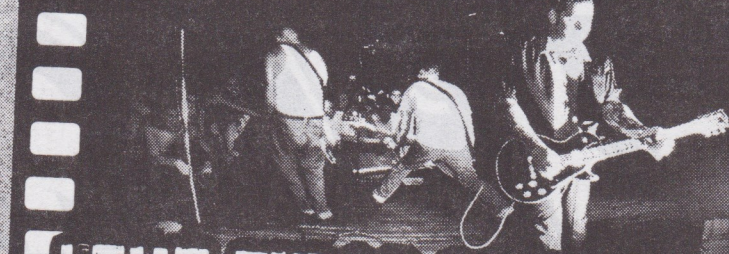


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# FACE TO FACE



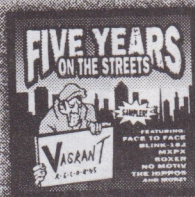
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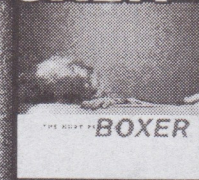
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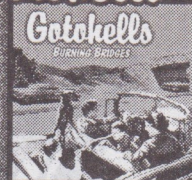
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**FASTBACKS**

**FASTBACKS**



**FASTBACKS**



**M**uch has been written about Seattle's Fastbacks throughout their almost 20-year history. Most articles tend to focus on recent events surrounding the band, while only briefly skimming the surface behind their origins and early history. It is a fascinating journalistic challenge to understand their personal dynamics, and how these interactions played a vital part in defining their storied career. This means going beyond describing Kurt Bloch's talent for playing guitar solos while jumping up and down, or how the slightly out-of-tune vocals of Kim Warnick and Lulu Gargiulo are 'endearing' or 'charming' (or, god forbid, how they've averaged a different drummer every 1.5 years). My holistic conclusion is that these are three people who cre-

cable mom, akin to a big friendly German grandmother; super friendly, but also a bit off-kilter. Kurt's father, while not quite the antithesis of his mother, was a very private man. According to Lulu, Joseph Bloch was a genius and an inventor. Unfortunately, he also could be intimidating because of his lack of social grace.

Kurt Bloch has always been a fan of music. His first instrument was the violin, which he picked up in the fourth grade. Due to various factors that retarded his musical progress, he never got very good at the instrument. Around the same time he also took piano lessons, but his elementary school had neither band nor orchestra, so there was no incentive or excuse for him to practice or get good. At one point, he even tried his hand at saxo-

devour their records with reverence. Previous to the hard rock explosion of the early 70's, Kurt loved 60's pop music, and it was not uncommon for him to spend ALL of his lunch money and allowance on records (keep in mind that this was 1974, a few years before punk rock was even introduced). These myriad influences, along with punk later on, forged the crux of his approach to music, and invariably shaped the huge sonic canvas he would create.

During Christmas of 1974, Kurt got his first electric guitar, a black "Pan" brand SG copy. His first amp was soon given to him by his father. It was an impressive looking transistor amp which Kurt promptly blew out the first time he fired it up.

He recalls always having a passion

for practicing and working

ing on guitars. His second guitar was a Univox ES-335 copy. Kurt would eventually remove the pick-ups from this guitar and install them into his Pan SG with a hammer and chisel. But his first 'good' guitar purchase was a '67 Gibson SG Special in 1980, which he purchased for \$265 with money he made from working at local Seattle record stores. According to Kurt, it was "well worth the money", and it was this guitar that was later pictured on the first Fastbacks single). Since then, he has amassed a huge collection of vintage guitars—somewhere in the neighborhood or 30 or 40.

Kurt loved punk rock from the start. The first punk songs he ever heard were "Neat Neat Neat" by the Damned and "I Wanna Be Me" by the Sex Pistols (the b-side of the "Anarchy In the UK" single). "Punk was all we could ask for in music: Loud. Fast. Just pounding idiotic music. Super kick-ass. Great. Cool." For the first few years that Kurt

**by Scott Lee**

played electric guitar he was mostly discouraged by the sophistication of the guitar players he admired. Axe slingers like Robert Fripp, Brian May, and Ritchie Blackmore seemed so out of reach for him, both in terms of being able to play what they were playing, as

## "Better Than Sthrempf Cocktail" part 1 (1959-1981)



phone, but was discouraged

by a nasty neighbor who worked the night

shift. One afternoon when she was trying to get some sleep, she banged on Kurt's front door and told him that his sax playing sounded 'horrible'. Nonetheless, Kurt loved music so much that he continued to take piano lessons into junior high school. His junior high piano instructor used to encourage students to bring in pieces of popular music to learn. Taking her up on this offer, Kurt brought in Deep Purple's "Made In Japan", and proceeded to learn a piano version of "Smoke on the Water".

As a freshman in high school, Kurt's first exposure to the guitar was in the form of a folk guitar class at Nathan Hale High School. He borrowed his sister's acoustic guitar and would bring it to school every day. At this point in his life, Kurt was listening to a lot of hard rock and art rock. Bands such as Deep Purple, Queen, King Crimson, AC/DC, UFO, Judas Priest, the Scorpions and Blue Oyster Cult were/became staples of his musical diet, and he would

ated and comprise an extremely dysfunctional family, but who refuse to give up or bow down to conventional musical trends. In the end, it's a story about three people who genuinely love rock music so much that fame, fortune and musical proficiency have always taken a back seat to creating quality music.

*[I would like to thank the Fastbacks for their cooperation in the research for this article. My information was culled from six separate interview sessions I did with Kurt, Kim, and Lulu on a one-on-one basis. If you are not familiar with the Fastbacks, this article may read a little like a history lesson or a story. I hope it can be entertaining, and maybe spark a new interest in this incredible band. For those of you familiar with the Fastbacks, I intend to place their body of work within a whole new context, maybe to achieve a better understanding of the Fastbacks as a family, not just as a band or recording. At the very least, I hope this information seems funny and enjoyable to all the readers.]*

KURT THOMAS BLOCH - Born in Seattle, 8/28/60

The son of a Boeing engineer, Kurt grew up the oldest son of 4 kids (1 older sister, 2 younger brothers). His mother, Lila, was a very social and ami-



well as being able to get the same kind of sound out of his guitar and amp. Punk, however, was so simple that it encouraged Kurt to become a better guitarist. Not only was it easier to figure out "Do the Robot" by the Saints than "Fracture" by King Crimson, but the power of the music really captivated him. Punk rock was the ultimate in music, and was harder, faster, and louder than anything else.

According to Kurt, the Ramones were "unbelievable." Much of Kurt's proficiency with the guitar was gained through playing along with "It's Alive". For Kurt, this record and "In Color" by Cheap Trick were especially great albums to play along with. Their common strength was that they had one great song after another ("In Color" was the best record for him to 'tune' his guitar to, since the opening track just starts with an A chord and nothing else). It was never a matter of being able to play rhythm or lead guitar, because for Kurt the two were inseparable. It was always just about playing guitar and having fun. Punk rock opened up the doors for him to become a better guitarist, and subsequently he was able to apply these lessons to understanding and deciphering the more 'sophisticated' music of his childhood. This amalgamation of guitar genres would ultimately define his lead and rhythm styles, as evidenced by such epics as "Better Than Before" and "Banner Year", as well as the straightforward punk bliss

Marge, was the classic TV homemaker in the mold of June Cleaver, except for the fact that she stocked the Warnick household with every imaginable form of junk food invented. Lulu remembers going over to their house during the summers to go swimming, and how Kim's mom would allow them to eat anything, anytime. Kim's brother, Kyle, was named after a boy that she had a crush on in the 5th grade (someone she would chase around the classroom in an attempt to remove his glasses).



Growing up, Kim was somewhat of a reckless attention seeker. Being an only child until her teens, she was used to getting her way and being the center of attention. She has some GREAT sto-

band that she loved the most.

Kim got her first guitar and amp for her 18th birthday. In actuality, these were purchased as a 30-day rental, probably due to the fact that her parents knew that Kim's attention span for things was less than reliable during her adolescence.

Soon after she received it, Kim's little Fender Champ amplifier was promptly blown out by Kurt and Al (Kurt's younger brother, and future frontman of My Favorite Martian). But Kim stuck with the guitar, mostly because of the Runaways, but also because of the Ramones (when all is said and done, the Ramones and Queen are the two bands that really made the Fastbacks possible). With the Ramones and the Runaways, Kim found bands that in her estimation were not very good at their instruments, but who were getting popular. She figured she could do it too. Her first impression of the Ramones debut LP, however, was less than earth-shattering. She remembers hearing Rodney Bingenheimer describe the first Ramones LP as a 'speed trip on vinyl'. But

when she put it on for the first time, she didn't hear any guitar solos. Back then, the rock music she loved always had guitar solos. She vividly remembers moving the needle from her record player and skipping from song to song, trying to find a guitar solo. None could be found. Eventually, however, the record began to sink in, and she took a fondness to its simplicity and irreverence. To this day Dee Dee Ramone remains her biggest influ-

ence as a bass player. Kim has never cared for playing complicated bass lines, and in Dee Dee Ramone she found the basics she loved about playing bass. She never has, and never will care about playing anything more, or anything less, than that which is simple and direct.

Once Kim started listening to punk, she would attend all the punk rock shows that came through town.

## **[Kim] vividly remembers moving the needle from her record player and skipping from song to song [on the first Ramones LP], trying to find a guitar solo. None could be found.**

of "I'm Cold" and "Gone To the Moon".

**KIMBERLY ANN WARNICK** - Born in Seattle, 4/7/59

By all accounts, Kim was a spoiled only child for the first 12 years of her life. Her parents were classic examples of the postwar generation. They threw block martini parties at their house most nights of the week. Kim's father, John, was a banker. Her mother,

ries from her childhood. As far as her musical development is concerned, her first influences were artists who had TV shows, such as Bobby Sherman, the Monkees, and David Cassidy. Later on she became an avid fan of more kick-ass rock (Queen, AC/DC and Blue Oyster Cult), along with other forms of pop and glam music (the Jackson 5, Roxy Music, and David Bowie). The Runaways, however, were probably the



According to Kurt, the litmus test for a Seattle punker was whether or not he/she attended the Ramones show at the Olympic Hotel (later to be the Four Seasons Hotel). Kim and Lulu were at this show, Kurt was not. Kim remembers also going to see bands from England such as Magazine and the Buzzcocks. The loudest show she ever saw was the Clash at the Paramount Theater during the "Give 'Em Enough Rope" tour. She remembers sneaking up the fire escape to get into the show (a common practice for admission to shows and movies for all three Fastbacks). She also remembers laughing at Mick Jones when he told her that the next Clash record would be a double album. To her, no punk band would ever make a double album. She thought he was joking! Little did she know that he was talking about what was to be "London Calling".

The first band Kim ever played in was a new wave punk band called the Radios. This was her first exposure to playing bass (her first bass was a Gibson Ripper). The Radios are mostly notable due to her inclusion, as well as the fact that the drummer, Chris Utting (later Criss Crass), would go on to join L.A. pop punkers The Muffs.

**MICHELILU SUZETTE GARGIULO** - Born in Seattle at N.W. Hospital, 10/12/60 Robert Gargiulo was in the merchant marine and stationed in Japan when he met his future wife Michiyo. They ended up moving to the Pacific Northwest and starting a family. Lulu is the youngest of 3 kids, with an older sister (Maria) and brother (Tony).

Consisting of half Japanese and half Italian ancestry (with also a mixture of Swedish, French and Irish blood), the Gargiulo household was a modest blue collar family. Robert was a streamroller operator who paved asphalt, while Michiyo became a waitress after Lulu was born. Although her parents were very affectionate people, they also had their own dysfunctions which ultimately led to Lulu becoming an extremely independent person. This DIY ethic would prove to be both an asset and a detriment in the years to come.

Although younger than Kurt and Kim, Lulu began her musical studies before either of them. She took classical guitar lessons at the age of 7 (which she refers to as lessons in 'Pauper'

music) which mostly centered around scales and music theory. As we would discover later, her learning scales on the guitar would prove practically useless in connection with her role in the Fastbacks. Lulu also took night school group lessons in folk guitar with her cousin Shannon Wood (Lulu's best friend during childhood, who only lived 12 blocks away, as did most of Lulu's relatives on her father's side). After these lessons ended, Lulu didn't really practice or continue playing guitar with very much enthusiasm. In fact, once she joined the Fastbacks, playing the guitar was just like learning from scratch all over again. She remembered how to play open A, E, and D chords, but bar chords were unfamiliar to her. Lulu's first electric was purchased just prior to the formation of the Fastbacks. It was a crappy sounding Moserite copy which she played through a little Fender Champ.

In school, Lulu tended to get into trouble often for talking in class. She also had an advanced fashion sense, often incorporating suspenders and big hats into her daily outfits. She also had a rather big "Afro". Her favorite class in high school was photography, a class she was able to take for two consecutive years. After her first semester of photography, Lulu stopped attending the lectures and would immediately head for the darkroom, much to the dismay of her teacher, Mr. Hoy.

She also used to bring in a little portable tape player to class and listen to loud music while working in the darkroom. To say Lulu was a character would be an understatement. At the time she met Kurt, she wasn't really into hard rock, but liked music more along the lines of teeny bopper pop music. But the bands she had in common with Kurt were Queen and the Ramones, and she would often come to photography class to develop pictures she took at rock shows, which inevitably led to her meeting Kurt.

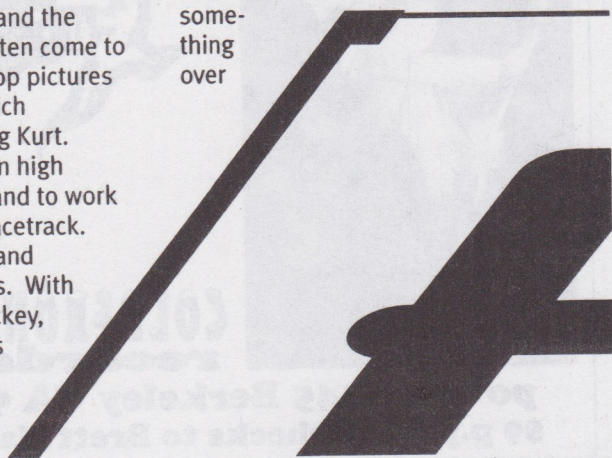
After Lulu graduated from high school, she moved to Portland to work at the Portland Meadows racetrack. Her job involved caring for and cleaning up after the horses. With aspirations to become a jockey, Lulu lived out of the stables and worked 7 days a week (starting at 5 AM). She did this for about 6

months and then moved back to Seattle. In Seattle, she worked at another racetrack, Longacres. After she finally quit a few months later, Lulu ended up renting a house with Kim and another friend, Randy "you're so full of fire" Fehr.

## THE CHEATERS

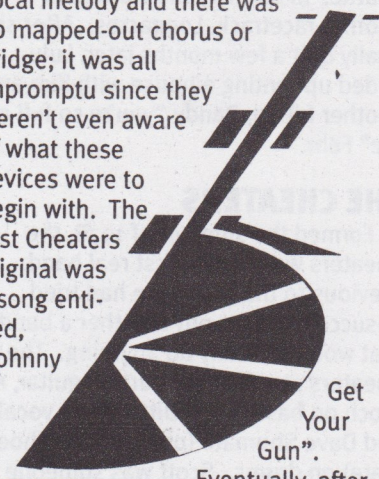
Formed the summer of 1978, the Cheaters were Kurt's first real band. Previous to that point, he had tried unsuccessfully to put together a band that would actually do anything. The Cheaters consisted of Kurt on guitar, Al Bloch on bass, Scott Dittman on vocals, and Dave Shumate (pronounced Shoe-mate) on drums. Scott was someone who just wanted to be in a 'punk rock' band. He was a boy who loved to act New York "tough"; dressed in straight legged jeans, leather jacket, and sunglasses, he tried to be as punk as possible. In contrast, Dave was just someone who wanted to be in a band. Not exactly a fan or follower of punk rock, Dave sacrificed his personal musical tastes just to be part of a band. Just a year apart, Kurt and Al both grew up loving rock music and learning instruments together. Collectively, the four of them created a band that was "1/3 Sex Pistols, 1/3 Blue Oyster Cult, and 1/3 terrible."

The Cheaters were a band that didn't really know what they were doing. The one thing they all had in common was the desire to be in a band. As a result, they learned how to actually constitute a band by hanging out and trying to play together. No one knew how to write songs, let alone proficiently play their instruments. In order to write songs they would sit around in the basement of the Bloch house, play some chords, and have Scott sing something over





the progression. There was no defined vocal melody and there was no mapped-out chorus or bridge; it was all impromptu since they weren't even aware of what these devices were to begin with. The first Cheaters original was a song entitled, "Johnny



Eventually, after many practices and learning what worked and what didn't work, the Cheaters managed to put together an array of originals and covers that would comprise their set list. Some of the covers included "Cars and Girls" by the Dictators, and "The Red and the Black" by Blue Oyster Cult. The original songs would eventually be credited to the band on their first and only single, but they were usually individual composi-

tions that incorporated few if any contributions from the other members.

With the Cheaters, Kurt was able to learn both what he could do and what he couldn't do when it came to being in a band. In many ways, the Cheaters were a learning experience for all of its members. As the only band from Nathan Hale that actually got their shit together (somewhat), they got 'good' enough to play shows at the Bird (the first Northwest punk rock club during the late 70's) and other local venues. Kurt remembers doing all sorts of stupid things in the Cheaters, such as gluing forks and knives to his guitar because he thought it would look funny. Little did he realize that when he would play, the guitar would cut up his arm. On another occasion, he thought it would be funny to play guitar with the back edge of a wood saw (a la Jimmy Page and the violin bow). At the show he just thought "fuck it," and proceeded to cut off all his strings with the blade side of the saw. It was funny, but after he did it the show was over since he didn't have an extra set of strings or a back-up guitar. The best laid plans . .

. The other members of the band didn't fare much better than Kurt. At one show, Scott threw hot dogs at the audience. That might have been funny, but what was even funnier was that the audience threw the hot dogs right back at the band. The stage became cluttered with hot dogs. It is rumored that this "treachery" led to at least one member slipping on a pork python.

The Cheaters stayed together for a little over a year, and then broke up in the Fall of 1979 after a farewell Halloween show. In the words of Kurt, "the Cheaters were pretty ambitious for how terrible we were."

## NO THREES RECORDS

What started out as a bad joke turned into what became the No Threes record label. One day Kurt and some friends were altering a "NO LEFT TURN" street sign that they had acquired. They painted out the left turn arrow and placed a big "3" in its place. For some reason, they decided this was so funny that it had to be the insignia they would use if they ever released a record. No significance should be

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placed on the number 3, though, since it was a completely random choice.

Well, as word tends to travel fast, a band from Bellingham called the Accident caught wind of the No Threes concept. They asked Kurt if they could release a single on 'his label'. He tried to explain to them that it wasn't really a label to begin with, and that nothing had been released at that point. Regardless, the Accident were a bunch of go-getters, and so they funded a 7" for the No Threes label. The Accident's "Kill the Bee Gees" b/w "True Detective" (N3-001) was released in 1979, and No Threes was officially born.

Shortly thereafter (October 1979), the Cheaters released the second No Threes 7", featuring three songs ("Man As Hunter" b/w "I Talk To You"/"How Would You Like To Be The Ice Man?"). All the songs were recorded at Triangle Studios in Seattle, which was located near the Fremont/Ballard area. (It later turned into Reciprocal, and then into John and Stu's.). Kurt recalls finishing the sessions the same day that the Talking Heads played a show at the Egyptian Theater. He left the studio, snuck into the show and even taped it. One thousand copies of the Cheaters single were pressed, but only 600-700 would be available for purchase. 300-400 copies had to be sent back to the pressing plant due to poor labeling and manufacturing problems. A few weeks after they were sent back, the pressing plant went out of business. To add insult to injury, no refund was sent either.

No Threes would last until the early 90's, and the discography would end up looking something like this:

N3-001: *The Accident* - "Kill the Bee Gees" b/w "True Detective"

N3-002: *The Cheaters* - "Man As Hunter" b/w "I Talk To You" & "How Would You Like To Be The Ice Man?"

N3-004 (no 3): *The Vains (featuring Duff McKagan and Criss Crass)* - "The Fake/The Loser/School Jerks" (both sides were marked Side B)

N3-005: *The Fastbacks* - "It's Your Birthday" b/w "You Can't Be Happy"

N3-006: *The Fastbacks* - "Play Five Of Their Favorites" EP

N3-007: *Silly Killers* - "Not That Time Again/Knife Manual/Social Bitch/Sissie

*Faggots*"

N3-008: *The Fastbacks* - "Every Day Is Saturday" EP

N3-009 (in cooperation with the Steve Priest Fan Club): *The Fastbacks* - "In the Summer/Everything I Don't Need/You Can't Be Happy (89)/Queen of Eyes"

N3-010: *Pure Joy* - "Sore Throat Ded Goat" EP

N3-011: *The Fastbacks* - "Very, Very Powerful Motor" LP (later released on Poplana, but originally slated for this No Threes catalog number)

N3-012C: *The Fastbacks* - "Bike, Toy, Clock, Gift" (cassette)

## THE ORIGINS OF THE FASTBACKS

Kim, Shannon and Kurt all graduated from high school in 1977. Lulu was a year behind. During the summer between her junior and senior year, Lulu began dating Scott Dittman. Kim had actually dated Scott when she was in the 9th grade. Kim met Lulu through their mutual friend Shannon Wood, and when Kim found out that Lulu was dating Scott, their acquaintance became more of a friendship. Kim would invite Lulu over to go swimming, and they would hang out at her house and go driving around in her mother's Grand Torino. Once the Cheaters got together, Kim and Lulu would go watch their rehearsals and then drive around with everyone afterwards. At that time, Kim was seeing Cheaters drummer Dave Shumate (who would later date Lulu). Eventually, even Al and Kim started seeing each other. (My Fastbacks conspiracy theory is that the reason they have been able to stay together as a band for so long is because Kurt was the only member of the Cheaters that Kim never dated.)

Anyway, everyone in their circle was very close. They would all spend the bulk of their time together. Eventually Dave quit the Cheaters (but he would come back at the end) and was replaced by a new drummer named James Gascoigne. Since the Cheaters would practice in the basement of the Bloch house, James would leave his drum kit there. Kurt had always thought it

would be super fun to learn how to play drums, and since he had a drum kit in his own house, he started banging on Gascoigne's drums. In his own words, "who wouldn't want to play drums?" But according to Lulu, she was the actual instigator behind forming the Fastbacks.

Kim, Kurt, Lulu and Shannon would frequently go to a club in Edmonds called the King Theater. One night, Lulu remembers seeing a band there that was so bad, that she told Kim, Kurt and Shannon that they were starting a band. Lulu knew they could play way better than the band she was hearing. Thus were spawned the Fastbacks.

The Fastbacks' original line-up was as follows:

Shannon Wood - Vocals

Kim Warnick - Bass

Lulu Gargiulo - Guitar

Kurt Bloch - Drums

At the time the Fastbacks formed (Fall of 1979), Kim was the most accomplished and proficient member on her instrument. Kurt had just started to play drums and Lulu was beginning the process of re-learning how to play guitar.

Shannon's

ability as a singer would never be witnessed beyond their rehearsal space, since she left the band prior to their first show.

Evidently, Shannon had such a problem with stage fright that it even pervaded their practices. She would either force everyone not to look at her while she sang, or she'd go out on the steps of the basement to sing. When it came time for a show, she bowed out because she was terrified at the thought of singing in front of people. Although Lulu did not know how to sing, she stepped up to the plate to replace Shannon. At the time, Kim was also scared at the notion of singing in front of people, but that would later change.

According to Kurt, the early Fastbacks were "way worse than the Cheaters." But while the tired old



cliché of 'musical differences' inevitably led to the demise of the Cheaters, the Fastbacks were just having fun trying to learn and play their instruments. Kim, Kurt, and Lulu vividly remember this early incarnation of the Fastbacks as a sickening and terrible band that was never in tune and thus barely listenable. Lulu thinks that some people may have liked them strictly because they were so bad. The Fastbacks played their first show (with Lulu on lead vocals and lead/rhythm guitar) on February 16, 1980 at the Laurelhurst Recreation Center together with the Vains and Psychopop (early PopDefect). Their set list consisted mostly of cover songs, with maybe an original or two thrown into the mix. Some of the covers they learned included such punk numbers as "Stay Free" by the Clash and "I Don't Mind" by the Buzzcocks, as well as more candy pop songs like Tommy



Roe's "Dizzy", and "Down At Lulu's" by the Ohio Express.

Attendance was pretty good, with most of their friends coming, as well as the friends of the other bands. Kurt remembers trying really hard to rock, but at the same time just being

absolutely horrible (tapes of this first show do exist!). The first Fastbacks original was a Kurt song entitled, "Real People," but it is unclear whether it was debuted at this first show. Kurt believes there is a demo of "Real People" somewhere, but that it is a "TERRIBLE" song.

Shortly around their first show, Kim decided that the Fastbacks should play the old Cheaters song, "Man As Hunter," and that she wanted to sing it. It would later turn out to be the first giant step in the gradual improvement of the band. Lulu admits to not being able to sing well at all. With Kim on vocals, the Fastbacks began writing more new material and learning new covers. Their first demo session was conducted in the front room of Lulu and Kim's house on February 28, 1980. Their roommate, Randy Fehr, had a reel-to-reel which they used to record a demo of 3 songs.

Around the same time the Cheaters disbanded and the Fastbacks got together, Al Bloch started another band with Dave Shumate and Randy Fehr called Wenis. It is interesting to note that The Fastbacks would later record covers of two Wenis songs ("The Right Thing" and "Wait It Out"). Kurt was also getting a lot of crap about the Fastbacks from people he knew. They were just wondering why he was wasting his time with such a shitty band while other people were starting 'serious' bands. Ironical that the Fastbacks would prove to have more staying

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power and obtain far more recognition than any of their early peers. Kurt attributes this longevity to the fact that everyone was having fun in the early Fastbacks. They all loved music, they all loved playing music, and none of them really cared what other people thought. As for Lulu, she was more worried about trying to play the right chord than she was about people laughing at her.

The next Fastbacks demo recordings would take place in August of 1980. Kurt's childhood buddy, Len Skersies, had an 8-track recorder in his basement that he let them use for these sessions. In the liner notes to "The Question is No", Kurt writes, "It was hot out. We had no idea what we were doing. It's probably good we didn't. Things were funnier back then." Out of this session came 8 songs: "Don't Eat That, It's Poison", "Someone Else's Room", "Was Late", "Bus Stop", "Cowboy Song", "Another Thing Coming", "I Don't Mind", and "I Wanna Be With You". Of these demos, only "Don't Eat That, It's Poison" would find itself 'released' (on a K Records compilation called "Let's Sea" and then later on "The Question Is No"). "Someone Else's Room" and "Was Late" would later be re-recorded and released in other forms. "Bus Stop" and "Cowboy Song" are both unreleased Kurt originals. "Another Thing Coming" was actually written by Kim and Lulu, because back then they used to contribute original compositions. And the last two songs were Buzzcocks and Raspberries covers.

## DUFF

Enter future Guns N' Roses bassist Duff McKagan. Although younger than any of the Fastbacks (15 years old), he was already playing in tons of local bands. Duff attended an alternative high school, one which allowed him to pretty much define his own curriculum. Since Kim was 18, she could sign his class credit slips for his 'music' class. One day he was over at Kim and Lulu's and the Fastbacks were about to practice. He asked if he could sit in on drums. They all agreed, since there

was an extra guitar there that Kurt could play (one has to wonder what Duff thought of the band at the time, or if he was trying to tell them something since Kurt was obviously a fairly skilled guitarist at that point). The practice ended up being a lot of fun, so they asked him to join the band. The Fastbacks were beginning to take shape.

### Line-Up, circa 1980:

Kim Warnick - Bass and Vocals  
Lulu Gargiulo - Guitar and Vocals  
Kurt Bloch - Guitar  
Duff McKagan - Drums

The first show with Duff on drums occurred on December 5, 1980 at the Gorilla Room. It didn't take long for this incarnation of the band to enter the studio. On January 20, 1981 they

numbered on the inside sleeve and the label of the single introduces what would become Kurt Bloch's modest publishing empire, Energy House Music. There was also a separate insert included with the single that included lyrics and credits, along with a few early photos.

This first Fastbacks single would serve as a blueprint for future Fastbacks songs. Each song has delicately constructed guitar passages, soaring harmonies, and jackhammer tempos. The Fastbacks would obviously get better at the performance and production side of things, but the songwriting in 1981 was already showing itself to be a unique mixture of pop, hard rock, and punk. It's interesting to listen to this single and contrast it with some of their more recent work. While Kurt's style has definitely matured as

**Little did anyone realize at the time that Duff would only be the second in a long line of drummers to grace the Fastbacks lineup (or that he would end up playing bass on the butt rock classic "Sweet Child of Mine")**

entered Triangle studios for their first real recording session (the engineers and producers were Jack Weaver, Homer Spencer, and Neil Hubbard). Four songs were recorded that day: "Someone Else's Room", "Was Late", "It's Your Birthday", and "You Can't Be Happy". "Someone Else's Room" would find itself on the Engram Records "Seattle Syndrome" compilation LP in 1981. "Was Late" would not see the light of day until 10 years later when the Blaster label in the U.K. re-released the early Fastbacks recordings for the "Never Fails, Never Works" LP. "It's Your Birthday" and "You Can't Be Happy" would be the two songs selected to represent the Fastbacks on their debut single.

One thousand copies of "It's Your Birthday b/w You Can't Be Happy" were pressed and released on the No Threes label in May of 1981. Of those thousand, Kurt may still have a few copies lying around. Each single was

both a songwriter and guitarist, and Kim's vocals have smoothed themselves out, the sound isn't very different at its core. Each song displays a maturity beyond its own sophistication, at times complicated and epic, but also bouncy and catchy.

Duff would end up playing ten Fastbacks shows in total, including at an opening slot for Joan Jett in March of 1981. Little did anyone realize at the time that Duff would only be the second in a long line of drummers to grace the Fastbacks lineup (or that he would end up playing bass on the butt rock classic "Sweet Child of Mine"). Kurt's internship as the drummer had lasted barely a year, but Duff's was to last even less time, as he found himself overcommitted to too many bands. He quit in July 1981, but would return later as their roadie on the Fastbacks first road trip tour in 1984. ⊕

*Part Two and a complete Fastbacks discography coming in the next issue!*



# HIT SQUAD

## THOSE WHO IGNORE HISTORY...

Though I write about music, I spend a lot of my time reading about, thinking about, or watching programs devoted to history. Since my cable system picked up The History Channel, I've watched it more than any other non-sports related fare (at least when the channel isn't showing it's 7000th program devoted to the



Civil War and World War II). I like the channel most when it refers to accepted notions or myths about old events—and then says what *really* happened. It reminds me yet again that in our culture, the myth or the romantic depiction has largely replaced fact in the average person's historic awareness. As the Disneyfication of America increases, as past figures such as Pocahontas lose all their political and social context and become cartoon caricatures, I expect this to get worse. The blockbuster epic movie of the miniseries of the Celine Dion CD of the t-shirt is just too pervasive now to be counteracted by barely-watched educational television and books.

I also often think of the places where music and history intersect (beyond music history, that is, though my love for that is also strong—as I write, I'm starting on Laurence Bergreen's extensive biography of the wonderful Louis Armstrong). I love historical band names such as the Gang of Four, New Model Army, Joy Division, and Catherine Wheel, or song titles such as Rasputina's "My Little Shirtwaist Fire," Peter Gabriel's "San Jacinto" or the Zombies' "Butchers Tale (Western Front 1914)." Even Gordon Lightfoot has made me curious as to the circumstances surrounding "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald." Simple things such as these have had the power to make me read whole books, or scan newspaper articles I used to skip. The hot-button inspiration, the zeal of sudden curiosity is a powerful thing.

Like the protagonist in the remarkable and hilarious novel *High Fidelity*, one thing my friends brood about is that their love of music is "escapist." Particularly those who spend an inordinate amount of time buying it, listening to it, even collecting and cataloging it. My reply is always the same. It depends on how you use it (and *what* you listen

to). Frankly, any obsession can be escapist. But the love of an artistic expression always has the potential to be healthy, enriching, and thought-provoking. And music has provoked me to continue my post-college self-education for the entire 13 years since my graduation.

An example, right from High School: When I was 16 I bought "Anarchy in the U.K." by the Sex Pistols and heard Johnny Rotten sing the lyric, "Is this the I.R.A.? I thought it was the U.K." I wondered what the I.R.A. was and asked around. After I found out, I became interested in the history of the Irish "troubles," far more than if someone had just sat me down in a class and begun lecturing. There is nothing like your own searches for your own discoveries.

Sometime the next year, I also learned what Rotten's references to the M.P.L.A. and U.D.A. were. Soon I devoured a whole new LP devoted to the Ulster situation, Stiff Little Fingers' incredible debut *Inflammable Material*. Shifting to college, I attended speeches on the roots of the conflict by professors from Irish Universities. I bought more records from other Northern Irish bands and shops, such as Good Vibrations Records in Belfast, and got to know some people there who gave me their own first-hand accounts and perspective. Genuine interest is always the first step towards learning anything, and music *with relevant lyrics or ideas* can spark that in me like nothing else.

It still can. Some months ago, I received a single by a band, Olympic Hopeful. I was attracted by its title, "The First Bungle of Lewis and Clark." As it happened, I was at that very moment 150 pages into a thoroughly interesting book about these explorers by Stephen E. Ambrose, *Undaunted Courage; Meriwether Lewis, Thomas Jefferson, and the Opening of the American West*. So naturally I couldn't wait to hear the record. To my disappointment, the song was an instrumental, with no lyrics. The title was mere artistic license. However, it gave me an excuse to mention the book in my review of the disc, in order to amuse Olympic Hopeful and anyone else who happened to read it, in the hopes of similarly throwing a spark into readers' brains to check the book out.

I wrote: "Since these songs are instrumental, you're left wondering just what Meriwether Lewis and William Clark's first bungle *was*. But since my summer reading included Ambrose's new bestseller on their expedition, I can tell you what I think it was: On October 4, 1804, in what is today northern South Dakota, "[t]he soldiers enjoyed the favors of the Arikara tribe women, often encouraged to do so by the husbands, who believed that they would catch some of the power of the white (and one black) men from such intercourse transmitted to them through their wives. Whether the Indians got any such white or black power cannot be said, but what they *had* gotten for sure from their [similar] hospitality to previous white traders was venereal disease, which was rampant in the village and was passed on to the men in the expedition." (Ouch.)

Proof, yet again, that truth is always stranger than fic-



tion, which is what makes me so mad every time a movie based on a real historical event changes the facts to accommodate a "better" story. Why? The *real* story must have been unusual, gripping, surprising, dramatic, and important enough on its own to become so stamped into our consciousness and warrant a movie.

But the movie writers always get away with it, because ultimately we don't really care. Music may lead me and others to become more curious about history, but the trend in this country is the opposite. We are becoming less historically literate, and thus less able to understand the forces that have gotten us to where we are, let alone make intelligent decisions based on that knowledge. Even without the nasty hand of the infotainment industrial complex (and egregious public relations spin control), we are becoming less motivated to learn about our own past. I've read some great books on the subject, none better than a shocking little read called *Lies My Teacher Told Me*. Its main point, other than to also correct blatant misinformation, half-truths, and distortions that we typically accept, is to place the blame on high school history textbooks (and in some case teachers) that plain suck. [Ed.—in my opinion, this particular book is more distorted and politically biased than most of the textbooks it criticizes]

As far as I can tell, the problem is that we grow bored of history, which is how we lose sight of its relevance. Everything taught to a 17-year-old student becomes dates, names, and places, cold data bereft of their nuanced meaning to us now. Memorization of dry and uninteresting factoids and feel-good, rah-rah, wooden analysis is no way to inspire the passion for knowledge in anyone.

The way the central figures and disputes in our history are portrayed is downright cookie-cutter. Some people wear the white hats, the others the black. Thus, we form implausible assumptions. Like that our forefathers were motivated solely out of love of liberty and independence, and not as much out of personal political or economic gain, even though that totally fails to jibe with our understanding of politicians, power-holders, or elected representatives today. People and events are complex, and yet we always seem to want to oversimplify them for easier, more instant consumption and disposal, like a fast-food drive-up window version of current events and history.

I remember the first time I heard of the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794, and the Alien and Sedition Acts soon

thereafter, the first major crises this country faced after ratifying the constitution and naming George Washington head honcho. I was in 11th grade U.S. history class, and I started asking problematic questions of the teacher. "Wasn't the Whiskey Rebellion marked by a valid and familiar complaint by Western farmers against their new government, that they were being taxed without representation? [The excise tax on whiskey was even specific to them.] And weren't the Alien and Sedition Acts an obvious gutting of the brand new bill of rights, especially the right to free speech?"

My teacher, a good one, said "When you're not in power and you rebel, you're a patriot. When you're in power and they rebel, they're traitors and subversives and must be repelled to preserve the State."

This was a bit of an eye-opener for me, and it makes perfect sense. It's no shock that George Washington and then John Adams, just like today's Republicans and Democrats, were capable of seeing the side of a difficult issue that met their own self-interest, even to the point of hypocrisy. (Imagine today's impeachment crisis with everything the same except for it being President Bush instead of Clinton, and a Democratic special prosecutor. Imagine the same rhetoric from the same representatives, only in total reverse, the Democrats howling about perjury and obstruction of justice, and the Republicans saying

"baloney." It's not hard, is it?) Or that their decisions were even more complicated than the issues I raised.

We do not make our original "patriot" founders more interesting by portraying them as some kind of infallible, noble gods—we make them *less* so. They are great figures just the same, even with plenty of gray to match the black and white. They just stop being boring when they become more recognizably human.

I think about this most of all during every Thanksgiving. I like the sentiment of being thankful for family and friends, but the whole Pilgrim part leaves me cold. The Hallmark cards, TV ads, newspaper editorials, comics, and most overheard conversations....It too is such a 4th grade view of what happened, the whole well-fed, tolerant Mayflower heroes and the grateful Indians. I went around this past November asking anyone if they knew what the Pequot War was. *No one* had heard of it. It's not a big star in High School History memories.

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# HIT SQUAD

Any fair-minded look at the facts will show that the Puritanical Pilgrims, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, were not *quite* the wonderful or tolerant or happy people we are told they are every Thanksgiving. They only survived starvation and pneumonia—losing 52 of the 102 that originally arrived in Massachusetts in 1620—with the help of local natives such as Squanto and Samoset, who spoke English. These native tribes had already been here for centuries and knew what to grow (so much for the “grateful Indians” part) and how to grow it. In fact, the local tribes peaceably traded with the settlers, which was likewise the only way the Pilgrims were able to survive economically (after all, they were the point-men and women for a speculative investment from back home, the Massachusetts Bay Company).

Yet only 17 years later, in 1637, after waves of other Pilgrims arrived to reinforce them, the settlers began the first of two major wars of expansion against the Pequot nation, the inhabitants of most of the nearby land. The warfare was completely guerrilla in nature, as the Pilgrims sacked and burned Indian Villages, at one point slaughtering 600 civilians in a village near the Mystic River. (Said William Bradford, “It was a fearful sight to see them thus frying in the fyer, and the streams of blood quenching the same, and horrible was the stincke and sente there of.”) The Pilgrims also kept the Pequot women and girls they captured as slaves.

Some kind of moral heritage this is! Perhaps the saddest thing about Thanksgiving is how much influence the “blatant intolerance and stiff necked sanctimoniousness of the Puritan Spirit,” to quote popular historian Kenneth C. Davis, still has on our national mores. It is certainly a factor in the morality play of Clinton’s troubles, as all his political rivals keep calling for *another* prostrated show of “penance,” as if that would satisfy them and lead them to drop their calls for impeachment as fast as he dropped his pants.

I thought a lot about this stuff while reading the Lewis and Clark book. Aside from the passage I quoted above, the funniest parts of the chronicle are when the otherwise brilliant, valiant, remarkable, and ingeniously improvising Captains met up with different Great Plains Indian tribes throughout 1804 and 1805, some of whom were encountering white men for the first time ever. The dynamic duo would launch into a long speech about how the Indians now had a “new father” named Jefferson, chief of the 17

great nations of the East (the number of States back then), in a far away place called Washington. This new father, who the Indians had never heard of before, now “controlled” the land the natives had been living on for *centuries*. What a great benefit that will be to them! They had better make peace with all the other tribes they were at war with, quickly, and trade only with the countrymen of the new father from now on.

And just in case the natives didn’t buy the benevolence of this wonderful news (what a surprise, they didn’t even understand how this made them better off!), or entertained notions of continuing to trade with the Spanish, French, or English instead of the new kids on the block, then Lewis and Clark punctuated their good cop/bad cop lecture with what Ambrose calls “a magic show.” They fired off their cannon and an air gun—both technological marvels—as a show of force for the astonished locals.

Overall, the speech was a tragicomic, confusing, repeated display (Lewis didn’t pay heed to the bad reaction he kept getting), one that just made the Indians more wary. (Imagine a new boy with a hot slingshot coming up to the

local bullies and saying he was going to tell them what to do from now on, or else his big daddy they’d never heard of would come someday and punish them.) The speech was an example of extreme hubris, one largely at odds with what was actually taking place.

In *actual* fact, at different points in

the expedition, Lewis and Clark and their 30 men, one black slave, one Indian woman, and one dog were on the verge of starvation, while the Indians were eating fine. In particular, like the Pilgrims before them, the party was able to survive the Fargo-like conditions of the 1804-1805 winter, in what is today Washburn, North Dakota, only by buying the Mandan Indians’ corn in exchange for battle axes the American blacksmith made on the spot (thus confusing the Indians more, by preaching peace and then selling them weapons!). The Americans were also attacked by the fearsome Sioux, who just laughed at their silly little speech. The party barely escaped up the river with their lives and crucial stores of supplies.

And yet Lewis and Clark were already threatening the natives, their new neighbors, with their so-called benevolent business interests as so-called equal partners (which, as we know from history, and the Indians could already tell, was a poor bet) and the consequences of dealing with the business competition instead—Microsoft has been accused of less of late. Ever wonder why the Eastern Indians were always siding with the French (in the French and Indian War) and then the British (in the Revolution and later Indian-Territory conflicts) in the Eastern North

***Perhaps it's my own first bungle to think that music will ever be anything but trivial background entertainment and escapist fare to most people.***



American wars, exacting a fearsome toll on American lives?

Meanwhile, the modern image of the Plains Indians as simple-minded, peace-loving, agrarian ecologists is just as much a silly crock, as this book makes plain. Everywhere Lewis and Clark went, the Indians grew angry at the pair's chincy presents (like Jefferson medals!!!), demanding instead crucial guns and gunpowder—either to make war on their neighboring tribes, or to protect themselves from those tribes, who were endlessly raiding them and stealing their food, horses, and (ulp) women.

In short, they were humans. To dispel the *opposite* myth about them, it is just as ridiculous to think they were inferior to the whites, any more than any other advanced culture is today. The Indians were just different. Their resourcefulness in the wild was superior to that of the Europeans, and their socialistic values made for less internal problems (less, not none) and power struggles. But we trivialize and marginalize Native Americans by presenting them as some kind of 18th/19th Century Sierra Club living in total tranquility and harmony with themselves and nature. What technology they had, they used, against the vegetation and animals for subsistence, even against each other. What they got from the Europeans, they immediately put to use, for good and for bad, and vice versa.

In the end, Lewis and Clark's real bungle was to expect human beings that had lived without them for hundreds of years to bow down before them just because they showed up in town with a new big stick, while at the same time desperately *needing* the Indians for food, geographical

## JACKRABID

information, and horses. Or their first bungle was to believe with the apparent earnestness that they did, along with Jefferson, that Western natives would soon be incorporated into the United States as peaceable trade partners and citizens of equal rights, Europeanized like immigrants even though they'd been here all along. The Americans' own brief history had shown them Indian resistance to European and American expansion everywhere on the Eastern half of the country, and further, had shown them the expanding Europeans' resistance to the Indians' assimilation even if they were peaceful. One wonders how these men of extraordinary intelligence—Jefferson included—could so readily discount the examples already around them. But that's what happens when you don't learn from, or willfully ignore, your own history!

And perhaps it's my own first bungle to think that music will ever be anything but trivial background entertainment and escapist fare to most people. Or to think that we will ever have another music culture like the early punk rock movement, whose members thought it happy sport to dig up stuff like the above and debate it with intelligence and a love of inquiry instead of mindless worshipping idols. Or to think that inconvenient facts and contrary historical records will ever dissuade our nation from embracing the bogus Hollywood endings and dueling-extremes-simplifications instead of all that we are and all that we've been. ⊕

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# HIT SQUAD

Welcome to my first column. I appreciate the opportunity presented to me by *Hit List* to....well, basically make a jackass out of myself publicly, and on a regular basis, no less. For those of you who do not know me, here's a few facts and then we can meander off into some useless and unresearched opining. I'm 36, was born and raised in Europe, have been living in the U.S. for twenty years, and have been hanging around various 'alternative' art or music scenes since 1980. Over the years I've enjoyed some success as an 'artist', though designer or cut-'n'-paste hack might be the more appropriate term. About four years ago I moved to San Francisco and started a small music label, Man's Ruin. I have had the opportunity to travel and function in our little alterna-world quite a bit, and despite my own doubts the editors felt that I might have a few valid opinions on matters related to, for lack of a better term, 'punk' and 'the underground'



in general—matters which promise to remain eternally 'pertinent' within our 'scene', thanks largely to the massive internal schism caused by the last few years' worth of endlessly circular pontificating in the pages of MRR. Oh joy! Personally, I could give a flying rat's ass about what is 'punk' or not...for me it originally was, and forever will be, a combination of great music and self-expressive FUN. [Ed.—Amen, brother!] Turning it into some bizarre and pointless internecine Marxist dialogue is a sad waste of time, especially when you consider that your average local TV weatherman probably has more political clout and social import than any 100 punk bands put together. The world is an immense and complex place, and frankly no one outside the scene will ever really care. After all, there are Beanie Babies to collect.

Which leads me, naturally enough, to Garth Brooks. Years ago I thought that I had indeed experienced the Devil in the flesh...her name was Heather, and I was quite proud of having survived the experience more or less intact. But of course I was mistaken, for after all He is The Prince Of Lies, and I was foolish to think that I could have identified and disposed of Him with such ease. For just the other night I saw Him again, glowing arms outstretched, His toadlike form writhing and His grinning face twisting, plastered across my television screen. I, of course, succumbed to an instant catatonic seizure. The remote

fell from my hand, and I proceeded to spend the following hour in an ever increasing state of fear and anxiety. One thought kept looping through my mind. Why? Talentless and physically repulsive, his eyes betraying a complete psychosis, he managed to keep a crowd of tens of thousands enraptured. Perhaps it was merely a momentary physical manifestation for the 50 million or so people that have purchased his recordings, recordings that are, at their base, not even there. How did he attain so much power, and obtain so much public validation? Was it simply the end result of a gigantic marketing machine, churning away on some hidden level in an unceasing effort to exploit the world for its own hidden purposes? Are 'normal' people really that fucked up, or is it me? Have I managed to spend an entire lifetime in a constant delusional state of false self-aggrandizement...when

I'm really nothing more than a pathetic loser, a tick dangling off the edge of the real world? Man's Ruin regularly releases records that are 'better', more 'intelligent', and more 'meaningful'—by any rational standard—than Garth's, and yet only a few thousand people ever buy or hear them. Meanwhile this fake cowboy, the Devil incarnate, opens his arms and croaks out the most banal of words set to synthetic elevator music, and the world crowns him as Emperor. Meanwhile, we 'punks' continue to destroy ourselves by arguing about meaningless labels and abusively categorizing each others' personal stances in an ever-contracting 'scene' that is of absolutely no importance to the world at large. Depressing, eh?

Now, the simpleminded reply to all this will no doubt be, "Hey

man, it's all because of the conspiracy by (fill in the blank) to dominate and control the market, brainwash everyone, etc." Well, wake up and smell the cappuccino through that nose ring, lil' punker, cause it just ain't so. Over the years I've had a pretty good look 'backstage' at just about every one of the corporate entities that are mindlessly blamed for all the world's problems, including record labels, publishing firms, advertising agencies, and film studios. It may well be true they are all controlled by a relative handful of people, about 400 or so, who 'decide' what the rest of us are going to consume in the realm of social fantasy, but I have yet to notice any organized conspiracy to actually determine our tastes. The sad truth is that they are in the business of giving "the people" exactly what they want. Their primary motivation is to make money, and the best way to do that is to appease us by satisfying our lowbrow tastes. It's not THEM...it's US.

I'll be depending on your hate mail for future columns, so please email me at: mansruin@sirius.com.... ⊕

#### Kozik's Current Top 10:

1. Michael Savage on KSFO 560 AM 4-7 pm weekdays, probably the world's most amusing and misinformed "Nazi", transmitting to the San Francisco and environs or on the web
2. Crippled Dick Hot Wax, an amazing German label dedicated to unearthing and re-releasing brilliant and obscure film soundtracks from the 70s. Their 'new' bands suck, though
3. Chilean "Senator for Life" Augusto Pinochet will have to bite The Big One. Finally, my countrymen in Spain do something right!
4. The Impeachment Hearings Toupee Show....gotta love them wigs.
5. Scandinavian Rock, including the Hellcopters, Gluecifer, the Backyard Babies, Turbonegro, all much better than your band
6. Internet Tulip Mania, which is going to make Y2K extra fun. Stock up on your ammo, baby!
7. Babe, Pig in the City, which has more emotion and art than a hangar full of Shakespeare. Or, for that matter, a van full of Rollins. [Ed.—that's easy to believe]
8. Boom from The Idiots, the Peanut Butter Jones-manchild in the city, who, incidentally, gets more ass than a park bench. [Ed.—that's hard to believe]
9. the current spate of WWII movies and books, which make the last fifteen years of being a secret armchair General seem a little less silly. Or, maybe not.
10. Sony Playstation, instead of cable.



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# HIT SQUAD

I suppose that somewhere along the line, somebody went to the end of a long list of "rules of punk" and added one more. There are several things about this that perturb me. To me, punk has nothing to do with music. Punk is an attitude. I believe it was possibly portrayed best in the Subhumans' (the good ones from Canada, that is) song "We Don't Care What You Say, Fuck You". Punk has always meant questioning authority. Punk has always meant being an individual. Punk has always meant doing what you wanted to do. Most importantly, punk has always meant having a total disregard for conformity and rules. Yet rules are being created by punks for punks in this scene every day.



We have a local club here in Berkeley called the Gilman Street Project. This is not meant to be a jab at this particular establishment, but to serve as an example of an undoubtedly wider trend. I respect Gilman Street for putting on shows, continuously fighting the odds, and keeping their doors open. But the funny thing about those open doors is that as soon as you walk through them, the first thing you see is an eight foot wall covered with rules and regulations. I can understand the first few rules

about no drinking and no fighting, since these are things you have to control in order to keep an establishment running, but as you read on the "rules" move into the sphere of political statements that you have to agree with, the types of music and bands that are and are not "acceptable", and the sorts of personal choices that you should make, both while at Gilman and in your everyday life. Once you get past this wall, your eyes fall upon a sight that can scarcely be believed or understood. All the sheep...I mean punks...are there, all wearing the same black hooded sweatshirts, all with the exact same patches on their clothes, and all standing around doing the exact same thing....nothing. They just stand there blankly staring at the bands. I can't tell if this is because they are still bitter about their precious "punk" heroes breaking into the mainstream HALF A FUCKING DECADE ago, or if they don't really understand the music but have somehow

ended up in this scene for lack of a better place to go. This baffles me. Ridiculous rules are being enforced and followed, and people are losing their individual identities, all in the name of punk rock.

Rules are constantly emerging about how you should put out records, what records you should buy, what is and is not punk, what constitutes selling out, who is "good" and who is "evil". Once again, this is all being done in the name of punk. And perhaps worst of all, political correctness. It has sort of a punk rock ring to it, doesn't it? More and more shit is being crammed down our throats about what to buy, what to listen to, and what lifestyle choices we should make if we want to be a good lil' punks. AND, SAD TO SAY, TOO MANY PUNKS ARE MINDLESSLY DOING JUST WHAT THEY ARE TOLD TO DO! What the fuck does being politically correct have to do either PUNK or ROCK? If you see some old lady fall out of her wheelchair, are you supposed to run over and help her back into it, or are you supposed to bust your gut laughing at her? Neither. You're supposed to do what the fuck you want, as long as that doesn't involve actually knocking her out of her wheelchair. If you think her predicament is funny, then feel free to laugh. If you feel sorry for her, then go pick her ass up. If you can't decide, then try a combination of the two. Likewise, if a new record comes out which uses the word "fag" 36 times, or has some other political statement on it that you don't agree with, what are you supposed to do? Are you supposed to buy and enjoy the music on it without worrying about the contents, enjoy the music but take care to keep your hand on the volume knob so that you can mute the "offensive" portions, or simply refuse to buy an amazing new album if it hadn't been for all those gosh darned rules that you had to follow? Unfortunately I know what most of you

would probably choose to do, and you're a bunch of damn pussies for doing it! ESPECIALLY IN THE NAME OF PUNK ROCK!

How the hell all this p.c. bullshit ever got mixed up in rock and roll, I'll never understand. Rock and roll has always been about the portrayal of sex and drugs, and everything else in this world

that's frowned upon by squares, in such a way that you would think that just mentioning the words "rock and roll" would scare away any potential rulemakers. The two just don't go together.

And yet there is a well-known punk publication (whose name I prefer not to mention, but only cuz I'm such a sensitive lil' p.c. fucker) that claims to take rock and roll to its "maximum" levels, yet devotes a high proportion of its pages to setting up rules and regulations for punks and then criticizing all the "immoral" people, bands, and labels that supposedly violate those very same rules and regulations. The remainder of the pages, at least those not filled with revenue-generating ads (which the editors would probably use as grounds for defaming anyone else as a "greedy capitalist asshole who was trying to rip off the scene"), are often used to

***If we tweak a few people along the way, then good. Fuck em'. They probably needed to be tweaked.***



promote bands which behave in accordance with, or at least pay lip service to, the "correct" values promoted by the zine. I suspect that some of these obscure bands have been manufactured out of whole cloth so as to permit their "interviewers" to ask and then answer their own questions, thereby reassuring all the sheep...I mean punks...out there that all the "real" punks follow the zine's rules. Many developments, events, and bands in the punk and rock and roll worlds seem to be avoided merely because they don't conform to the aforementioned rules and regulations. What's ironic is that I frequently see various constipated representatives from this same publication at shows kissing the asses of bands that sing quite un-p.c. lyrics or that blatantly use female body parts to sell records. Personally I don't have a problem with either of these things, but acting this way seems somewhat hypocritical for people associated with that zine. To get back to my earlier statement about "punk" not being a musical style but an attitude, I believe that the music that generally gets classified as punk is just aggressive rock and roll, played and presented with the attitude that I described earlier. Viewed in this light, that particular publication obviously has nothing to do with "punk" or rock and roll, since the attitude they display is hardly "punk" and the music they cover, to the extent that it conforms to their own ridiculous RULES, can't be rock and roll.

On a brighter note, I am quite excited about Hit List. We are coming out of the gate with a very punk attitude—that is, with no rules attached—and plan on covering some of the most rockin' bands, labels, and people that are either part of the current scene (or the "anti-scene", for that matter) or have been a big part of its past. This has been our goal since day

## BRETT MATHEWS

one, and the response we've received so far sort of reassures my dwindling faith in the scene. The first reaction from almost everybody that we've talked to has been, "this is exactly what is needed, let us know what we can do". What more could we ask for?

As far as band articles go, I hope that we bring some new insight into the coverage of your old favorites, and maybe turn you on to some well kept rock and roll secrets along the way. There will also be spotlights on particular record labels, since we want to make you aware of various labels out there that are releasing some of the best new music, such as Junk, TKO, GMM, Rip Off, and Headache, to name only a few. Some of the feature articles might not be about something that you're already interested in or informed about, but we feel that they will all be pretty interesting and relevant to the world of music and popular culture. Just because something isn't directly affecting you or happening to you today, doesn't mean it won't be tomorrow. And as far as our columnists go, what a bunch of assholes—especially that grumpy old Jeff Bale fucker! But I'm nonetheless grateful to get to meet and work with each and every one of them—even that grumpy old Jeff Bale fucker!

Please check out our magazine with an open mind. If we tweak a few people along the way, then good. Fuck em'. They probably needed to be tweaked. Just remember—one person may not be able to change the world, but they can sure piss a whole lot of people off by tryin'. ⊕



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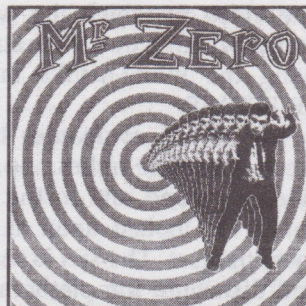
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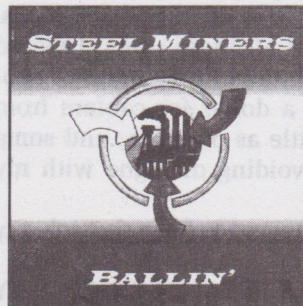
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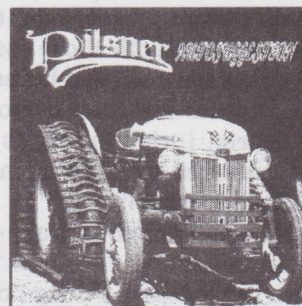
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## Racist Rap Hurts My Feelings

A couple years ago, I was driven from the office job I had held for almost 7 years. I had endured working alongside a horde of bitchy old prune faced hags for long enough. Likewise, I could no longer stomach that dopey pack of change jingling old eunuchs...the office "men". I had fought the entire office for many years...they were all weirded out by my beard and long hair...and the black clothing I wore for the express purpose of annoying them. They thought I was a satanist, so I played along because it intimidated them.

I've learned over the years working at other jobs that it's easier to let my co-workers think I am a satanist, biker, or other "familiar" type of weirdo than to tell them the truth...that I play in a band. If I played in a normal band it wouldn't be so hard to explain...they might even admire me. But, no...I'm a founding member of RANCID VAT...a band that has



been booting out of as many clubs as any other band over the last eighteen years. You would think that as a member of a band so hated that I would be some sort of extrovert on the job...going out of my way to offend people. Really, I'd rather just get through my work day and go home and drink.

Anyway, like I say, it's easier to play along with an untruth than spend time trying to explain myself. I didn't want ANYTHING to do with those old fucks. After working with those fossils all those years, I would still rather have walked home through three miles of sub-zero temperature than borrow a dollar for cabfare from any of 'em. I tried to talk as little as possible...and some days managed to succeed in avoiding dialogue with my co-workers entirely.

Not often enough to make me want to keep that job any longer, though.

After witnessing a dozen co-workers (SPURRED ON BY MY SUPERVISOR, FOR CHRIS'SAKES) publicly gossip about a couple of office gals (who weren't present to defend themselves) that they considered sluts, I figured that was an opportune time to bail out. I filed a complaint

with the "human resources" office...then faxed a copy to every female senior manager in the company and promptly quit, realizing that I had no job to go back to.

I hate job hunting even more than I hate dealing with co-workers...so I took the very first job that came along. Some friends helped me get a lowly clerk's position at a nearby corporate record store on a very trendy street.

I talked myself into accepting the job by rationalizing that I would enjoy being "around music"...and indeed I probably would have if I had gone to work at a store that sold rock and roll, or country, jazz, or even classical. But unfortunately, nobody warned me that the store I was going to work at sells a huge percentage of music made by and for people that, without ever having met me, HATE MY GUTS EVEN MORE THAN THE OFFICE-WORKER SQUARES DID! Yeah, the office rubes thought I was a satanist, or maybe a biker, but the rap imbeciles that patronize the corporate record store are far more judgmental. They take one look at me and what they consider my corny "cracker" get up and figure that I'm a racist asshole like they've been trained to hate by a steady stream of anti-white, hateful rap CDs.

The truth is, the only section of the corporate record store that stocks blatantly racist material is...yeah...the rap section. It brings in a lot of dough, too. Here I might point out the obvious double standard: allegedly racist rock bands are not stocked!! After all, "we don't want to offend our customers"!! Of course if the corporate record store banned ALL blatantly racist CDs the rap floor shelves would be emptied considerably...and it would seriously cut into the store's sales figures. Rap is extremely profitable. White power Oi and "tasteless" punk rock are not.

Very often, the producer of a rap CD will weave a cute little storyline between songs on an hour length album to break up the monotony...a happy skit in which the rapper leads his "homeys" in an attack on some evil white devils. I've researched this hateful trend to the extent that I have spent a sum total of several hours watching rap videos on B.E.T. Wouldn't you know it, the videos promoting these hateful, racist CDs actually show white actors getting the shit knocked out of them. I remember one video in which the white-devil's apparent sin was that of walking down the street in a black community carrying the white-devil's favorite tool of oppression...A BRIEFCASE.

The record companies behind these CDs and videos aren't tiny little indies...no, indy rap and hip hop is considered second rate in the same way that obscure punk bands are looked upon as mediocre by the mainstream rock mindset. The fact is that HUGE LABELS manufacture and distribute the plethora of rap CDs that glorify race-war, pimp-slapping women around and, in general, a daily lifestyle devoted to strutting around shooting or beating up anybody you get a hair up your ass to attack.

You know what? Up to now you may get the idea that



I object to huge corporations making big bucks conditioning naive rap listeners that its "OK" to live and act in a barbaric, violent manner. Well, you're wrong...IM ONLY PISSED THAT AS A WHITE "DEVIL" WHO PLAYS IN AN OBSCURE LITTLE BAND I HAVE NO EQUAL RIGHT TO GET IN ON THE FUN...!!! Don't get me wrong...I have NO DESIRE to emulate rap's blatant racist slant.....I only want my bandmates and I to be granted the same freedom of expression granted to rappers.

It's really common for rap CDs to feature little "comic" blurbs that stereotype racial groups. Koreans, Italians, and of course homosexuals are constantly poked fun of. My band has had the plug pulled out live several times for between-song banter that is pretty tame in comparison with what you hear on the some of the biggest selling rap CDs.

As far as I'm concerned, rap died with EASY E. It has degenerated into the most predictable genre carried on our corporate racks. Current rap releases feature one of two covers:

COVER A): Rapper is depicted on cover with a surly frown, and is displaying a lot of flashy, shiny (and probably phony) jewelry. A few slutty "ho's" are often draped over the rapper. Sometimes the cover will show the rapper with a group of lackeys...if so, they always sport equally menacing scowls. Smiling on a rap album cover apparently went out of vogue with the FAT BOYS.

COVER B): Same as above, but utilizing the safe, timeworn but marketable "Mafioso" motif.

That's it!! If you think I'm exaggerating, go to your neighborhood corporate record store and check it out. Even the most boring and lame rock acts are packaged far more creatively.

Other genres of music are routinely criticized for ignoring the "founding fathers" of the particular genre in question...country being a prime example. Yet to this day, at least Jimmy Rodgers and Hank Williams are represented in the country section at any corporate record store. The fickle finger of rap, however, relegates ITS founding fathers to other sections of the store!!! The dudes who started it all, the LAST POETS and the WATTS PROPHETS, are often filed under "spoken word", and Rudy Ray Moore and Blowfly have been buried in the comedy aisle. Since nobody...and I mean NOBODY...is interested in rap from a few years ago, with the exception of a couple of SUGARHILL and DEF JAM collections, you will find old rap "filed" away at your local thrift store.

When I first went to work at the corporate record store, I was given a tour and shown the three different sales

## WHISKEYREBEL

floors: the ROCK floor (which is the main floor), the Jazz floor (upstairs), and the RAP floor (which is in the basement). I inwardly dreaded the thought of working on the RAP floor. I needn't have worried...the supervisors who prepared the schedule every day made a pointed effort to keep me from working in the basement for even five minutes. At first I didn't really understand, but then it took me a while to realize that there is a conspiracy of silence concerning most matters involving "race" within the store. Suffice it to say that the supervisors ALL KNEW just by looking at me that there would likely be trouble if I were manning the register on the rap floor.

My first couple weeks on the job, I heard numerous comical accusations of racism from our customers. I must have directed one hundred people a day to the rap section "in the basement". An alarming number took exception to the location of rap, as if by locating the genre in the basement it was part of a white devil plan to symbolically "keep 'em down". Then there were the two black junkies who ripped off a couple thousand postcards. When

stopped by a huge black "loss prevention" agent and myself, one paranoid fellow crooked a finger at me and declared that I was "pulling that ol' cracka shit"!!! And how about all the customers who wanted to

***They take one look at me and what they consider my corny "cracker" get up and figure that I'm a racist asshole like they've been trained to hate by a steady stream of anti-white, hateful rap CDs.***

exchange scratched up stacks of weatherbeaten CDs they probably bought at a flea market...without a receipt. Scamming customers of all races are always turned away. I've heard more than one black customer try to play the race card by accusing the store of being "racist" by not accepting scratchy CDs without a return receipt.

I was quickly promoted to supervisor myself....and found myself being personally accused of racism on a regular basis. One dude argued with me for several minutes because I wouldn't give him a refund on a couple of beat up cassettes without receipts.

At one point in the conversation, he said "can't you tell by looking at me that I'm no thief"? AhHa!!!, I thought. He's ASKING me to discriminate in his favor based on his neat appearance. I told him that NO, we don't judge customers by their appearance.

Two minutes later, the fellow that was upset with me for REFUSING TO make a decision based on "appearance" was accusing me of discriminating against him!!! I hear enough of this crap working up on the ROCK floor... if I were stationed behind the register in the basement I would be hearing this kind of crap every hour.



# HIT SQUAD

Why? Because of my appearance. Honestly, I go out of my way to leave all my shirts with rebel flag artwork at home. Black jazz and R&B customers seem to like me, but nothing I do will change the fact that I'm an overweight, longhaired, bearded "cracker", and therefore a racist, in the eyes of many of the store's rap customers. The average rap customer is young and has been conditioned by the simplistic "us versus them" rap lyrics to judge people based on their appearance.

I've read a lot of editorials condemning cops for assuming that every young black male they see is a criminal. That sort of open-mindedness is almost universally forgotten when the tables are turned. So, ALL cops end up being considered racist bullies, and likewise the fact that many rap customers hate ME based on my appearance is treated as business as usual. I haven't seen many editorials lately urging tolerance for people who look like me.

Of course, if the tables were turned, if one of our many black employees were "disrespected" by a white customer in a racial manner, they'd be shown the door by our security staff. In fact, I have personally defended a couple of black clerks from rude attacks by white customers using the word "boy" and shit like that. But, if you are white, you don't have the right to even suggest that a black customer is behaving in a racist fashion. Black-on-white racism is just considered a silly notion, or merely an excuse used by white racists to draw attention away from their own hatred. The prevailing social opinion is that only whites are capable of being racist.

So, white male clerks in the basement at work have been knocked down, insulted ("hey, faggot" is a popular line), threatened, and humiliated without any action or measure taken by management or security to prevent future instances of trouble. Most female clerks, black OR white, are FUCKING TERRIFIED at the thought of being stationed in the basement. The store management staff makes a big deal about circulating memos that rail against on-the-job sexual harassment to its employees of all kinds...EXCEPT when it comes from the customers.

We used to have a punk rocker with an elaborate mohawk working at our store. When he was on duty he'd often have to work the register in the basement and take shit from all the rap kids who thought he looked silly. Well, maybe he did look kinda silly, but surely no more silly than the parade of rap and hip hop fans hanging out on the street with sticks jutting out of their mouths, wearing workboots that they'd never consider working in, making a "statement" by wearing expensive yachting

apparel preferred by crotchety old rich white dudes.

My return "statement" to kids into rap is this: quit spending so much money on trendy clothing. Learn to question what you hear on CDs. A lot of it is plain old horseshit being troweled out thoughtlessly, such as the incongruity of an artist praising and thanking god in the liner notes of a CD, and then turning around and advocating violence. There are plenty of whites and blacks that get along great...study THEIR example if you really want to be educated.

I can't help but feel like I'm gonna be job hunting again really soon.

Even though I'm supposedly working in a tolerant environment dedicated to "music", I can't think of a single warehouse or office I've ever worked in where racial hatred was so ignored. Hell, I've worked temp jobs at fucking banks—long thought to be amongst the most evil of institutions—and been a bill collector in the black part of town, and I've NEVER seen anything like it. I lay much

of the blame at the feet of the rap music industry. I've never, ever heard a racial insult or joke on the part of any employee at the corporate record store. It's a fucking shame that the rap music industry feels the need to brainwash so many kids into behaving

they are supposedly preaching against.

By the way...in my opinion the best guys to work with at the corporate record store are the security guards, 95% of whom are black. They've got my back, and I've got theirs. A lot of the guys seem just as disgusted with the "gangsta" mentality as I am. Some of 'em are Muslims, some are Baptists. Some are just heathen party animals like me. But we've all grown up past the stage where we feel like we have to live out gangsta' rap or white power lyrics. They know I can't stand rap or hip hop.....and they just laugh it off...why the fuck should they care???? I don't fucking care that they aren't into RANCID VAT...why the fuck should I????

The next time I hear anybody sniveling about an obscure punk rock band whose records are banned from chain stores for allegedly being "racist" or "sexist" or "tasteless", thee WHISKEY REBEL is gonna grab 'em by the pencil neck and drag 'em down to the rap floor at work and show them what a roomful of hateful mainstream major label releases looks like. Like my dear old Mother used to say when I whined too much..."quit crying, or I'll give you something to really cry about!!" ⊕

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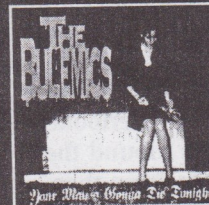
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# HIT SQUAD

**A**h, the punk and hardcore youth of today. And I'm not making some Ray Cappo reference here, either. Some of 'em have no sense of musical history or, if they do, it dates back to the 80s and the cheeseball new wave and hair metal bands of the period. It makes me cringe to see an otherwise cool local punk band, the Unseen, covering Poison's "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" and lauding GNR's "Appetite for Destruction" as one of the greatest albums ever in an interview I did with them recently. Now, "Appetite" certainly had some decent songs, but one of the best ever? Plus, Messrs. Axl and company weren't exactly shy about stealing where they had to... always thought, for instance, that the acoustic bridge on "It's So Easy" was lifted rather blatantly from

honest, my poorly-developed social skills meant a paucity of friends. Emo didn't exist then, so if you were a geek, you were likely to be unpopular. When I became aware of punk's existence in '77, I embraced it whole-hog, one of the first 3 or 4 people in my suburban Boston community to do so (and I have to thank Paul "Greeny" Greenberg for providing me with punk rock baptism via "God Save The Queen"). That still didn't make me cool and I still felt alienated from most of the people in my high school but at least that sense of alienation would eventually become somewhat more socially acceptable or hip. Not that it really mattered to me.

Before punk, though, there was a musical search. Around '72 and '73, there was a shift in my taste from the top 40 of my pre-adolescence to the discovery of the wonders of sonic destruction, the liberating properties of guitars played at full volume. A neighbor bestowed on me "Led Zeppelin II" and Grand Funk's second album (the one with the red cover). I had recently picked up "Who's Next," as well. These were epiphanies in the development of my love for the rock. Somehow, though, Black Sabbath escaped my radar until the college years, around '78. I was aware of their existence but never checked them out. Then, Bob "The Wizard," the dorm-mate who played "Children Of The Grave" so often that our residence assistant threatened to break the album over his head if he continued to do so, enlightened me to the wonders of Ozzy and company. Actually, that came after I had heard the Dickies' version of "Paranoid" and had my curiosity piqued.

But I digress... Aerosmith were the shit and hit me hard. The first exposure came via the ballad "Dream On," but then I discovered that the rest of their debut album was a stripped-down, hard rockin' intoxicant. Sure, they got critiqued as Stones/Yardbirds worshippers, which they were, but my critical detectors weren't quite so astute at the age of 13. It rocked and that's all that mattered. There was a feeling of excitement when "Get Your Wings" came out the following year. Coming home on a rainy day, tearing off the shrink-wrap and being bombarded by the ferocious likes of the bad-ass "Same 'Ol Song and Dance," "SOS" and their piledriving take on "Train Kept A Rollin'." Even a cool mellow number in the aforementioned "Seasons Of Wither." The Aeros ruled the Boston area at that point. Their albums tended to come out in the spring and harkened the onset of the warm weather and many hours spent blasting those spirited tunes. "Toys In The Attic" and "Rocks" followed in '75 and '76, respectively. For my money, "Rocks" is still one of the best rock albums ever and kicks my ass to this day—side two is perfection, especially the leadoff 1-2 bludgeon of "Sick As A Dog" and the super-heavy "Nobody's Fault." "Rats In The Cellar," "Combination" and "Lick And A Promise" shouldn't be overlooked, either. "Toys" also has its moments, although I found the big-band swing of "Big 10 Inch Record" kitschy even then—swing revival 23 years before it became trendy but it still sucked. No suck in sight for the title track, the surging, melodic "No More, No



Aerosmith's "Seasons Of Wither."

Anyway, that's a function of their age, of course, and my being an old fart (well, at least I'm a relatively young fart among the columnists here—what a refreshing twist!) means that my points of reference date back to the 60s and 70s. Except for the second generation heshers, who got the Zep and Sabbath records passed down from their dads or uncles, there's a decided lack of appreciation for, say, a Uriah Heep or Blue Oyster Cult. Aerosmith are such a pathetic parody of themselves at this point that many folks don't understand how great those guys were in the mid 70s. So I've decided to use my first column in this embryonic publication to wax unabashedly wistfully and with more than a degree of adoration for the music of my bygone, pre-punk rock youth. At the outset, let me state that most of these tunes are readily available on CD but I prefer the vinyl experience. Now that I reside in a house instead of a cramped two bedroom apartment and have some space for all the crap accumulated over the years, I've been rediscovering and rebuilding my 70s vinyl collection and, crackles 'n all, it never sounded so good.

An adolescence spent in a suburban bedroom listening to records on a crappy turntable while devouring music reference books. Not the most productive way to spend my time, I suppose, but there wasn't all that much else to do. I didn't want to run around with the stoners or jocks or whatever 70s social group you could think of and, to be



More" and chord on chord crush of "Round and Round." "Walk This Way" was a deserving hit, as well. The chink in the armor came for the disappointing "Draw The Line," although it had its moments... but that album came out in the fall of '77 and my attention was turning to punk. The first four albums remain mantra and if your only exposure to Aerosmith is the song-doctor hackwork they've been churning out since the mid-80s, I don't blame you for thinking they suck. But that wasn't always the case...

The summer of '76 was a real time of personal musical enlightenment. "Rocks" was getting plenty of turntable time and it was also when I picked up a used copy of Iggy's "Raw Power" album at a headshop for 3 bucks. Damn, what a life-changer. Of course, everyone knows about this album's greatness now, but Iggy's profile wasn't all that high at the time and this was quite a wonderous discovery. It was as if the proprietor of the shop knew what I needed and when he slapped that album on in the store, I was hooked. It was

also the time when I got my first Blue Oyster Cult albums. I'd read about the band in a paperback book called "Rock Revolution" and the great Lester Bangs had written a chapter about heavy metal. The way he described the

"white-hot screeching guitars, the guitars that destroyed the world," I had to check this shit out. My grandmother had taken me into Boston on a shopping excursion and offered to buy me some records, so I had her plunk down the cash for Thin Lizzy's "Jailbreak" (not a bad album, especially the title track and "The Boys Are Back In Town," but also spotty) and the Cult's live double, "On Your Feet Or On Your Knees." The effect wasn't immediate, but after repeated listenings, their cleverness and brainy rockitude began to sink in. It wasn't quite what I expected, after Brother Lester's testimony, but there was something to it. The Cult's brilliance became more apparent when I went back to the head shop and picked up a used copy of their third album, "Secret Treaties," with the hard-driving "ME-262" and "Dominance & Submission." It wasn't the purity of volume provided by Aerosmith, but those songs sank their way into my brain. So did "The Red & The Black" and "Hot Rails To Hell" off "Tyranny and Mutation" (album number two, following their eponymous debut). That's probably my favorite Cult album, a blend of fiery rockers and moodier, darkly-hued savagery done with subtlety and nuance. The thing about the Cult was the tongue was very deeply in cheek and they didn't let onto the joke too easily... I suppose the songs about the WWII firefights, fearing the reaper and harvesting eyes (written by their pal

## ALQUINT

Richard Meltzer) should have been a dead giveaway but, like I said before, I was young. "Agents Of Fortune," with "Don't Fear The Reaper," isn't in that league, though. Funny, it came out at the time I was discovering their older albums and by the time I got around to "Agents," late in the summer of '76, it seemed watered-down. Another band that were never as good after that but those albums up to "On Your Feet" are still worth hearing.

Well, this is starting to get long, so I'll close by mentioning a few more 70s favorites. That red-cover Grand Funk album mentioned before is a boogified keeper and features some gloriously fuzzy bass and guitar parts. The drill-press guitar effect for "Paranoid" makes it worthwhile, alone. Sweet put out some killer albums in the 70s, before they gave themselves over to the glossy pop of "Love Is Like Oxygen."

They started out as bubblebum boys but eventually threw off the shackles of the Chinnichap songwriting factory and started writing their own burners. "Desolation Boulevard" was a merger of two worlds, pop and hard rock and they balanced it

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well with "Ballroom Blitz," "Set Me Free" and "Fox On The Run." "Give Us A Wink" is a kick-ass hard rock album and, unfortunately, out of print... there is a collection CD available on Capitol, but it has an inferior version of "Action." Try to find the original if you can. "Action" is a fuckin' anthem and they keep up the volume attack for "Yesterday's Rain," "White Mice" and "Cockroach." Sizzling guitars and impossibly high vocal harmonies.

I can't end this column without mentioning Uriah Heep. Pompous and pretentious and so over the top that you can't help but be charmed by their audacity. And "Easy Livin'" is one rockin' song. Another band with ridiculous harmonies (the "oo-ah" for "Bird Of Prey" will have you convulsing with laughter) to go along with David Byron's ludicrously excessive vocals, Mick Box's guitar buzz and pumped-up organ of Ken Hensley. "Gypsy" features an insane closing organ solo, after the main riff has been numbed into your consciousness for six straight minutes. A classic...

Hey, I also publish my own 'zine called Suburban Voice. For mailorder info or for any other comments/correspondence, e-mail me at [alellen@shore.net](mailto:alellen@shore.net) or write to me at PO Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903. Next time, perhaps something less self-indulgent. Or maybe not... ⊕



# SHITLIST

Welcome to the Hit List record review section, which we've affectionately entitled "Shitlist". Why, other than the fact that L7's "Shitlist" is a bitchin' rock 'n' roll song? Because most of the records that come out these days are shitty, and hence can be said to be on our shitlist. As a diehard fan of rock 'n' roll, I feel a constant urge to make other diehard fans aware of the existence of great bands and great records, not to mention steer them clear of the flood of mediocre and piss-poor releases which are an inevitable byproduct of the DIY ethos characteristic of punk culture. Certainly this DIY ethos has its good side, in that virtually anyone has the ability to make a record, however lacking in resources they may be. But the downside is that anyone and everyone, including the utterly talentless and hopelessly mediocre, now have the means to subject other people to their awful racket. In practice, the result is that in any given month, hundreds of 45s, EPs, LPs, and CDs are released, the vast majority of which aren't worth hearing. Unfortunately, that means that it's necessary to wade through a huge mass of flotsam and jetsam in order to discover a very small number of gold nuggets which alone serve to make the entire process worthwhile. Still, it's depressing for music fans to have to spend hours and hours listening to crap before stumbling across the vinyl equivalent of "nirvana". I suppose one might argue that the time and effort which one wastes end up making the discovery of gold that much sweeter, but personally I'd like to be able to find out about the great stuff without being subjected to boatloads of dross.

Fortunately for you, dear reader, that's the job our intrepid reviewers have taken it upon themselves to perform. We shall act as sacrificial lambs (by subjecting ourselves to the sonic equivalent of torture) so that you won't have to. How masochistic and altruistic can we be? Well, not very. We are in fact acting solely on the basis of our own selfish interests. We're trying to get ahold of all the

good records before you can, and we're only turning you on to them because we're opinionated assholes who want to foist our tastes upon the ignorant, unwashed masses. It certainly isn't because we're really willing to suffer like martyrs for your collective sins of laziness and inertia. Alas, in spite of our rampant selfishness, you all inadvertently end up benefitting, if only because you don't have to throw away years of your pathetic lives actually listening to all the garbage that's out there. Lucky you.

And so, without further ado, let me introduce you to our indefatigable reviewers: Jeff Bale (JB); Kitty Bartholemew (KB); Jimi Cheetah (JC) of SCREW 32, TILT, and Cheetah's Records; Kevin Cross (KC) of the GOODFELLAS, BIG RIG, and the NERVE AGENTS; Dave Johnson (DGJ); Barrie Hellbilly of CHRIST ON PARADE, the HELLBILLIES, and PLAN 9; Ramsey Kanaan (RK) of AK Press; Greg Lowery (GL) of Rip Off Records; Brett Mathews (BAM) of Coldfront and Sin City Records; Chuck Pettry (CP) of Alternative Tentacles Records; Jade Pudget (JP) of A.F.I. and LOOSE CHANGE; Ian Randumb (IR) of the RANDUMBS; Nick 13 of TIGER ARMY; and Jami Wolf of Man's Ruin Records (JW). In the future, we'll undoubtedly be incorporating additional reviewers into our current lineup, in particular more experts on 60s music and some truly obnoxious motherfuckers who favor only the most primitive and garage-oriented sounds.

It's important at this point to clarify one important distinction between a fanzine proper and a rock 'n' roll magazine such as Hit List, which has pretensions of providing more or less comprehensive coverage of new punk-oriented and underground rock releases. If I was the editor of a pure "fanzine", i.e., a music zine that reflected solely my own idiosyncratic tastes, there would be no coverage whatsoever herein of sappy pop punk (as opposed to good pop punk in the RAMONES, UNDERTONES, and BOYS vein), slick "professional"

punk, pretentious navel-gazing "emo", or dorky "straight edge" hardcore. All you'd be reading about in a Jeff Bale fanzine would be proto-punk, 77 punk, garage punk, 60s punk, Oi, various British invasion subgenres, glam, psychobilly, and guitar heavy power pop. Period.

Certainly you would never see rave reviews for wussie college radio bands like J CHURCH and JETS TO BRAZIL in it, and stuff appearing on labels such as Fat, Epitaph, and Lookout would be almost entirely displaced by releases from primitive punk labels like Crypt, Estrus, Get Back, Headache, Junk, and Rip Off. Alas, this is not my personal fanzine. Hence we are obliged to cover most releases that fall broadly within the punked-out rock 'n' roll category, including a shitload of garbage that I personally detest. In short, the record review section of Hit List has to serve as a relatively neutral ground in which all sorts of underground rock 'n' roll releases can receive a fair hearing. As such we generally make an effort to distribute records to reviewers who are general fans of the style of music found in their grooves, as opposed to reviewers who hate the entire musical subgenre within which they fall. An unfortunate byproduct of this policy is that more records get good reviews than actually deserve to—regardless of which particular style of music you happen to like. It is therefore incumbent upon you, dear reader, to familiarize yourself with the peculiar tastes of each of our reviewers so that you won't be misled by their reviews. At the very least, keep in mind that each review reflects only the taste of its author, not that of our entire staff. As in other contexts, one must read critically.

At present we can't pretend to be able to provide as comprehensive a coverage of new punk releases as MRR and Flipside, which after all have been around for almost two decades and receive hundreds of obscure one-off releases from all over the world every month in addition to releases on all of the larger underground labels. But I am confident that within a very short period of time we will be able to do so, and until then the vinyl junkies who currently serve



as Hit List reviewers will be exploiting their individual contacts and actively seeking out such obscurities so that we can evaluate them for the benefit of our readers, not to mention add them to our own record collections. I also urge every punk label out there, big or small, to send us their new releases so that we are able to increase our coverage to the levels currently found in these other venerable publications as rapidly as possible. In this context, we won't be able to help you if you don't help us.

In any event, in order to give you a better idea of the type of crap our sorry reviewers like—myself included—I present you with our retrospective/current “Top 10” lists below:

Jeff Bale

### Ramsey's Top Ten

(NO PARTICULAR ORDER)

1. HUSKER DU-EVERYTHING
2. ATOM & HIS PACKAGE-EVERYTHING
3. DILLINGER FOUR-MIDWESTERN SONGS OF THE AMERICAS
4. DESCENDENTS-ALL OF IT
5. NOFX-WHITE TRASH/PUNK IN DRUBLIC
6. LEATHERFACE-EVERYTHING
7. LAST RESORT-EVERYTHING
8. VAPORS-GREATEST FUCKING BAND EVER
9. U.K. SUBS-ENDANGERED SPECIES
- 9.5.PUBLIC IMAGE-SECOND EDITION
- 9.75. ZOUNDS-EVERYTHING
10. ADVERTS-CAST OF THOUSANDS

### Jami's Top Ten

1. HELLACOPIERS-SUPERSHITTY TO THE MAX/PAYIN' THE DUES
2. COCKSPARRER-SHOCK TROOPS
3. ANTISEEN-HONOUR AMONG THEIVES/SOUTHERN HOSTILITIES
4. TURBONEGRO-APOCALYPSE DUDES/ASS COBRA
5. REAL KIDS: DEC 18TH/HELLACOPIERS DEC 18TH/ PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES/REDUCERS SF SEPT.25TH
6. BACKYARD BABIES-KNOCKOUTS!
7. GAZA STRIPPERS-LACED CANDY
8. THE KIDS -REISSUE FIRST TWO RECORDS/ SNUKY TATE EP
9. AUSTIN'S FINEST: THE BULEMICS, THE CHUMPS, THE RIVER CITY RAPISTS
10. JOHNNY THUNDERS AND THE HEARTBREAKERS-DTK: LIVE AT THE SPEAKEASY /SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS BAND-SWEET NOTHING

# THE HIT LIST

### Jim's Top Ten

5 OF ALL TIME:

1. THE STOOGES-RAW POWER
2. BLACK FLAG-THE FIRST 4 YEARS
3. THE BIG BOYS
4. DEAD KENNEDYS-PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS
5. THE MINUTEMEN-DOUBLE NICKELS ON THE DIME

5 OF 98'

- SLOPPY SECONDS  
ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEN  
BORIS THE SPRINKLER  
MORAL CRUX  
TEEN IDOLS

### Kitty's Top Ten

1. MELT-BANANA CHARLIE
2. TALK IS POISON
3. R.L. BURNSIDE
4. CORNERSHOP'S MERGE RELEASE
5. MOUNT SHASTA
6. DEPARTMENT-H - CRAZY JAPANESE COMPI-LATION
7. FAT BOY SLIM
8. ZEN GUERRILLA
9. CALEXICO
10. THE EX

### Kevin's Top Ten

1. THE MISFITS-BOX SET
2. T.S.O.L.-DANCE WITH ME
3. BLACK FLAG-THE FIRST FOUR YEARS
4. CIRCLE JERKS-GROUP SEX
5. DEAD KENNEDYS-IN GOD WE TRUST, INC.
6. DICK DALE-THE BEST OF...
- 7.THE METEORS-WRECKIN' CREW
8. AGENT ORANGE-LIVING IN DARKNESS
9. SLAYER-REIGN IN BLOOD
10. JOY DIVISION-UNKNOWN PLEASURES

### Jeff's Top Ten

1. CLIT COPS-FUCK 'N' ROLL 10" EP
2. LEAVING TRAINS-FAVORITE MOOD SWINGS CD
3. LOLI & THE CHONES-P.S...WE HATE YOU CD
4. REAL KIDS-LIVE
5. SHIFTERS-MIX IT UP EP
6. STALLIONS-HEY BABY, IT'S... CD
7. TURBONEGRO-APOCALYPSE DUDES CD
8. V/A-GOIN' AFTER PUSSY CD
9. V/A-MAXIMUM FREAKBEAT CD

### 10. V/A-NOBODY TO LOVE CD

### Dave's Top Ten

1. JAWBREAKER-24 HOUR REVENGE THERAPY
2. JETS TO BRAZIL-ORANGE RHYMING DICTIONARY
3. AVAIL-OVER THE JAMES
4. DILLINGER FOUR-MIDWESTERN SONGS OF THE AMERICAS
5. SCREECHING WEASEL-TELEVISION CITY DREAM
6. LAG WAGON-LET'S TALK ABOUT FEELINGS
7. J CHURCH-CAT FOOD
8. ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE-BEHOLD, I SHALL DO A NEW THING
9. MORAL CRUX-SOMETHING MORE DANGEROUS
10. METALLICA-GARAGE, INC.

### Jade's Top Ten

1. REFUSED-THE SHAPE OF PUNK TO COME
2. SWINGIN' UTTERS-FIVE LESSONS LEARNED
3. GOOD RIDDANCE-BALLADS FROM THE REVOLUTION
4. NERVE AGENTS-S/T
5. AT THE DRIVE-IN- IN/CASINO/OUT
6. FURY 66-FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD
7. JETS TO BRAZIL-ORANGE RHYMING DICTIONARY
8. SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE-HOW IT FEELS TO BE SOMETHING
9. NOFX-SO LONG AND THANKS FOR ALL THE SHOES
10. OFFSPRING-AMERICANA...EXCEPT THAT ONE SONG

### Brett's Top Ten

1. ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN- ANY WITH STEVE ON VOX
2. AC/DC 74-84 STUFF
3. STIV BATORS- STIV, DEAD BOYS AND L.O.T.N.C.
4. AVAIL-EVERYTHING
5. DESCENDENTS-EVERYTHING
6. JAWBREAKER-PICK ONE
7. JOHNNY THUNDERS-L.A.M.F.
8. MORAL CRUX-EVERYTHING
9. HOT WATER MUSIC-FUEL FOR THE HATE GAME
10. RICK SIMS-DIDJITS, LEE HARVEY, AND GAZA STRIPPERS



# SHIT LIST

## A.F.I.

"A Fire Inside" 7" EP

I may be slightly biased but this 4-song EP is fucking good, so go to hell. It includes two originals and two covers, "Demonomania" by the MISFITS and a great rendering of "The Hanging Garden" by the CURE. The lyrics read like gothic poetry, and the tunes are punk with a hardcore flavor. You didn't hear it from me, but get this. (JP)

(ADELINE—P.O. Box 11470—OAKLAND, CA 94611)



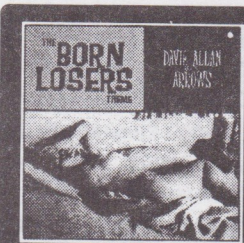
4

## DAVIE ALLAN & THE ARROWS

"The Born Losers Theme/The Glory Stompers" 7"

The good: the king of fuzz guitar is back, and you're only getting burned for a 7". The bad: I've already heard these songs before. The ugly: this is previously released shit that's supposedly re-recorded, which makes it a rip off. How many more times will this be reissued? (GL)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



## AMERICAN STONEHENGE

"Lucidnation" CD

The good: my CD player has an off button. The bad: hippy horseshit. Take some acid and peyote, and start flying. The ugly: if you don't bathe and wear bellbottoms, this is for you. (GL)

(BRAINFLOSS—1015 N. KING'S ROAD #313—LA, CA 90069)

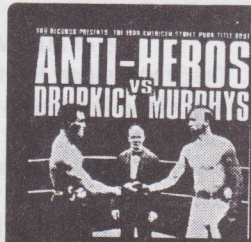


## ANTI HEROES/DROPKICK MURPHYS

"Street Punk Title Debut" double 45

It's ironic that TKO would put out the last DROPKICK single with their original singer and their first single with their new singer. The title describes this record better than I could. The two kings of contemporary street punk go at it on this four A-side 7". And the winner is you, if you happen to own it. (BAM)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94144)



4

## ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE

"Behold, I Shall Do a New Thing" 7" EP

ATOM, nee Adam Goren, and his trusty QY700 Yamaha sampler team up this time for another bout of electronically charged humor and pathos. The first song is a logical if rather comical rant against feet, pounds, yards, and all the other ass-backwards units of measurement that only Americans seem to cling to. The last song ("Hats Off to Halford") examines the sociosexualpolitical ramifications of the ex-JUDAS PRIEST frontman's acknowledgement of his homosexuality. On his first album, he [who, Atom or Halford?] boldly proclaimed that he "rocks ten times harder than your average punk rock band." The scary thing is, he does. (DGI)

(ATOM—1904 QUILL LANE—ORELAND, PA 19075)



4.5

## AVAIL

"Over The James" LP/CD

A lot of my friends are still stuck on AVAIL's 1993 blast "Dixie," but AVAIL isn't. Lyrically, front-hunk Tim Barry only gets better, and musically the band



has never blended together better on a record. Standout tracks include "Deepwood," "Ask", and the slightly surprising "Lombardy Street." From the opening chords you can tell this record's going to rock, and while there's nothing on here that's quite as mind-bending as "Simple Song" or "F.C.A.", this album is definitely among my top five records of 1998. (DGI) 5

(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)

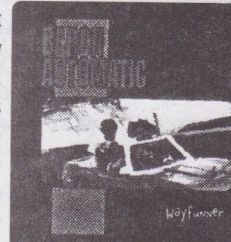
5

## BARON AUTOMATIC

"Wayrunner" CD

Yet another fast and poppy melodic punk band. This one sounds similar to RANCID or GREEN DAY due to the fast, jangly guitars and throaty vocals. Good production and decent songwriting. If you like this kind of music, then you will like this kind of CD. (CP)

(DUMMYUP—P.O. Box 642634—SF, CA 94164)



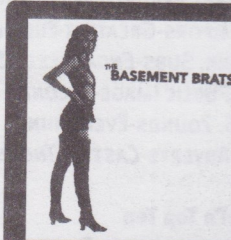
2

## BASEMENT BRATS

"It's All Right/Happy Girl" 45

The A-side showcases pop-punk the way it should be played—with lots of drive, loud guitars, and good hooks—but all too rarely is these days. It more than compensates for the flip, which unfortunately has that sappier, happier East Bay sound that the world could easily do without any more of, especially as far away as Norway. What would TURBONEGRO think? (JB)

(RAPID PULSE—P.O. Box 5075—MILFORD, CT 06460)



3

## BILLYCLUB

"Out To Lunch" CD

Despite the "all star" lineup, including members of the EXPLOITED, the UK SUBS, BROKEN BONES/DISCHARGE, and REO SPEEDDEALER, this CD doesn't really do it for me. They've got a tough-guy sound, and mix in a few mid-tempo streetpunk songs with their standard hardcore sound. Overall, this is pretty typical of a bunch of



bands that are either "making a comeback" or at least attempting to do so....twenty years too late. Borrrrrring. (JW)

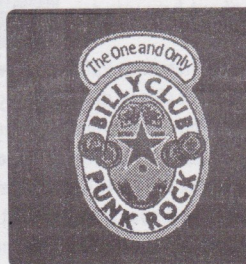
(Idol—P.O. Box 720043—DALLAS, TX 75372)



## BILLYCLUB "Serve Loud" CD

With former members from the EXPLOITED, the U.K. SUBS, and DISCHARGE, how could this disc go wrong? Well, it does. There is occasionally some interesting guitar work on here, but overall this is dull, bland rock 'n' roll. Don't waste your time with this. You'd do better listening to the other bands these guys have been in. Yawn! (KC)

(COLDFRONT—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)



## BOOT PARTY "The Suss" 7" EP

The title track is the standout song on this record. Quick paced, energetic, and very reminiscent of BLITZ. "Johnny Smoothie" is a pretty mediocre Oi song that tends to last a bit too long for my taste. "Firebomb" borders on hardcore, and is nothing memorable. Overall, pretty generic. (JW)

(VULTURE ROCK—P.O. Box 40104—ALBUQUERQUE, NM 87196)



## BORIS THE SPRINKLER "(She Digs My) New Wave Records" 7" EP

More fun power pop along the lines of the BUZZCOCKS, just what you've come to expect from BORIS. The inside of the



single has their complete discography, and I think this is their zillionth release. My favorite was "Hi, We're the Replacements." (CP) 3

(MUTANT POP—5010 NW SHASTA—CORVALLIS, OR 97330)

## BUILT TO LAST "Built To Last" CD EP

New school hardcore in a metallic vein, this is BUILT TO LAST's sophomore release and a pretty good one at that. Musically this sounds a bit like MADBALL, whereas the vocals remind me of ENSIGN. Though made for the kung fu dancin' hardcore kids, it rocks for everyone. "Broken" and "Burn" are the best tracks. (KC) 3

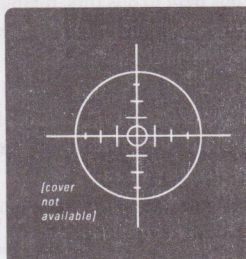
(RESURRECTION A.D.—P.O. Box 763—RED BANK, NJ 07701)



## CHESTERFIELD KINGS "Wrong from Right/So What" 7"

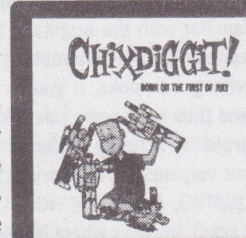
The C-KINGS have become justly famous for putting out a string of great neo-60's punk records, light years before it had become "trendy" to dig such stuff. Their new 45 certainly isn't up to the high standard set by their best previous releases, but both songs here (one original, one cover) feature way cool guitar tones and bass lines, retro harp and/or Vox organ sounds, and Greg Prevost's undeniably snot-nosed vocals. (JB)

(SUNDazed—P.O. Box 85—COXSACKIE, NY 12051)



## CHIXDIGGIT "Born on the First of July" LP/CD

As much fun as Athis pop punk record is, it unfortunately was rather thin faster than I would have liked. Sure, there's all sorts of fun little sweet bits that go off in your mouth like Pop Rocks, but as with Pop



# REVIEWS

Rocks the fun is somewhat ephemeral. Having said that, there are a few standout tracks: "My Restaurant," a semi-sordid tale of workplace romance; "Sikome Beach," a revved-up end-of-summer-heartbreak tale perfect for rolling around in daddy's Grand Cherokee with the sunroof open; and "Chupacabras," my vote for the album's standout track. (DGI)

(HONEST DON'S—P.O. Box 192027—SF, CA 94119)

## CHUBBIES "Suburban Rock Dolls" 7" EP

The CHUBBIES write tight, girly-girl pop tunes somewhere between the BREEDERS and JOSIE & THE PUSSYCATS. This isn't one of their better records, since it's kinda flat, but the band is definitely worth checking out if you like your pop punk sticky-sweet. (JC)

(SUPER SONIC REFRIDGE—VIA BOCCADASSE 33/17—16146 GENOA—ITALY)

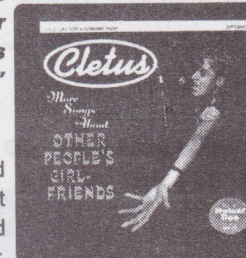


## CLETUS "More Songs About Other People's Girlfriends" 7" EP

I like CLETUS, and this is the coolest record I've heard from them so far.

Good lo-fi, hi-energy pop punk akin to early Lookout bands like SWEET BABY and CRIMP-SHRINE, which is fitting for modern day Mutant Pop. Side B is the best with "Amy left Me For Some Emo Guy". Another solid singalong release from Charleston, South Carolina's finest. (JC)

(MUTANT POP—5010 NW SHASTA—CORVALLIS, OR 97333)



## CLIT COPS "Fuck 'n' Roll" 10" LP

I had seen the lewd ad for this, but for some reason never bothered checking it out. Boy, did I



# SHITLIST

blow it. Amazingly raw rock 'n' fucking roll from Germany. There are twelve primitive punk blazers on this, including the standout "Hot Pussy". This would be a fine new addition to anyone's record collection. (BAM)

(INTENSIVE SCARE—P.O. BOX 640338—SAN JOSE, CA 95164)



4

## CONSUMED

"Breakfast at Pappa's" 7" EP

To be honest, I was disappointed in this record. It was hyped by the folks at Fat 'as the greatest thing since tofu-salami sandwiches with hummus and croutons, and since I adore most of their output I was expecting a lot. Unfortunately, this English quartet didn't quite live up to my expectations. As a friend so succinctly put it, "They sound like NO USE FOR A NAME playing SNUFF songs." If you're Fat-obsessive, pick this record up; otherwise, go listen to your copy of "Trashed" one more time. (DGJ)

(FAT—P.O. BOX 193690—SF, CA 94119)



2

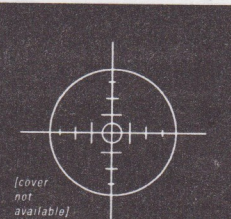
## CONVICTED

"No More Asking" CD

In-your-face Oi with gravelly lead vocals, ultra-basic guitars, somewhat sloppy drumming, and radical lyrics (e.g., "kill the rich and empower the poor"). Unlike

many of today's phony working class yobs, these guys sound like they actually mean business, as there is a tinge of genuine desperation and anger in many of the songs (especially "Call to Arms"). I'm not exactly sure what sort of revolution they're promoting—I went blind trying to read the miniscule lyrics on the insert—but they'd probably hate your lame ass. (JB)

(NO ADDRESS)



3.5

## CRUMBS

"Low And Behold" CD

This one has a lot of 60's style rock 'n' roll, a little bit of MINUTEMEN/FIREHOSE, a little bit of MODERN LOVERS, and it's a lot better than anything else I've heard from them. College radio geeks should really dig this. (JC)

(LOOKOUT—P.O. BOX 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)



3

## CRUSADERS

"Fat, Drunk, and Stupid" CD

Very loud 60s-influenced punk from "down under". The guitars blast out in the characteristic Aussie fashion, but what sets the CRUSADERS apart is their obvious debt to 60s riffs, rhythms, vocal stylings, and lyrical themes. They even include some cool old-school instrumentals ("One Eyed Bikini Monster" and "Fisherman's Basket") amongst the snotty punkers. Not unlike the FUZZTONES at their raunchy, uptempo best, though far less derivative. (JB)

(DIONYSUS—P.O. BOX 1975—BURBANK, CA 91507)



4

## JEFF DAHL

"I Was a Teenage Glam Fag" CD

On this release, perhaps only the first volume in a series, Jeff Dahl provides us with cool garage punk cover versions of old glam rock songs that inspired him as a youth. Even if you're not hip or old enough to be familiar with the originals, this LP should prove appealing if you like snotty, raw rock 'n' roll songs with good hooks. If you've heard the originals, and thus have some basis for comparison, you'll probably actually prefer some of these punked out versions (as I did with the SKYHOOKS, SUZI QUATRO, MOTT THE HOOPLE, and SILVERHEAD tracks). In cases where it's virtually impossible to improve on the originals (as with the ALICE COOP-



ER and DOLLS' songs), these serve as minimalist yet respectful covers. (JB)

(FAN CLUB ONLY RELEASE)

3.5

## DEAD END CRUISERS

"Deep Six Holiday" CD

These guys really, really dig the CLASH, albeit only their first two LPs. Ya know, the undeniably great ones. They even sing about how wonderful the

Hammersmith Palais was (which is very strange, since it closed more than 15 years ago and was a horrible, shitty mainstream venue even when it was open). The CRUISERS' own songs don't quite display the early CLASH's level of polish, production, and songwriting talent, but even a tolerable reproduction of that style makes for an enjoyable record. (RK)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)



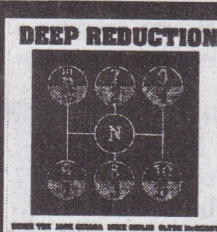
3

## DEEP REDUCTION

"Black Tulip/Gotta Say No" 45

This 45 almost makes up for DENIZ TEK's awful recent solo CD, as it has the sort of rockin' RADIO BIRDMAN sound that only sissy boy pseudo-punks ever get tired of. Both sides contain tight, guitar-heavy, mid-tempo crunch punkers, but "Gotta Say No" especially shines thanks to its irresistible guitar riff, chorus, and lead break. (JB)

(GET HIP—P.O. BOX 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



3.5

## DEGENERICS

"No Comply" 7" EP

These guys try really hard to show you how clever they are. Musically, they jump from surfy guitar to upbeat ska to hardcore to a more "crusty"

QUINCY PUNX style, then back into slow ska. If





that's not enough, the last song is an indie-rock instrumental that sounds like DINOSAUR JR. or some crap like that. It's not really bad, just generic. The vinyl and cover looks like a thousand other 7"s, with lots of PC info for you to check out, done in the classic collage style. (JC)

(BEER CITY—P.O. Box 26035—MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

1

## DEMONICS

### "Formaldehyde Injection" CD

Kind of a revved-up old MEAT PUPPETS sound. OK, but nothing really grabs me about this album. They are probably fun live. Great art by Kozik. (JC)

(MAN'S RUIN—610 22ND STREET #302—SF, CA 94107)



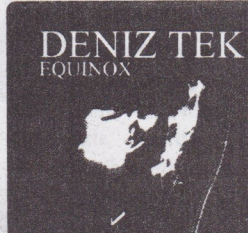
2

## DENIZ TEK

### "Equinox" CD

A new solo long player by the Yank member and co-founder of seminal Aussie STOOGES-inspired punk band RADIO BIRDMAN. This is much more musically diverse than I expected, especially after seeing the hard rockin' DENIZ TEK BAND only last year. In place of crunchy mid-tempo guitar punkers one finds an eclectic mix of slower and moodier numbers, experimental ditties more akin to "musique concret", and complex songs with lounge flourishes. Not really my cup of tea, but then I'm a well-known r'n'r purist. (JB)

(CITADEL—P.O. Box 316—DARLINGHURST 2010—AUSTRALIA)

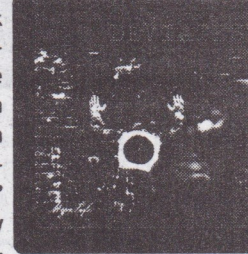


1

## DEVIANTS

### "My Life" CD

Melodic punk rock influenced more by the new school than the old, although both eras are represented. "My Life" was produced by Fletcher of PENNYWISE and, not coincidentally, this sounds just like



a PENNYWISE album. From guitar tones to vocal styling, this is PENNYWISE, JR. Too many songs on this release sound identical for anything to really shine through. (KC) 2

(THEOLOGIAN—P.O. Box 1070—HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254)

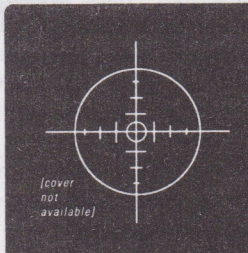
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## DILLINGER FOUR

### "Midwestern Songs of the Americas"

If there was ever a record that was born for me to love, it's "Midwestern Songs of the Americas". Great lyrics, a political bent, a song entitled "Doublewhiskeycokenoise", and blazing pop-punk to wrap up the package. The three singers trade lines and blend their very distinct voices in very cool ways, and the chord changes aren't your standard obvious pop-punk choices. Choice tracks include "The Great American Going Out of Business Sale," "Secret Powers Enable Me to Blend in With Machinery", and "Portrait of the Artist as a Fucking Asshole." This could be the finest political band since PROPAGANDHI. (DGJ)

(HOPELESS—P.O. Box 7495—VAN NUYS, CA 91409)



5

## DOTFUCKINGCOM

### "Hesitation" 7" EP

Yet another winner from Prank Records. Pulsating, grinding fast-core from former members of INITIAL STATE. The music is harsh and the lyrical content deals with personal and social issues. The music is good enough to rise above all the others. Five songs, great band, great name. When's the full-length coming? (CP)

(PRANK—P.O. Box 410892—SF, CA 94141-0892)



4

## DROPKICK MURPHYS

### "Curse of a Fallen Soul" 45

The DROPKICKS never sounded so good! Maybe it has something to do with former BRUISERS' frontman Al Barr going at it on vocals.

# REVIEWS

Four strong (Irish) whiskey shots of street punk that will leave you begging for more. (BAM)

## Dropkick Murphys



CURSE OF A FALLEN SOUL

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94144)

4

## EL DIABLO

### "Texas" CD

These guys, along with ROLLER, are steadfastly defending their beloved crowns in the name of generic punk rock music. As with their earlier 7", "Sure As Shit" stands out as that punchy, hilarious song which serves—barely—to save this CD from getting microwaved. All in all, EL DIABLO does not stand up to the other bands Taz has played with, namely TENDERLOIN and the REVEREND HORTON HEAT. (JW)

(COLDFRONT/SIN CITY—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)



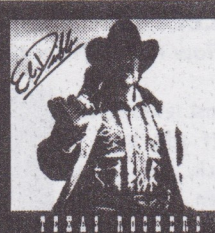
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## EL DIABLO

### "Texas Rockers" 7" EP

"Texas Rockers" is an alright record, but one has to wonder if these guys would even exist had they never even heard ZEKE (who themselves rip off the DWARVES). It may rock, but there is absolutely nothing new going on here. (JW)

(SIN CITY—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)



2.5

## ELECTRIC /HOOKERS

### split CD

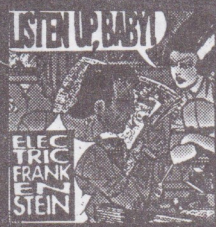
## FRANKENSTEIN



# SHITLIST

If this was a battle of the bands, it would be a blood-bath. In case you've been living in a cave, EF play balls-out punk rock 'n' roll a la the DEAD BOYS. All 8 of their tracks are great, but the standouts are "Listen Up, Baby", "Hostage Situation", and "Rocket In My Veins". The HOOKERS are a bit more rock, a bit trashier, and more likely to know firsthand what raccoon tastes like. With lyrics like "Longhaired, red-necked, rock'n'roll motherfucker/ That's what I am", it's easy to tell where they're going. Good, but it quickly gets a little old. (JC)

(MAN'S RUIN / 610 22ND STREET #302 / SF, CA. 94107)



3.5

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN / L.E.S. STITCHES

split 45

EF does MOTOR-HEAD, L.E.S. STITCHES do themselves. What more do you want? A rockin' good time. (JC)



(DEVIL DOLL - P.O. Box 30727 - LONG BEACH, CA 90853)

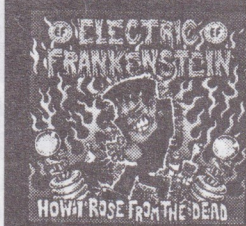
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## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"How I Rose From the Dead" CD

I just reviewed two EF cd's back to back, and I can't even begin to explain how great it is to have Steve Miller back at the helm. The beauty of this cd is that Steve is actually singing most of the songs from the Scott and Rik era, which now became a million times better. This is a WMFU recording, so it doesn't have the punch of a studio album, but who cares? It's EF. (BAM)

(ONE FOOT RECORDS-PO BOX 30666, LONG BEACH CA 90853)



4

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Sick Songs" 10" EP

This record was released a while ago, and it still stands the test of time. Gold stars go out to "Action High" and "I'll Be Standing". These two songs have to be two of the best EF songs ever, mid-tempo and catchy, with anthemic choruses. On side B, "Learn To Burn", "Clockwise", and "Born Wild" continue to pack a punch; all three songs are tuff and upbeat. This record demonstrates why EF still paves the way for a number of up-and-coming punk rock 'n' roll bands. (JW)

(GET HIP - P.O. Box 666 - CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



5

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Spare Parts" LP/CD

This is the CD version of EF's long gone 10" from Switzerland, plus three live tracks. These songs are from the Scott Wilkins era, which I feel is quite inferior to anything with Steve Miller on vocals. But it's still way better than 90% of the shit out there. If you already have "The Time Is Now" CD, then this should be your next buy. (BAM)

(GET HIP - P.O. Box 666 - CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



3.5

## ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Up From The Streets" 7"

It's becoming more and more obvious that ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN seem to be making a crossover into the rawk world. The first track, "Up From The Streets", is a mid-tempo rock song with great, catchy hooks. "Razor Blade Touch" tends to lag a bit, but it still packs a heavy punch due to Steve's snarling vocals and the rather creative guitar/vocal breaks that preface the chorus. (JW)

(COLD FRONT/SIN CITY - P.O. Box 8345 - BERKELEY, CA 94707)



3.5

## ELECTRIC SUMMER

"Shock" LP/CD

I'm sure there are plenty of people out there who will dig this, the kind of people who think anything that's quirky or ostensibly unintelligible is pure genius, so these guys might end up doing well for themselves. The lyrics are delivered in a screamy whine of broken English, set over jangly guitars which sound like the CIRCLE JERKS at times. I think the lyrics are about girls but, really, it's anybody's guess. Examples: "My petal makes me feel wonderful alone", or "I am jumping with learning back as I am". This just didn't do it for me. (JP)

(SODA JERK - P.O. Box 4056 - BOULDER, CO 80306)

ELECTRIC SUMMER

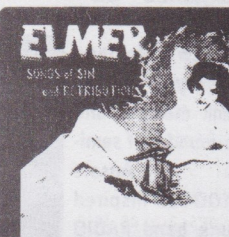
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## ELMER

"Songs Of Sin And Retribution" LP

Barnstorming Shillbilly punk. Straight-ahead country version of SCHLONG, who they thank six times in the credits. Cool old Western movie cover and cow vinyl. A good record to get drunk and squaredance to. (JC)

(NO IDEA - P.O. Box 14636 - GAINESVILLE, FL 32604 / VERY SMALL - P.O. Box 85534 - LAS VEGAS, NV 89185)



3

## E-TOWN CONCRETE

"Time 2 Shine" CD

If 311 had any balls, they might sound like this E-TOWN CONCRETE. This is a metal/hip-hop hybrid that is very reminiscent of what happened when BIOHAZARD got together with ONYX. If you enjoyed the "Judgement Night" soundtrack, you'll love this. Unfortunately, I did not. (KC) 1.5

(RESURRECTION A.D. - P.O. Box 763 - RED BANK, NJ 07701)



1.5



## FANG

### "American Nightmare" LP/CD

This is the first full-length release by these Bay Area punk rock pioneers in ten years, and it's worth picking up for the cover art alone, which is some disgusting, CANNIBAL CORPSE-looking shit. The tunes are rockin'-ass, dirty punk anthems reminiscent of early D.I. crossed with some MOTORHEAD. Tracks like "Boots" and "The Last Resort" have a more Oi feel, and the album is rounded out with a bluesy number complete with harmonica solos. FANG has been around since 1982, except when singer Sammy was locked down for murder, so if you don't already have some of their discs, get off your ass and get this. (JP)

(WINGNUT—1442A WALNUT ST., SUITE 59—BERKELEY, CA 94709)



parisons are unfortunately far more apt than the MOTARDS comparisons. This does not rock. (JP)

(TWISTWORTHY—P.O. Box 4491—AUSTIN, TX 78765)

## FLUF

### "Road Rage" LP/CD

The latest outing from O's Hawd Koa Rock 'n' Roll show brings us more detuned (Fender) guitars, upbeat melodies, and commentaries on a few of O's favorite things, such as being large (see "Hang Out"), Jazzmasters and Fords ("George and Leo"). New(ish) drummer Francis Winfield offers up a resounding thwack with at least as much finesse and gusto as his predecessor, Miles Gillett. Occasionally there's a spotty track or two, but fans of the band shouldn't be disappointed. If you're all about the tight, heavy pop music with that SUPERCHUNK-by-way-of-San Diego vibe, there are certainly worse records to add to your collection. (DG)

(HONEST DON'S—P.O. Box 192027—SF, CA 94119)



## FARTZ

### "Because the World Still Stinks!" CD

Many of the ideas expressed in these songs are as relevant today as they were in the early eighties, because the world still stinks! Old school, DIY, anarchic, political hardcore that'll kick you in the ass! The vocalist was Blaine, who subsequently went on to become a member of the ACCUSED, and Duff, later of GUNS 'n' ROSES fame, played drums. If you still hate the religious right and Ronald Reagan, you have to pick this up. (KC)

(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES—P.O. Box 419092—SF, CA 94141)



## FORGOTTEN

### "Veni Vidi Vici" CD

The new wave of so-called 'street punk' bands have an at times laughable obsession with all things British. These dudes sing about being pissed up, with their backs to the wall, running wild with the skinheads, and hanging out with the everpresent Johnny. The CLASH were actually British. RANCID and the SWINGING UTTERS set a pretty high standard for wanting to be British, and the FORGOTTEN would clearly like to be like them. Using the Hit List rating system, the early CLASH would get five stars, RANCID would get four, the UTTERS would get three, and the FORGOTTEN would get two.... (RK)

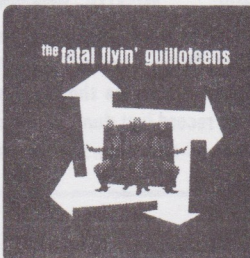
(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)



## FATAL FLYIN' GUILLOTEENS

### "New Iron Fist" EP

Although displaying an appealingly trashed-out and garagey sound, Texas' FF GUILLOTINES churn out annoyingly arty song structures of the sort that I absolutely abhor. The NATION OF ULYSSES com-



# REVIEWS

The 45 version of "Bad Word for a Good Thing" was a classic slice of neo-60s girl punk, and live the FRIGGS are suitably rockin' and worth ogling. But their new EP lacks guitar power, snottiness, and enough good songs to justify its own existence. Disappointing. (JB)

(E-VIL—P.O. Box 231—OLD CHELSEA STATION—NY, NY 10113)



## FUNERAL

### "Have You Seen My Leather Jacket" CD

I suppose Long Beach is close enough to Orange County to enable this band to rock like this. Whether sounding like a primitive ADOLESCENTS or a heavier, dragged out GERMS, this band delivers the goods. I suspect that FUNERAL will continue to be as underappreciated today as they were back in the 80s, when they actually existed. That would be a shame. (BAM)

(GTA—501 W. GLENDALE BLVD, SUITE 313—GLENDALE, CA 91202)



## GARDY LOO (with "EL DUCE")

### "Perverts on Parade" CD

The swan song of recently deceased Eldon Hoke ("El Duce" of MENTORS fame), and it clearly bears his scatological signature. The tone of the entire record is set by the awesome "Squeal Like a Pig", with its hilarious and obnoxious X-rated lyrics (about fucking a fat babe in the ass), distorted punky guitars, uptempo beat, and female screams. Although almost equally "offensive", the remaining tracks are less catchy, far more metallic, and consequently less appealing. Musically only OK, but funny as hell lyrically—check out El Duce's disgusting final rap! (JB)





# SHITLIST

## GOD HATES COMPUTERS "Morons" 7" EP

Five songs of fast, poppy punk. Similar to SCARED OF CHAKA [Ed.—who?], but more raw and not as poppy. Give them time and they could deliver a great full-length. (CP)

(\$3 to GHC—P.O. Box 55125—PORTLAND, OR 97238)

god hates computers

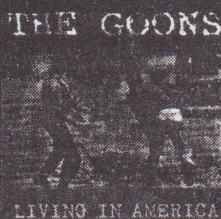


2.5

## GOONS "Living in America" LP/CD

17 tracks of straightforward and fast punk rock from D.C., co-produced by Brian Baker from MINOR THREAT and BAD RELIGION. Sometimes the singer's voice reminded me of Jello Biafra and, at other times, the singer for the NEW BOMB TURKS. The lyrics deal with how shitty life is and how shitty society is, which is understandable for a band living in D.C. The songs get slightly monotonous at times, but I must say that this shit kinda rocked. (JP)

(TORQUE—P.O. Box 229—ARLINGTON, VA 22210)



3

## GOTOHELLS "Burning Bridges" CD

The good: the third LP by these guys, and it's a winner. The main influences seem to be the DEVIL DOGS and the HEARTBREAKERS, and those are the correct influences. The bad: a little overproduced, and some of the song titles are stupid (like "Hot Rod High"). The ugly: if you want loud guitars and catchy songs, get it. (GL)

(VAGRANT—2118 WILSHIRE BLVD #361—SANTA MONICA, CA 90403)

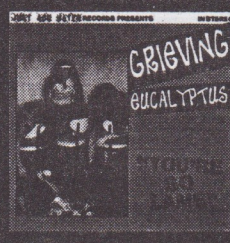
Gotohells  
BURNING BRIDGES



## GRIEVING EUCALYPTUS "You're So Lame?" 45

God, what a bad band name, although the title song may be appropriate. The music is OK jangly pop punk, but nothing to write home about. (JC)

(JUST ADD WATER—P.O. Box 16102—SPARTANBURG, SC 29316)

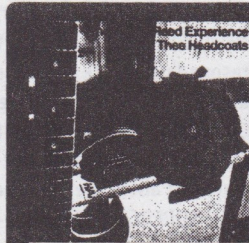


2

## HEADCOATS "The Jimmy Reed Experience" 10" EP

The good: if you're a HEADCOATS fan you'll have fun with this one, which pays tribute to bluesman Jimmy Reed. Garagemeister Billy Childish actually sounds cool doing this stuff, which I didn't think I'd say. The bad: not much new here. Another low-fi Childish release. The ugly: I'm a believer now. Sorry for doubtin' ya, Billy. (GL)

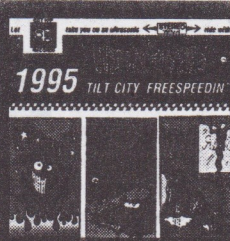
(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



## HELLACOPTERS "1995" 7" EP

The HELLA-COPTERS are undoubtedly leading the Scandinavian uprising of punk rawk bands, along with other heavy hitters such as GLUECIFER and TURBONEGRO. "1995" is a re-issue of one of their earliest seven inchers, which was originally released on Sweden's Freak Scene Records. It reeks of the STOOGES and MC5, and features some of the most raw sounding riffs around. This is the kinda shit that proves that there are still excellent rock 'n' roll bands out there. (JW)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



5

## HELLACOPTERS "Super Shitty ToThe Max" CD

Awe some record! ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN meets the STOOGES, plus a whole lot more. This is an American reissue of their first full-length from the White Jazz label, with a fuckin' great new cover by Kozik. Respect the rock by buying this album NOW. (JC)

(MAN'S RUIN—610 22ND ST. # 302—SF, CA 94107)



5

## HELLBILLYS "Cavalcade of Perversions" CD

"Cavalcade of Perversions" is a HELLBILLYS' singles collection that comes straight outta hell and is recorded in "scary-o". Hot roddin' women, surfin' zombies, buckets of blood, and touches of comic book Satanism are all things that made rock 'n' roll great, and this disc has all that and more. With its rockin' guitar and a rhythm section that'll make you move, this is a must for any psychobilly fan. Contains awesome covers of T.S.O.L.'s "Code Blue" and FEAR's "I Love Livin' in The City". (KC)

(WINGNUT—1442A WALNUT ST. SUITE 59—BERKELEY, CA 94709)

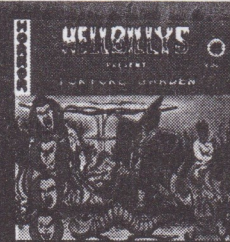


4

## HELLBILLYS "Torture Garden" CD

Punk-a-billy from the Bay Area. This isn't traditional rockabilly by a long stretch. In fact, their songs kind of go from punky rockabilly to dark and evil MISFITS-inspired punk. However, the best song on this disc, "Nitro Ghouls," sounds more like MOTORHEAD. I imagine they're a better live band, but this record just don't do it for me. (KB)

(WINGNUT—1442A WALNUT STREET #59—BERKELEY, CA 94709)



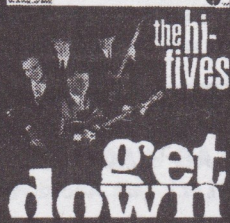
2.5

## HI-FIVES "Get Down" CD



A few years ago I saw these clean-cut dorks live and hated them. At the time they seemed like a bunch of poseurs who Larry Livermore was promoting in a belated attempt by Lookout to cash in on the renewed popularity of 60s garage bands. Imagine my surprise, then, when I discovered that their latest CD commenced with some memorable beat-influenced songs marked by crisp instrumentation, punchy guitars, and real drive. Unfortunately, most of the remaining tracks proved to be overly wimpy or otherwise less fetching. (JB)

(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)



2.5

## HIGHWAY STRIPPERS

"Stories For Stags" 7" EP

These guys definitely listen to a lot of ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN. However, they are in no way as catchy or as good. Lots of quick, heavy riffage, but no bite. The guitar leads are way too noisy, dissonant, and basically annoying. (JW)

(MOBCORE—P.O. Box 5177—WAKEFIELD, RI 02880)



1

## HISSY FITS

"All Dolled Up/(Decorate)-or-(In My Dreams)" 45

Good pop punk. Side A is a rocker, like the FAST-BACKS or maybe TEAM DRESCH. Side B is a classic sugary ballad with big, open chords and la-la-las. (JC)

(MUTANT POP—5010 NW SHASTA—CORVALLIS, OR 97330)



3

## HOT WATER MUSIC/CLAIRMEL

8.5" split EP

I hear that HOT WATER MUSIC broke up, which has gotta be breaking peoples' hearts since they're the new emo kings. File them somewhere

between JAW-BREAKER and the PROMISE RING. The CLAIRMEL side has a heavier, slower sound with gruff vocals, but is otherwise in a similar vein. A great record which must have cost a small fortune to put out. It's on odd-sized colored vinyl, which is perfect for the collector. (JC)

(NO IDEA—P.O. Box 14636—GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)



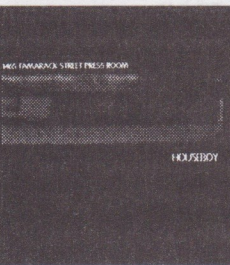
4

## HOUSEBOY

"1465 Tamarack Street Press Room" CD

Fast, poppy and melodic rock from HOUSEBOY. The sound on this CD is really quiet and compressed for some reason. If you can get past this, the music will remind you of MY PAL TRIGGER or millions of other melodic punk bands. Unfortunately, nothing really stood out about this release. (CP)

(STIFF POLE—P.O. Box 20721—ST. PETERSBURG, FL 33742)



2

## J CHURCH

"Cat Food" CD

Note to Lance Hahn: when are you going to release another American album? This English odds n' sods collection, mostly recorded on that rocky isle, also contains a few tracks from "Travels in Hyper-Reality" released on Italy's Panic Records. To be honest, I was disappointed with "Travels...", but I'm all about this CD. "The Heroic Trio" may be the best dumb song Lance ever wrote, while "Sound Guy Smiley" and "City by the Bay" demonstrate his ascerbic wit and wry sense of humor in top form. There's also an E.L.O. cover! A solid release from one of my all-time favorite bands [Ed.—you're fired]. (DGJ)

(DAMAGED GOODS—P.O. Box 671—LONDON E17 6NF—ENGLAND)



4

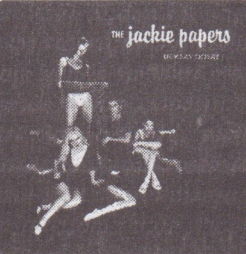
# REVIEWS

## JACKIE PAPERS

"Uckfay Ooyay" CD

"I'm a kook/it's not a fluke/I'm just a kook/I'm a kook/put up your dukes/'cause I'm a kook." My dog could write more inspired lyrics. It's not just the boring, stupid lyrics or the horrible harmonies or the piss poor musicianship that make me cringe, but the CD artwork is pathetic to boot. No amount of pouty, sex kitten cum slut girls is going to redeem this waste of plastic. (KB) o stars

(STIFF POLE—P.O. Box 20721—ST. PETERSBURG, FL 33742)



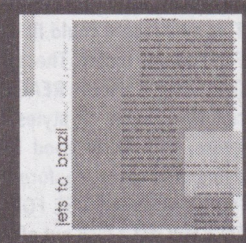
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## JETS TO BRAZIL

"Orange Rhyming Dictionary" LP/CD

As a huge JAW-BREAKER fan I told myself going in that this wasn't going to be JAW-BREAKER, but found myself surprised since it's actually more JAW-BREAKER-esque than I thought it would be. But consider yourself warned—this is not a "punk" record. If you're one of those people who hated "Dear You" you'll loathe this record, but if you loved "Dear You" because it reminded you of Richard Butler and Morrissey, "Orange Rhyming Dictionary" will blow the back of your head off. Blake's lyrics are at turns both heart-rending and life-affirming. (DGJ) 5

(ADE TREE—2310 KENNYWAY ROAD—WILMINGTON, DE 19810)



5

## JOAN JETT & THE BLACK-HEARTS

"Fit To Be Tied" CD

The guitar goddess has finally put out her long-awaited "greatest hits" record, which includes punky hook-laden blasts ("Bad Reputation" and "Victim of





# SHITLIST

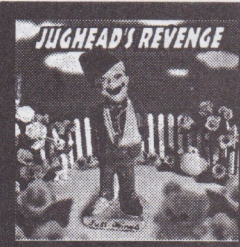
Circumstance"), GARY GLITTER-inspired sing-alongs ("Do You Wanna Touch Me", "I Love Rock N Roll", and "I Hate Myself For Loving You"), and atmospheric rockers ("World of Denial"). Amidst these primo tracks are less noteworthy originals and covers that range from appealing (BOBBI GENTRY's "Make Believe" and TOMMY JAMES' "Crimson and Clover") to unnecessary (SLY's "Everyday People"). It rocks out, mo-fos, which is all you really need to know. (JB)

(BLACKHEART/MERCURY)

4

## JUGHEAD'S REVENGE "Just Ruined" CD

The only time I saw these guys live, I left thinking they were very unimpressive and metallic-sounding generic hardcore. Must've been my impending senility.



This new record could fit easily anywhere on the Fat/Epitaph roster. The 13 well-executed songs (including a decent REAGAN YOUTH cover) here run the gamut of styles associated with that genre, with fairly good lyrics about girlfriends dying and punk conformity. Anyone who digs PENNYWISE, NO USE FOR A NAME, or FACE TO FACE will get a kick out of this. (RK)

(NITRO—1071 WARNER AVENUE F-736—HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)

3

## KAISERS "Squarehead Stomp" CD

The good: what the fuck, why is Jeff only giving me Get Hip stuff to review? The KAISERS are a great 60s-style Scottish beat band that sounds so



much like the fuckin' BEATLES that I was amazed. This be good music to fuck to. The bad: some of the instrumentals suck. The ugly: fine 60s retro rock. (GL)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

## KARATE PARTY "Black Helicopter" 7" EP

Noisy, trebly punk rock with shouted vocals. I was expecting some dumb emo band due to the packaging, but got something more along the lines of the MAKE-UP or PUSSY GALORE. The packaging is bad, and the lines about becoming rock stars and killing your ass are stupid. (CP)

(MOO-LA-LA—1114 21ST STREET—SACRAMENTO, CA 95814)

1

## KID DYNAMITE CD/LP

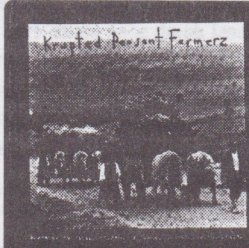
LIFETIME guitarist Dan Yemin is back with a new outfit and it's time to bust out your favorite hoodie, pull your baseball cap down over your eyes, and dust off the air guitar. This, my friends, could well be the new face of hardcore, and if it is I might just start to like hardcore again. KID DYNAMITE are one of those groups that transcend boundaries—they won't just appeal to the testosterone-pumped hardcore kid who hangs around STALAG 13 waiting to kick the ass of the nearby Amish-bearded emo kid as soon as he lights a cigarette, but also to the aforementioned emo kid, his '77 style girlfriend, and her hopelessly unfashionable Camaro-drivin'-mullet-sportin'-Jersey-Hessian older brother, who'll just say "Dude...this fuckin' smokes." (DGJ)

(JADE TREE—2310 KENNWYNN ROAD—WILMINGTON, DE 19810)

4

## KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ "Peasants by Birth, Farmers by Trade, Krupted by the Dollar" LP/CD

This is a collection of older material from this San Jose outfit, including two live tracks and a FUCK-BOYZ cover. With song titles such as "War on Amerika" and "Society is Puking", you might think this was



dreadlocked crust-core, but these guys lay down some speedy, melodic punk with overtly political lyrics. If that's your bag, this is worth getting. (JP)

(COLDFRONT—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)

3

## LAG WAGON "Let's Talk About Feelings" 10" EP/CD

Amazing. After a last year's disappointing curveball "Double Plaidium", LAG WAGON comes back with a record that combines all of the elements that



made this band great.

One of the things that I always enjoyed about LAG WAGON was that they were fully aware that their rock clichés were obvious, yet they managed to incorporate them into their music in such a way that everyone involved—band, audience, and the occasional erstwhile critic—enjoyed it. This album is rife with them—they even titled one song "The Kids Are All Wrong"—and they also finally nailed the production thanks in part to the mixing efforts of Blasting Room buddies Bill Stevenson and Stephen Egerton. I think I like this more than "Hoss". (DGJ) 5

(FAT—P.O. Box 193690—SF, CA 94119)

5

## LATCH KEY KIDS "Innocence Gone" CD

These guys obviously cherished their IRON MAIDEN records, as well as their copies of "S&M Airlines" and "Ribbed." For the most part this album plays like an



amalgam of Bruce-era MAIDEN and pre-El Hefe NOFX, but without the passion of any of the aforementioned musicians. Having said that, there are some rather interesting musical moments here, especially in the way the guitars play off the rhythm section. With the right producer this band could probably make a great record, but this one sounds like a bunch of guys playing chord changes to a click track without hearing the other parts. They're on time and in key, but they don't really sound like a band. Competent, but not compelling. (DGJ) 2.5

(PINCHE FLOJO—P.O. Box 431212—HOUSTON, TX 77243)

2.5



## LEAVING TRAINS

"Favorite Mood Swings...1986-1995"  
CD

Falling James is one of American punk's unheralded eccentric geniuses. Those of us on the West Coast have witnessed his penchant for nudity and transvestism—and LEAVING TRAINS' brilliant, chaotic live shows—for years, but what has often been overlooked is how many astoundingly good punk songs he has produced over the years. With this "greatest hits" release, the secret is now out. Check out classics like "She's Looking at You", "27 Days", "Dude the Cat", the vicious "Bob Hope", and "Temporal Slut", but the pinnacle is perhaps "I Love You", which perfectly captures the painful ambiguity of love with its chorus superimposing a poppy "I love you" over a snotty "aw, fuck you/I fucked you". A mandatory purchase. (JB)

(SST—P.O. Box 1—LAWDALE, CA 90260)

5

## LOLI & THE CHONES

"P.S., We Hate You" LP/CD

The best 77-style garage punk LP I've heard in years. This platter has everything one could ask for—raw guitars, amazingly snotty alternating male and female vocals, hilarious lyrics, memorable songs, and a much chunkier production than is typical of Rip Off's trebly norm. Give a listen to stellar tracks like "I Think I'm Gonna", "The Kids from Boyle Heights", "Hot and Bothered", "I Don't" (with its killer "I d-o-n-t like you/And I l-u-v to hate you" chorus), and "Nazi Death Camp" (which compares living at home to being in an extermination camp!), and you can't help but pogo and laugh till it hurts. (JB)

(RIP OFF—581 MAPLE AVENUE—SAN BRUNO, CA 94066)

5

## LOOSE CHANGE

"D' is for Delinquent" CD

There's nothing exactly "new" about LOOSE CHANGE, but they do what they do—SoCal-style skatepunk with a NorCal bent—very well. There are great harmonies here, as well as amaz-

ing guitar work from Jade Puget, who has since been tapped for for the axeman's chair in A.F.I. If you miss the stuff Epitaph used to release before the OFFSPRING went supernova and they started putting out CRAMPS and—far worse—STRAIGHT FACED records, you'll definitely groove on this album. Frankly, I'm sorta surprised Fat hasn't picked 'em up yet. (DG)

(NOISE PATCH—P.O. Box 1646—REDONDO BEACH, CA 90178)

4

## LOS ASS-DRAGGERS

"Kings of Cheesy" 7" EP

Super high-spaced, lo-fi rock 'n' roll with extremely muffled vocals and very generic chord progressions. I remember when their full-length came out, and I still feel that same about this band—pretty fuckin' lame. Maybe they're better live. (JW)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

1.5

## LOUDMOUTHS

"Spit it Out!" 7" EP

The new LOUDMOUTHS EP contains two originals and one cover. All three are abrasive, primitive, and snotty slices of 77-style drunk punk punctuated with female shouting. The title track is the best and the most obnoxious. Definitely not for J CHURCH fans. (JB)

(702—P.O. Box 204—RENO, NV 89504)

3

## LOUNGE

"Punk Rock Superheroes" EP

This is one of those bands that tries to touch on every popular punk genre and still maintain some kind of coherency, but often fails in the process. The lyrics are somewhat uninspired and it runs the musical gamut from pop punk to forays

# REVIEWS

into the Fat Wreck sound, replete with octave chords and token ska verses. The hidden track is a palatable MEN AT WORK cover, but this is pretty predictable fare. (JP)

(TRIPLE CROWN—331 WEST 57TH ST. #472—NY, NY 10019)

2

## MOCK ORANGE

"Nines and Sixes" CD

A ten song full-length from this Indiana trio. The sticker on it says "Emo Indie Rock". That alone makes it a juicy target, but I'll try to stick to the music. It rocks out sort of like later period HUSKER DU, which is not a bad thing. A pleasant surprise. (CP)

(BOILED MUSIC/LOBSTER—P.O. Box 1473—SANTA BARBARA, CA 93102)

2.5

## MODEL AMERICAN

"We've Had Enough" LP/CD

This is the first full-length by this relatively young Bay Area band—they all look like they could be in high school—and it's a strong effort. "Posi" lyrics set over fast, hardcore-influenced punk that crescendos into big breakdowns. Brings to mind 7 SECONDS and A.F.I., and they even have a song called "Ronald Raygun". (JP)

(VINYL SOLUTION—P.O. Box 6601—SAN MATEO, CA 94403)

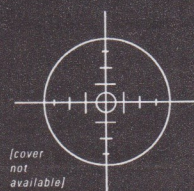
3

## MOTHERFUCKER 666/STEEL MINERS

split 45

A satirical X-mas release from two old-school punk bands, the latest in a long line of cool seasonal novelty records. MOFO 666 is a famous "fuck

band" with Jeff Dahl and ex-PAGAN Mike Metoff, and "High for Christmas" is their cynical mid-tempo paean to altered states of holiday cheer. The STEEL MINERS are a fine new group whose "I Hate Christmas" is faster and more aggressively



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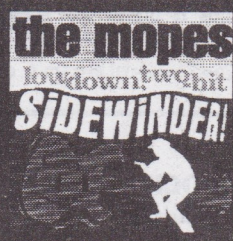
# SHITLIST

hostile towards the "season to be merry". (JB) 3  
(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

## MOPES

"Low Down Two Bit Sidewinder" CD EP

This is a fun little EP from a bunch of punk rock all-stars, including members of the QUEERS, SCREECHING WEASEL, the GROOVIE GHOULES, and SQUIRTGUN). Six stupid songs to spazz out to, which musically lie somewhere between QUEERS and CRAMPS. Get this record and be the first on your block to know how to "do the hairball". (JC)  
(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)



## MORAL CRUX

"Something More Dangerous" LP/CD

In the past MORAL CRUX produced some good low-fi RAMONES-style pop punk, and this tended to compensate for their sometimes cloying earnestness and sanctimoniousness. On this new release they've unfortunately substituted the sterile and formulaic sound associated with Livermore-era Lookout releases for their earlier punchiness. Despite the presence of a couple of fine tunes ("Beat of Despair" and "Disconnected"), overall this new LP packs little power or emotional impact. (JB)

(PANIC BUTTON—P.O. Box 148010—CHICAGO, IL 60614-8010)



## MULLENS

Mid-tempo garage punk from Tex-ass with a hint of 60s influence and a vague early MISFITS feel. There isn't anything really novel from a musical standpoint



here, but there is an LP's worth of snooty vocals, raw guitars, and superior punk tuneage. Almost every song is pretty damn catchy, and this trait alone lifts the MULLENS above most of their 90s punk peers. A few tracks (such as "Not So Nice") even boast that desirable out-of-control, slightly psychotic quality. (JB) 4

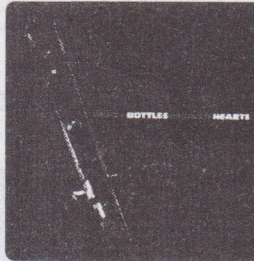
(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

## MURDER CITY DEVILS

"Empty Bottles, Broken Hearts" CD

Put on your dancing shoes, this one's going to make you move that lazy ass of yours. I'm not sure if these guys are rock'n'roll saviors or total fruitcakes—either way, they put out records that are great fun. Music for you to sniff glue and stare at your Iggy Pop poster to. Kind of garagey, but with a big production. Excellent live band. (JC)

(SUB POP—P.O. Box 20645—SEATTLE, WA 98102)

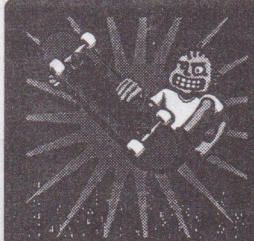


## MXPX

"Let It Happen" CD

Apparently, even a well-groomed little Christian boy who plays good pop punk and wears SOCIAL DISTORTION shirts falls in love, and then gets dumped by girls. Who fucking cares? Since when has Christianity ever had anything to do with punk and hardcore? They can all go fuck themselves, since hopefully the girls won't, but then that would be a sin, right? Let's face it, God doesn't rock. (RK)

(TOOTH AND NAIL, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL, PRESUMABLY)



## NASHVILLE PUSSY

"Go Motherfucker Go/Milk Cow Blues" 45

When you cross a punk attitude, AC/DC-style riffing, and T & A, it's hard to go wrong. Hence NASHVILLE PUSSY's well-deserved success. "Go Motherfucker Go" showcases the band in its best smash-mouth mode, and boasts a beligerent singalong chorus and dirty lead guitar

break to boot. The flipside is a southern fried, trash-talkin' cover of "Milk Cow Blues". Nasty, nasty. (JB) 4

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

## NEVERFALL

"Symbols of Inner Self" CD EP

METAL UP YOUR ASS!! NEVERFALL probably call themselves a hardcore band, but they sound like they are more influenced by CANNIBAL CORPSE than MINOR THREAT. The playing on this CD, though none too original, is heavier than a steamroller, and the vocals are mean and scary. Falling somewhere between early SEPULTURA and DEICIDE, this is a good release done in a death metal style. (KC)

(SHANDLE—P.O. Box 1032—MENTOR, OH 44061)

## NIKKI THE SPRINKLER / BORISITES

7" split EP

This is some wacky hybrid of Rev. Norb singing with the PARASITES, and Dave Parasite singing with BORIS THE SPRINKLER. There are two songs each, one original and one cover with a teenage theme. All are pretty entertaining, but none are as good as those of the regular bands. Worth picking up if you're a fan of either. (JC)

(JUST ADD WATER—P.O. Box 16102—SPARTANBURG, SC 29316)

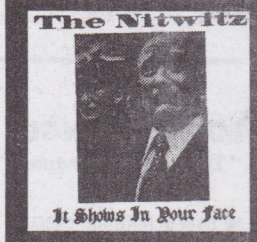


## NITWITZ

"It Shows In Your Face" 7" EP

Punk Rock! It sounds like Rob Halford from JUDAS PRIEST [Ed.—say it isn't so] singing for the MISFITS. Great cover. (JC)

(INTENSIVE SCARE—P.O. Box 640338—SAN JOSE, CA 95164)





## NEANDERTHALS

*"The Latest Menace to the Human Race" CD*

The good: from Nashville, these guys wear cavemen outfits on stage and play trashy 50s music with lots of covers. The bad: your grandma used to listen to this shit, and music is too tame on CD. The ugly: you've heard it all before, but they're probably great fun live. (GL)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



## NEW WAVE HOOKERS

*"Saturday Night Hooker" 12" EP/CD*

Portland is a town filled with good punk bands and clubs (especially E.J.'s), but one of my favorite groups when I lived up there were the HOOKERS. At their best they have a kind of degenerate DOLLS/HEARTBREAKERS-influenced sound, all gruff alcohol- or drug-filtered vocals, lurid lyrics, and dirty guitars. This is displayed to optimal effect on the title track, "Lipstick", and "Stone Age Romeo", although live I recall their songs being a bit more uptempo. Junk Records once again exhibits its fine lowlife taste. (JB)

(JUNK—P.O. Box 1474—CYPRESS, CA 90630)



## NINE LIVES

*"Reignition" CD EP*

Six songs of mediocre (at best) melodic rock. They thank NO DOUBT and the MIGHTY BOSSTONES, if that gives you any indication. It's so slick and overproduced that the production itself takes away any bite or edge it might have had. Makes me want to listen to the new GASP record. (CP)

(MENDIT—P.O. Box 1096—NY, NY 10003)



## NOTHING COOL

*"What A Wonderful World" CD*

It's always a risk, I think, for bands to play cover versions. Often their own material is shown up to be painfully lacking in comparison. And certainly, the versions of MEN AT WORK's seminal "Down Under" and the FIVE STAIRSTEP's "O-H-H Child" stand out amongst the 8 tracks on this mini-CD. Fortunately, the 6 originals rattle along at a suitably snotty pace. These guys have obviously dug classic SCREECHING WEASEL, and that can never be a bad thing. (RK)

(DUMMYUP—P.O. Box 642634—SF, CA 94164)



2.5

## ONE HIT WONDER

*"Outfall" CD*

The good: loud, catchy SoCal punk that is sure to please the majority. The bad: these guys are too professional and have a glossy sound. This should be on all those modern rock stations any day now, if it already isn't. The ugly: not my style at all, but your dorky self will probably like it. (GL)

(NITRO—7071 WARNER AVENUE, SUITE F-736—HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)



## ONE MAN ARMY

*"Dead End Stories" CD*

Melodic mid-tempo 78ish punk with tight instrumentation, prominent drums, good lead vocals, and the traditional singalong choruses. Some of the songs have exceptional hooks (e.g., "Another Dead End Story" and "Stuck in the Avenues"), but on first listen others are hard to distinguish from one another, insufficiently aggressive, or even a bit formulaic. There's certainly nothing wrong with the formula, but more surly attitude couldn't hurt. (JB)

(ADELINE—P.O. Box 11470—OAKLAND, CA 94611)



2.5

# REVIEWS

## OUTPATIENTS

*"Hardcore Outcasts Revisited, 82-84" CD*

Coming from an era when punk and hardcore were synonymous, not to mention joined together in one scene, are the OUTPATIENTS. Most of the stuff on here is from a basement tape that the band recorded in 1983, so the sound quality kinda sucks. But the energy of the band is captured. No songs stand out enough to turn these guys into genre legends, except perhaps "Backwards Explosion", which also appears on Flipside's second compilation LP. Get this CD if you are a fan of hardcore when it was young and still punk. (KC)

(FREE ASSOCIATION NYC—P.O. Box 123—NY, NY 10185)



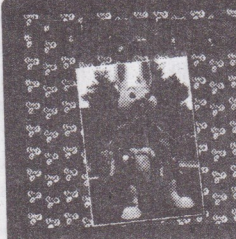
3

## PARASITES

*"Rat Ass Pie" CD*

This is the sort of total "feel-good", happy-go-lucky pop crap that passes for dangerous punk rock these days. Is this what little suburban kids listen to when they're hangin' out in front of Dairy Queen or Dunkin' Donuts on Friday night? Maybe this is what the kids are buying, but as far as I'm concerned you couldn't give this shit away. (JW)

(GO KART—P.O. Box 20—PRINCE STREET STATION—NY, NY 10012)

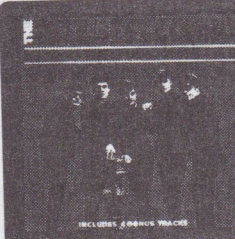


1

## PETE BEST COMBO

*"Beyond the Beatles, 1964-1966" CD*

After being replaced as the BEATLES drummer in 1962 by Ringo Starr, Pete Best assembled another (Mersey)beat band and sought to cash in on "Beatlemania" by recording some studio sessions and touring some clubs in America. The stu-





# SHITLIST

dio recordings they made have now been collected on this CD, and amply confirm the wisdom of the BEATLES' decision to get rid of Best. The drumming is generally pedestrian, and with a few exceptions (like "I'll Try Anyway" and "The Way I Feel About You") the songs are eminently forgettable. Only music historians could find this of much value. (JB) 1

(GRIFFIN—P.O. Box 87587—CAROL STREAM, IL 60188)

## PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

"Alien Pubduction" CD

Peter and the lads are back with a release that falls a little short of the fun and excitement they once possessed, but this is still pretty good. If you've been a fan of

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

alien pubduction

this band for some time, this is worth checking out just to see what they're doing now. "Talk Show", "Legless", and "Twenty Years" are definitely the high points of this CD, though "The Nutter" weighs in as the worst piece of instrumental rubbish they've ever written. The cover looks like a rave flyer, with an alien drinking a beer—at least its not wearing a Dr. Seuss hat!—but don't let that fool you. It still sounds like the mighty PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES. (KC)

(PUB CITY ROYAL—4104 24TH STREET #376—SF, CA 94114)

## PHANTOM SURFERS & DAVE ALLAN

"SkaterHater" CD

"An Instrumental Rock Opera in Three Acts", says the press release. Fuzzy, reverberated surf guitar combined with really poppy 60's vocals make for an interesting listen. It really drags in some places, but anyone who hates skaters is AOK in my book. (CP)

(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)

the Phantom Surfers and Dave Allan

SKATERHATER



## PILSNER

"Autosuggestion" CD

Heavy-duty power chord punk rock—with an emphasis on the rock—in the early SUPERSUCKERS or HELLACOPTERS vein, which can only be a good thing. I've always been a sucker for hook-laden, uptempo punk with chunky twin guitars, piercing leads, belligerent vocals, and piledriving beats, and this CD is chock full of the stuff. There are a few slower, rootsy, or overly metal cuts (e.g., "Fish Song" and "Laughter"), but overall this can be recommended for its undeniable hard-drinkin' and top-down cruisin' potential. (JB)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



## PISS DRUNKS

"Alcoholocaust" CD

Punk Rock!! Every once in a while a record just grabs you and pulls you in. This is one such record. Aggressive, powerful, and sometimes humorous,

"Alcoholocaust" is a diverse look at desperation, fucking, positive change, and of course... drinking. The PISS DRUNKS play the type of uptempo old school punk with a genuine rock 'n' roll influence that never gets boring. It's too bad this band has called it quits, because their live shows were incredible. (KC) 5

(RANSOM NOTE—P.O. Box 40164—BELLEVUE, WA 98015)



## PLUNGERS

"Here are...." 7" EP

Japanese female-fronted garage rock in the same vein as ACCELL 4 or ROOM 41. Overall, pretty snotty garage-punk with raspy vocals. "Little Dreamer" and

"Trigger" stand out as the hard-hitters on this EP, but nothing gets me especially hot. (JW)

(INTENSIVE SCARE—P.O. Box 640338—SAN JOSE, CA 95164)



## POSERS

"Worse than Nothing" 7" EP

Rough-hewn Ruptempo Canuck punk with growling vocals and occasional slower bridges. At times the music unfortunately verges on thrash, but the distorted guitars and aggro singing pack quite a wallop. Contains a rippin' cover of the EFFIGIES' "Body Bag", along with three originals. (JB)

(OINK—P.O. Box 27813—WASHINGTON, DC 20038)



## PROBLEMATICS

"The Kids All Suck" LP/CD

The PROBLEMATICS were an excellent 77ish garage punk group based in Indiana, and this "retrospective" LP contains both older material and more recently

recorded but equally fetching tracks. Most of their originals are crude, loud, not real fast, and satirical (like "I Guess I'm Not Cool Enough for You"), but they also include covers of old chestnuts by the GIZMOS, ZERO BOYS, and UNDER-TONES. Cool obnoxious vocals prevail throughout, and these days the title song perfectly mirrors my own sentiments. (JB) 4

(RIP OFF—581 MAPLE AVENUE—SAN BRUNO, CA 94066)



## THE PROCESS

"End Times" CD

Hard driving punk rock that's very reminiscent of the DWARVES in their "Young And Good Looking" era. As you would expect from such comparisons these

guys are pretty "evil", and hence sing about killing hippies, how guns are better than grrls, why they are fat and ugly and suffering, and similar topics that pop up regularly at family reunion dinners. Actually, this is surprisingly tight, well produced, and rocking. (RK)

(INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH—2824 REGATTA BLVD—RICHMOND, CA 94804)





**RADON**  
"28" LP

A damn good record. There's lots of good stuff going on here, but not much I can compare it to. They have intricate guitar work like FUGAZI, and a VELVET UNDERGROUND lyrical approach (without the drug subtexts). On some of the rockers there's even a hint of the BOUNCING SOULS' ability to produce powerful singalongs. Definitely a record to check out, and the first 550 come in super cool radioactive green. (JC)

(No IDEA—P.O. Box 14636—GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)



3

**RANDUMBS**

"Back From Sonoma" 7" EP

You gotta have guts, or be from Sonoma, to rip off an ANGRY SAMOANS cover. This EP contains four uptempo street punk anthems played with panache. If you're into the BLANKS 77, check this out. You'll forget what you thought you knew. (BAM)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94144)



4

**REAL ESTATE FRAUD**

"It's Funny 'Cause it's True" 7" EP

This EP is kind of hokey looking, so it's not something I would normally have picked up on my own. Thankfully I got to review it, since it turned out that they have an interesting older punk sound that is not really related to any scene. They remind me of a URINALS or SACCHERINE TRUST type of band, but with a little country twist. (JC)

(NICE AND NEAT—P.O. Box 14177—MINNEAPOLIS, MN 55414)



3

**RECEIVERS**

"Drop Out" 7" EP

This is some of the most intelligent punk I've heard in quite some time. J-CHURCH meet the KINKS, and even the BUZZCOCKS cover they do fits their style perfectly. Three brilliant tracks can be found on this slab, so score one for Cheetahs Records. (BAM)

(CHEETAHS—P.O. Box 4442—BERKELEY, CA 94704)

**RECEIVERS**



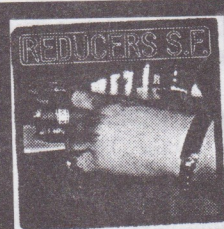
3

**REDUCERS S.F.**

"Don't Like You/Situations" 45

Snappy Oi with nice melodic guitar riffs. Strangely enough, the lead vocals on this 45 don't sound nearly as gruff as they do when the band plays live. "Don't Like You" is an appealing song here due to its toe-tappin' chorus, whereas the B side is a good SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS cover. However, this single doesn't quite capture the REDUCERS' hard-edged live attack. (JB)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)



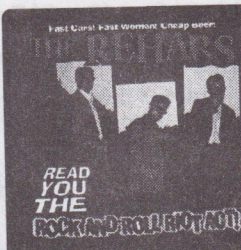
2.5

**REHABS**

"Read You The Rock And Roll Riot Act" CD

Surprisingly, this isn't too bad. Fourteen tracks of heavily-countrified garage rock 'n' roll. These guys are reminiscent of Crypt rockers BANTAM ROOSTER or the REVELATORS, except they aren't quite so raw and have way more of a country twang to 'em. This vaguely reminds me of the THE DEVIL DOGS, albeit not that good. (JW)

(JUST ADD WATER—P.O. Box 16102—SPARTANBURG, SC 29316)



2.5

**REINA AVEJA**

"Bee Complex" 7" EP

Thank goodness for Probe Records. What do you know, there are tits on the cover. Imagine

**REVIEWS**

if the Cookie Monster was a pissed off metal chick singing for old BLACK SABBATH. Super heavy! (JC)



(PROBE—P.O. Box 5068—PLEASANTON, CA 94566)

3

**ROLLER**

"South Bound And Down" CD

Unfortunately the late 90's have seen way too many bands that rip off the DWARVES, ZEKE, the SUPERSUCKERS, and MOTORHEAD. ROLLER is at the forefront of this "movement", with EL DIABLO trailing not far behind. Twelve tracks of totally re-hashed crap. Maybe I'm too jaded, but I always thought that a little bit of originality should be involved in songwriting even if you are gonna "borrow" riffs or wear your influences on your sleeves. Anyhow, if you like your rock completely unoriginal and totally predictable, then this is for you! (JW) 1

(STEAMROLLER 88—P.O. Box 720381—DALLAS, TX 75372)

1

**SCHLONG/ONE EYE OPEN**

split LP

SCHLONG were one of the most underrated bands around, kind of VIC-TIMS FAMILY meets the DEAD MILK-MEN. ONE EYE OPEN are in the same category and

at times dork out even harder. The high points are O.E.O.'s take on Jim Carroll's "People Who Died" and SCHLONG's whole side. (JC)

(VERY SMALL—P.O. Box 85534—LAS VEGAS, NV 89185)



2.5

**SCREECHING WEASEL**

"Television City Dream" CD

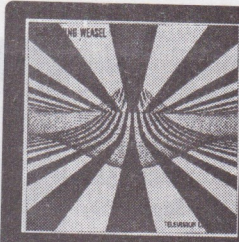
Since I've lost most of my tolerance for pop punk in the wake of GREEN DAY and the lame-o "East Bay sound", I wasn't expecting to like this much. To my surprise I discovered several very



# SHITLIST

catchy songs, such as "Speed of Mutation", "Dummy Up", and "Outside of You". Lyrically, the high points are the bitterly self-critical "We Are The Generation X" and the hilarious couplet in "Breaking Point"—"why don't you gossip about Martina Hingis/you can rhyme her name with cunnilingus". Ben remains Ben, but now he's backed by a new SW lineup. (JB) 2.5

(FAT—P.O. Box 7—SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94722)



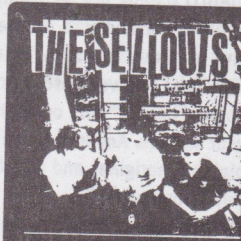
2.5

## SELLOUTS

"Hey Mofo/I Wanna Puke like Milton" 45

A bang-up debut by a frenetic Brazilian garage punk band on one of the best new punk labels. Blasting guitars, psychotic sandpaper vocals, and lots of velocity propel both tracks, which are much more intense than the norm for this particular subgenre of punk. It must be the water in Sao Paulo. (JB) 4.5

(RAPID PULSE—P.O. Box 5075—MILFORD, CT 06460)



4.5

## SERVOTRON

"Entertainment Program For Humans (Second Variety)" CD

If you liked DEVO and you love schtick live bands that dress up in goofy outfits and act like aliens from outer space, you'll love this. (KB) 2.5 stars

(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 20721—BERKELEY, CA 94712)



2.5

## SHATTERED FAITH

"1982" CD

Amazing punk in the melodic early 80s Orange County style, not unlike the ADOLESCENTS. This album is a live recording, which I usually hate, but both the production and the songs are great. The band members went on to join current groups like EL CENTRO, the PUSHERS, and the U.S. BOMBS. In my opinion this band blows all those others away, but I'm sure the average brainwashed, trendy, and media-influenced 'punk' will pass this up in favor of those newer bands. Your loss. (BAM) 4

(GTA—501 W. GLENOAKS BLVD, SUITE 313—GLENDALE, CA 91202)



4

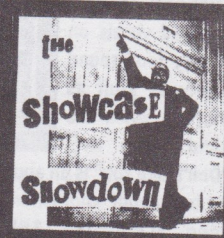
## SHOWCASE

### SHOWDOWN/TWERPS

8" split EP

The TWERPS are insane. Cross the DEAD KENNEDYS, the CHIPMUNKS, and the WORLD INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY, and you'll end up with the most annoying yet beautiful punk rock music. SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN are more standard punk fare, kicking out four tunes in a fast snotty old school style. Not bad. (CP) 3.5

(702—P.O. Box 204—RENO, NV 89504)



3.5

16

## "Scott Case (Out Of Print Material)" CD

This is a fine collection of noisy, nasty, muscular hate-rock, a la PACHINKO. Thanks to the distorted vocals, I can't understand a god-damn thing the singer is shouting about, but I've never been too big on lyrics. The rhythm section chugs along at a nice 80 miles an hour and even the more stoner rock infused songs ("Apollo Creed") are steeped in speedy, amphetamine fueled crunchiness. (KB) 3 stars

(PESSIMISER—P.O. Box 1070—HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254)



3.5

## SLAB

"Reflect" CD

The good: catchy, non-offensive SoCal punk. The bad: who wants to hear punk that is inoffensive and generic? The ugly: I can't recommend it, but if you're eleven years old and from Orange County it might help you get into punk. (GL) (?)



## SLOPPY SECONDS

"More Trouble Than They're Worth" LP/CD

Snotty ass pop punk with lyrics so far out there that you'll flip. This is a masterpiece. I don't think it's quite as good as their first LP "Destroyed", but it kicks the shit out of "Knock Your Block Off", their second album. If you're into the VINDICTIVES, or music of that sort, this is just for you. (BAM) 4

(NITRO—7071 WARNER AVE, SUITE F-736—HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)



4

## SPLASH 4

"Filth City" CD EP

One of the better new garage punk releases. The SPLASH 4 contain a couple of former members of the NO TALENTS, a French SUPERCHARGER-inspired outfit, but this time around they manage to overcome the trebly sound of their previous band by coming up with a much heavier bass-heavy mix that adds considerable power to their snot-nosed attack. All the rawness remains, but is now delivered with a lot more oomph. "Know-It-All Doll" is clearly the standout track, although "Keep Your Hands Off My Babe" is almost as good. (JB) 3.5

(ESTRUS—P.O. Box 2126—BELLINGHAM, WA 98227)



3.5

## SMACK



## "Criminal" 7" EP

A five-track compilation EP from Finland's notoriously drunk glam punks. The title song represents SMACK at their in-your-face mid-tempo best, with its sneering vocals, catchy guitar riffing, and heavy drum sound. "Little Cunt" is almost up to the same high standard, and the live STOOGES cover also has its moments. The other cuts are more pedestrian and metal-influenced, although a pint of vodka would no doubt do wonders for them. (JB) 2.5

(MUNSTER—P.O. Box 18107—28080 MADRID—SPAIN)

2.5

## SMUGGLERS

### "Growing up Smuggler" CD

The good: I wanted to hate this, since it has everything going against it. For one thing it's live, and for another it's the SMUGGLERS, who have always been a little too wimpy for me. But on rare occasions a live record can make a wimpy band sound smokin', and this is harder than they've ever sounded. The bad: with 20 tracks, it's too fucking long. The ugly: if you're a SMUGGLERS fan, you should have this. (GL)

(LOOKOUT—P.O. Box 11374—BERKELEY, CA 94712)

2.5

## SNUBNOSE

### "Watchin' You" CD

From the ultra-boring first track, "Watchin' You", to the heavily REVEREND HORTON HEAT-influenced "Chicken Squawk", SNUBNOSE continues down the road of mediocrity. Their songs, which feature banal chord progressions with slightly metal "ballad" stylings, are not only tedious but annoying to listen to. "Grey" is an especially horrible track, slow, grating, and in general painful. (JW) 1.0

(SIN CITY—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)

1

## SODA POP FUCK YOU

### "Timing Is Everything" CD

It's a bit tricky trying to describe this release. At its best it is very reminiscent of TILT at their finest, exhibiting a similar level of poise, precision, and clarity of voice (due in no small part to the excellent female vocals). Throw in some ska stylings and some off-kilter GANG OF FOUR, and hopefully you'll have a better idea of what it sounds like. The more eclectic songs unfortunately tend to wander off on a tangent too much. Intelligent lyrics round off a fine, if somewhat patchy release. (RK)

[NO ADDRESS]

2.5

## SPOONBENDER

### "Sender/Receiver" CD

File this under "Experimental..." sort of." Fifty-five percent of this release consists of instrumentals, but then there are songs like "Stopwatch Static," a little guy/girl duet with some nice little electronic treatments. I was left wishing I could tune out the vocals and the drum tracks. "Slow Metal Fires" is the best ambient/soundtracky sounding song, since it evolves into a good ear-splitting electronic squeal. Even that wasn't enough to salvage the rest of this release for me, though. (KB)

(GSL—P.O. Box 11794—BERKELEY, CA 94712)

3

## SPUNK

### "Atomizer" CD EP

If LOVE BATTERY decided to be a pop punk band, sporting backwards baseball caps, they would sound a lot like SPUNK. Every track on this EP just oozes mediocrity, from the lame harmonies to the punk-by-numbers musicianship. Actually, SPUNK sound more like a

# REVIEWS

poor imitation of SEAWEED. (KB) 1.5 stars

(CRACK—P.O. Box 29048—EATON PLACE—WINNIPEG, CANADA R3C 4L1)

1.5

## SQUIDBOY

### "Iliteratti" CD

Finally, a real fucking ROCK record. These guys must be amazing live, because this is a great record. Brings to mind the best parts of MULE and RFTC. The vocals are hollered, the guitars rock out, and the drummer sounds like he is beating the shit out of his kit. The songs are great too, by the way. Highly recommended. (CP)

(ALLIED—P.O. Box 460683—SF, CA 94146)

4

## STARLITE DESPERATION

### "Show You What a Baby Won't" LP/CD

Long-playing debut from these kids. Somewhere along the lines of the STOOGES or TELEVISION, with a old school bluesy influence. Conjures up images of cigarettes and dank, dimly lit shows where you sneak in booze and sniff glue afterwards. It's dirty, raw and would make Keith Richards a proud papa after repeated listens. (CP) 3.5

(GSL—P.O. Box 11794—BERKELEY, CA 94712)

3.5

## SUBVERSIVES

### "Right To Riot" 7"

Pretty tuff Oi/street punk a la SKREWDRIVER or maybe even INFA RIOT, with a touch of BLANKS '77 thrown in for good measure. Vocals reminiscent of Ian

117



# SHITLIST

Stuart. Tons of singalong, anthemic choruses. The only thing I can do without is the affected English accent. Either way, this record is tops; on side B, "Scrapheap Youth" is a great song with catchy leads and CLASH-type guitar stylings. (JW)

(VULTURE ROCK—P.O. Box 40104—ALBUQUERQUE, NM 87196)

4

## SUBWAY THUGS

"Mainstream Crap" 7" EP

A four-track Oi release out of Vancouver. A couple of the songs are especially catchy and memorable ("Frustration" and "Subway Thugs"), and I really like the sparse-sounding lead guitar breaks, but overall the EP suffers somewhat from a lack of distortion on the guitars and an occasionally sloppy rhythm section. It's a good record, but a bit more oomph and grit would make it even better. (JB) 2

(OINK—P.O. Box 27813—WASHINGTON, DC 20038-7813)

2

## SUMMER SUNS

"She's My Kinda Girl" 10" EP

Power pop just isn't my thing, so I'm really not that qualified to say much about this record. However, if you like music with extremely sappy vocals, basically no guitar, and absolutely no balls, then this record is for you. Eight tracks of whiny pop drivel that, in general, makes me wanna puke. ARGHHHHH! (JW) 1.0

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

1

## SWINGIN' UTTERS

"Five Lessons Learned" CD

Musically speaking, this is the best UTTERS album so far. Rockers like "Five Lessons Learned", "Good People", and "New Day Rising" are in the vein of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS or SOCIAL DISTORTION. More instrumentally diverse songs like "A Promise To Distinction" and "This

Bastard's Life" will no doubt bring comparisons to THE POGUES or X. Hardcore fans of the band, who are expecting the same sound as their previous records might be turned off by the experimentation, but I think it's great. The only problem I have with this is that Johnny Peebucks doesn't ever really cut loose with his singing; he just kind of stays in the pocket. Cool crime scene photos. (JC) 4

(FAT—P.O. Box 193690—SF, CA 94119)

4

## SWINGIN' UTTERS

"The Sounds Wrong" EP

Get out the fire Extinguisher, because this fucker burns. If you've only started listening to the UTTERS after the "Juvenile" era, you ain't heard shit! This disk, a reissue

of the original pressing on IFA, reflects what the UTTERS were really all about, and along with "Streets Of S.F." it made these boys the kings of Bay Area streetpunk!! I don't think Fat should get the credit for this release, but you can bet your sorry ass that they'll reap the rewards. (IR)

(FAT—P.O. Box 460144—SF, CA 94146)



## TALK IS POISON

"Right to Die" CD

Another fine Prank release! The TALK IS POISON pedigree goes as follows: DEAD AND GONE, COP OUT, ANIMAL FARM, and BLACK FORK. Lyrically,

they cover familiar territory—lots of spleen-purg-ing angst, the futility of life, and feelings of isolation, but the rhythm section is what makes this band stand out. The bass playing is awesome, and the kick-you-in-your-fucking-teeth drumming will knock you on your ass. They're even ten times more powerful live. The only problem with this disc is that it leaves you wanting more. (KB) 4

(PRANK—P.O. Box 410892—SF, CA 94141)

4

## TEDIO BOYS

"Go Country" 7" EP

The TEDIO BOYS get extra points right off the top for printing "Fuck The Beatles" right on their front cover. Their music is above-average, spastic garage cow-punk that's pretty much fun. (JC) 3

(ELEVATOR MUSIC—P.O. Box 1502—NEW HAVEN, CT 06505)

3



## TEMPLARS

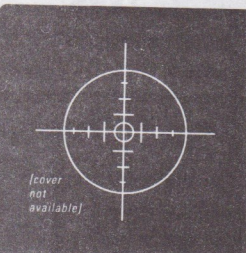
"Dans les Catacombes du Studio de l'Acre, 1993-1995" LP/CD

A collection of songs drawn from early TEMPLARS 45s and EPs, as well as other compilations. Not surprisingly, it contains a plethora of Oi anthems from

one of NYC's most influential skin bands, including classics such as "Skinheads Alright", "The Sixties are Over", and "Victim", not to mention well-chosen IRON CROSS and ANGELIC UPSTARTS covers. In short, a must-have release for all you Oi boys and street punks. (JB) 4

(VULTURE ROCK—P.O. Box 40104—ALBUQUERQUE, NM 87196)

4



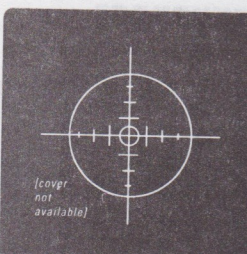
## 10-96

"Catastrophe" 7" EP

Pretty cool hardcore band, with shades of FEAR. I hear the singer has died, which sucks since they probably had a good future ahead of them. (JC) 3

(BEER CITY—P.O. Box 26035—MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

3



## TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE

7"

The thing that's terrifying about this is that it's lame, boring, indie-rock crap. Wimpy guitars,



weedy vocals, and no punch at all. The fact that an ex-member of GUIDED BY VOICES is in this band didn't help much. (JC) 1



(SOUTHERN—P.O. Box 577375—CHICAGO, IL 60657)

1

## THEE S.T.P./BINGO 7" split EP

Two Italian bands share this EP. THEE S.T.P. are a 60s-influenced punk outfit, both of whose songs have strong choruses and lots of punch. BINGO, a band that greatly impressed me at a live show in Rome in 12/98, have a garagey 77 punk sound which is showcased to best effect on the poppier "I Don't Wanna Go Out". Don't miss out on this. (JB) 4

(RAPID PULSE—P.O. Box 5075—MILFORD, CT 06460)

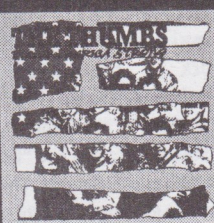
4

## THUMBS

"Make America Strong" LP/CD

Fuck, Yeah! Maryland! First off I have to say that I have a personal prejudice against any band that makes lyrical references to the Internet, but I was able to overcome my bigotry because this release is pretty darn good. The CD delivers 12 cuts that reminded me of DAG NASTY, later HUSKER DU, and SAMIAM. Interestingly diverse lyrics delivered with layered vocals and inventive melodies by dual singers. (JP)

(SODA JERK—P.O. Box 4056—BOULDER, CO 80306)



## TILT

"Collect 'Em All" LP/CD

Do I really need to tell you about TILT, son? If you don't know, here it is. Catchy, three-chord punk graced by Cinder's awesome voice and perceptive lyrics about everything from cops to the patriarchal hierarchy. Damn, this is my first

time reviewing, and I find that I like almost everything. I promise I'll trash every release next issue. (JP) 3



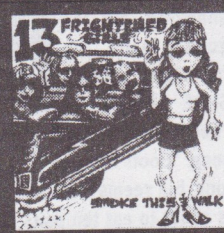
(FAT—P.O. Box 193690—SF, CA 94119)

3

## 13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS "Smoke This and Walk/Splash 1" 45

The A-side is an uptempo 60s-influenced punker with nice loud guitars, snotty vocals, and a memorable hook. Phew! On the flip, the band displays a more reflective, "sensitive" side, but again manages to come up with a great tune that sticks in your craw. Recommended. (JB) 4

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



4

## 30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO "All Ages Pie Eating Contest" 7" EP

Good energy. Tight, quick singalong punk lying somewhere between A.F.I. and F.Y.P., but not as good as either. But they get an A+ for having a classic song called "Urban Commando". (JC) 3

(BEER CITY—P.O. Box 26035—MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

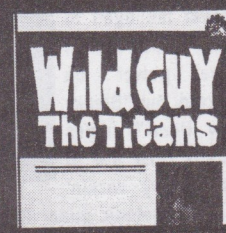


3

## TITANS

"Wild Guy" 10" EP

The TITANS are reminiscent of the DUKES OF HAMBURG, except not as 60s influenced. Basically, these guys and a gal specialize in what seems to be garage rock 'n' roll with a bit of a country flava. This shit might have gotten my foot-a-tappin' a



# REVIEWS

few years ago, when it actually came out, but now I need something a bit more exciting to really kick me in the ass. (JW) 2.0

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

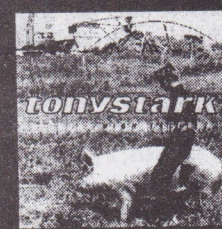
2

## TONYSTARK

"High Tech-Low Life" CD EP

The only thing cool about this band is that they are named after Iron Man's alter ego. The music sounds like radio-friendly, corporate, "alternative", mainstream bullshit. I think the singer's main influence is probably Don Dokken. Go out and buy this if you like stuff that totally sucks. (KC) 1

(RESURRECTION A.D.—P.O. Box 763—RED BANK, NJ 07701)



1

## TOTALITÄR

"Klas Inte Ras" 7" EP

Heavy, heavy, hardcore punk in the well-known Swedish style. Pretty fucking intense. (JC) 4

TOTALITÄR

(PRANK—P.O. Box 410892—SF, CA 94141)

4

## TRUENTS

"Don't Look Back/Just Don't Tell" 45

Melodic punk from this NYC-based band. Although "Don't Look Back" is a decent song, the lead vocals are rather bland and neither track is hummable or belligerent enough to stand out amidst the flood of current vinyl. Not a knock-out, technical or otherwise. (JB) 2

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)



2



# SHITLIST

## TURBONEGRO

"Apocalypse Dudes" CD

A devastating synthesis of punk raunch, hard rock riffing, pop melodies, and metal crunch. Norway's recently dissolved kings of trash pull off another astounding feat by providing us with yet another LP's worth of killer rock 'n' roll characterized by a super-heavy production that practically blows out the speakers, a piledriving rhythm section, blazing twin guitars, hooks big enough to hang your jockstrap on, and hilarious lyrics. Have a listen to songs like "Selfdestructro Bust" and "Rock Against Ass", and you'll immediately join the ranks of the Turbo Jugend and begin sporting those little Nazi-style leather boy hats. (JB)

(MAN'S RUIN—620 22ND STREET #302—SF, CA 94117)



5

## UBANGIS

"Lovesick" 7" EP

7er's like this one are what being a record collecting geek is all about. Get Hip saves another great record from obscurity. Low-fi, tongue-in-cheek rockabilly. The B-side is a messed up cover of "Helter Skelter". (JC)

(GET HIP—P.O. Box 666—CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



4

## UFO DICTATORZ

"Kastrat Guitar" 7" EP

The UFO DICTATORZ are one of the new wave of "old school" Italian punk bands. The title song is a great raw mid-tempo punker with a head-shakin' chorus and raunch guitars. The two songs on the flip aren't so memorable, though they're no less sloppy and



primitive. Live these guys are probably a blast. (JB)

(KRAKATOA—C/O MATTEO DONDA—VIA ANFOSSI 36—20135 MILAN—ITALY)

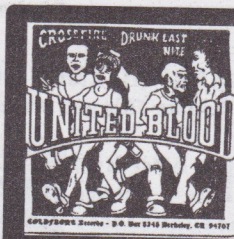
3

## UNITED BLOOD/ PRESSURE POINT

split 45 .

UNITED BLOOD starts this record off with "Crossfire". The vocals get a bit annoying, but the guitar leads are top-notch. PRESSURE POINT's "Police On My Back" is a pretty typical anti-cop song. "Boots n' Booze" is also an anthemic singalong, but seems more appropriate when someone is about to eat ten pairs of steel-toed oxbloods. (JW)

(COLD FRONT—P.O. Box 8345—BERKELEY, CA 94707)



3.5

## UPSETS

"Tommy Gun Heart" 7" EP

Chunky mid-tempo 77 punk rawk with tasty lead breaks, gruff vocals, and singalong choruses. The killer title song is undoubtedly the best cut, but the others are no slouches, either. Definitely a keeper. (JB)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)

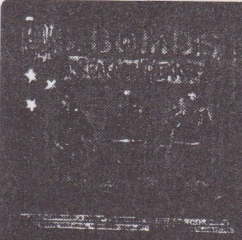


4

## U.S. BOMBS/BRISTLES

split 45

A keeper. The U.S. BOMBS have never managed to fully capture their live power on record, but "Breaks My Heart" comes pretty close due to its heavy rockin' sound, melodic guitar fills, and aggressive yet plaintive singing. The BRISTLES have a lighter guitar sound, but compensate for this with good



hooks, snot-nosed vocals, and nice singalong parts. The best of the recent releases on Beer City. (JB) 4

(BEER CITY—P.O. Box 26035—MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

4

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"A World Full of Friends: Best of Repent Records, Vol.2" LP

Features tracks by the FRUSTRATIONS, the KNOCKOFFS, the HOOKERS and more bands that begin with "The." In case you don't know already, this LP contains high octane trashy garage rock. Highlights for me included the KNOCKOFFS, BOU SOU NEZUMI, and the HOOKERS. (CP)

(REPENT, NO ADDRESS)



3

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Classicos del Rock & Roll Mexicano" LP

An album's worth of often bizarre Mexican r'n'r, ranging from somewhat silly 60s originals and covers of Anglo-American rock classics (including "Pushin' Too Hard", "Wild Thing", "You Really Got Me", "Steppin' Stone", and "Do You Love Me") to more recent punk offerings. There are a few songs that have a genuinely rockin' appeal, such as those by LOS OXFORDS and LOS YAPS, but by and large this is a novelty record, albeit a sometimes entertaining one. (JB)

(BOOTLEG)

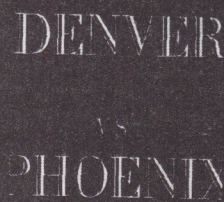


2

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Denver vs Phoenix" CD

Compilations are always a hit-and-miss affair. But if this is in any way representative, the melodic, hard-driving variety of punk is alive and kicking





in these two cities. This compilation gets 4 stars on the strength of the PINHEAD CIRCUS track alone, a work of genius that could easily be the best track on a JAWBREAKER greatest hits anthology. Other standouts include the GAMITS, the FAMILY MEN, the SUBSTITUTES, MANDINGO, and the PRAGMATICS, but there isn't a duff track here. (RK)

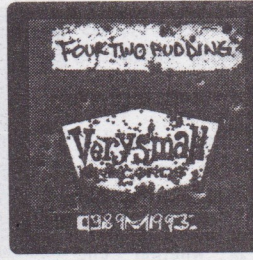
(BLUE MOON—2075 SOUTH UNIVERSITY BLVD #264—DENVER, CO 80210)

4

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Four Two Pudding, 1989-1993" CD**

Listening to this disc is like hanging out with old friends. It's a re-release of a retrospective comp spanning five years of Very Small



Record's fine releases. This is a must-have for you punk rock Johnny-come-latelies, or for you losers who lost your original pressing of the 7"ers, 10"ers, and LPs that these songs were originally culled from. The photos are almost worth your hard-earned dough alone, although I could have lived without seeing Ben Weasel's little weasel. The music ranges from anthemic punk (23 MORE MINUTES) to classic pop punk (SCREECHING WEASEL's "I Wanna be a Homosexual") to stoner-sludge (SLEEP), and the high points are ECONOCHRIST, SAMIAM, SLEEP, and LOGICAL NONSENSE. (KB)

(VERY SMALL—P.O. Box 12839—GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

4

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Going After Pussy" CD**

If you're stupid—if you're not sure about this, assume that you are—or just generally uninformed, then this CD could be your saving grace. From the first track



(ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN's "Electrify Me") to the last track ("Mainline" by ZEKE), this Junk compilation is pretty much an encyclopedia of the finest contemporary garage punk. Even if it cost \$15, I would say it was mandatory, but luckily for you it's priced at \$5. You'll also get a small taste of Katin's crazy life from the phone messages inserted between a few of the tunes. (BAM)

(JUNK FUCKIN' RECORDS—P.O. Box 1474—CYPRESS, CA 90630)

4.5

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Hang Ten, Vol. 1" CD**

Here's a surf comp that made me want to go to sleep instead of to the beach. Most of this disc is boring pop punk crap from the likes of the QUEERS, the McRACKINS, and J CHURCH, to name only a few. Songs from bands like CUB, HELEN LOVE, and the KUNG FU MONKEYS grated on my nerves so much with their cheesy sweetness that I wanted to die. The instrumental surf jams on this collection had no fire or emotion; Dick Dale this ain't! The only saving grace is the MAN OR ASTROMAN song, but I've heard them rock harder as well. Not very recommendable to diehard surf music fans. (KC)

(AMERICAN POP PROJECT—P.O. Box 2271—SAN RAFAEL, CA 94912)

4



## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Hot Curly Weener" CD**

Young, loud and snotty. Recess slaps you upside the head with their best (and worst). High points are the DWARVES (duh), QUINCY PUNX, F.Y.P., and the CRIMINALS. Low points are the CRUMBS, who sound like they really want to be the QUEERS on this one, and PUD, who need to get rid of all their OP IVY records. Some gems and some crap, but with 30 songs (including a previously unreleased DWARVES song) for \$3, it's definitely worth getting. (JC)

(RECESS—P.O. Box 1112—TORRANCE, CA. 90505)

4

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Maximum Freakbeat" CD**

Without a doubt the best of the current crop of UK "freakbeat" comps. Freakbeat is guitar-heavy WHO-style beat music laced with fuzzed out, psychotic breaks, and the selections here amply justify the cover blurb about "feedback, fuzz, distortion, and mayhem". This is chock full of terrific tracks, includ-



# REVIEWS

ing those by the RED SQUARES, the LEE KINGS, Australia's MISSING LINKS, the WHEELS, the GAME, and Iceland's THOR'S HAMMER, but none can quite compare with WIMPLE WINCH's amazing "Save My Soul". This is one of the best rock 'n' roll songs I've ever heard, with its sultry verses and catchy choruses that suddenly explode into mind-boggling punked-out rave ups. (JB)

(NO ADDRESS, UK)

5

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"New Frontier" CD**

Thirty bands from Colorado appear on this comp, which I consider to be a

very hit-or-miss affair. There are standout songs by ALL and ARMCHAIR MARTIAN, but the

track of the day award goes to the almighty WRETCH LIKE ME. Twenty nine of these cuts only appear here, and it's probably worth getting for the WRETCH track alone. (BAM)

(SODA JERK—P.O. Box 4056—BOULDER, CO 80306)

2.5



## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Nobody to Love" LP/CD**

One of the best releases in Tim Warren's new Teenage Shutdown series. This one is devoted to 60's "folk punk", i.e., folk rock from the garage. Imagine a more primitive version of the BYRDS and early TURTLES, coupled with dollops of adolescent angst, and you'll get the picture. Herein one can find killer originals with raw, jangling guitars and plaintive vocals by the INTRUDERS, the ILLUSIONS, the PARADOX, the GO-BETWEENS, and the PARAGONS, decent covers of LOVE and TURTLES songs, and other appealing but less noteworthy tracks. (JB) 4

(TEENAGE SHUTDOWN—C/D CRYPT—1250 LONG BEACH AVENUE #101—LA, CA 90021)

4

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

**"Oi, Let's Go...Canada!" LP**

A fetching new Oi/streetpunk comp containing both Anglo- and Franco-Canadian bands. The songs range from powerful fist-shaking anthems



# SHITLIST

with the requisite gravel voices or soccer choruses by SHOCK TROOPS, TROUBLEMAKER, IMPACT, and the DOLE, to more generic and less memorable offerings by HAMMERLOCK and BITTER GRIN. Most of the tracks in between are above today's usual standards for this type of beer-guzzling he-man music. An apt comparison would be the fine "Chaos en France" skunk comps of the mid-1980's, which is no mean feat. (JB)

(RHYTHM & BOOTS—P.O. Box 4623—MAIN POSTAL OUTLET—VANCOUVER, BC V6B 4A1—CANADA)



3.5

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Sacramento, City Of A Beer" 7" EP

With six bands all on one 7" (the BANANAS, NAR, KARATE PARTY, the TRANSPLANTS, and LOS HUEVOS), fans of this type of music might think they are getting their money's worth, but think again. It wasn't until I looked at the liner notes that I realized that I wasn't listening to the music of just one band. The energy is there in spades, but every band sounds identical! I know clean recording techniques are not important to the genre, but this is beyond the normally trebly, fuzzed out, gritty sound one hears on today's "garage" recordings. (KB)

(MOONLALA—1114 21ST STREET—SACRAMENTO, CA 95814)

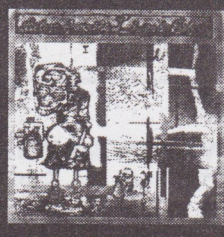


2

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Tales From The Liver's Edge" double LP

This is the ultimate drinking comp, the drinking comp to end all drinking comps. 43 bands share their own unique views on being fucked up. The music runs the gamut of punk styles, with the addition of lots of country. Some of the best of the blotto are the



SILLIES, ELMER, LESS THAN JAKE, SCHLONG, PISS 'N' VINEGAR, MELT BANANA, and LOPEZ. There are also running samples from your favorite drunken movie stars. But the really amazing part is the packaging—it's a beautiful job with several flaps of great original art and lots of cool stuff inside. You need to see it to appreciate it. (JC) 4

(VERY SMALL—P.O. Box 85534—LAS VEGAS, NV 89185)

3.5

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

"World Class Punk" CD

A CD reissue of the original 1984 ROIR cassette, which showcased 27 bands from 25 countries. Back in those days punk was an incredibly broad church, with

a huge array of styles all happily encompassed within its fold. '84 was pre-metal (DISCHARGE and C.O.C. were just starting to cross over), pre-BAD RELIGION's "Suffer", pre-SCREECHING WEASEL, and pre-emo, so you won't find any of that stuff here. It was also a lot more political. There are some familiar names here, including the BASTARDS, MOTTEK, DEZERTER, and BGK, alongside the relatively obscure. The concept and principles behind the project are more outstanding than the music itself, but this is a valuable rerelease nonetheless. (RK)

(ROIR—611 BROADWAY, SUITE 411—NY, NY 10012)



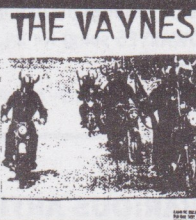
4

## VAYNES/PSYCHEDELICS

7" split EP

The PSYCHEDELICS' probably had a lot of fun recording this, but it's not much fun to listen to. Super bad recordings by a bunch of crazy kids, plus funny lyrics and a decent fucked-up version of "Ballroom Blitz". The VAYNES are like their older rocker brothers, kind of like the NEW BOMB TURKS on bad bathtub crank. (JC)

(FANATIC—P.O. Box 9021—PEORIA, IL 61612)



2

## VENETTAS

"Can't Stop" CD

The good: I was ready to slam this baby, but to my surprise it rocks in a 60s vein. The sound is

reminiscent of the old 60s NY art scene, but with a 90s slant. The bad: 16 songs, enough said. The ugly: get it, they look good and it smokes. (GL)

(TWIST—P.O. Box 9367—DENVER, CO 80209)



## VIOLENT DRUNKS/MOLOKO MEN

7" split EP

Living in depressing backwaters like California's Central Valley would be enough to drive anyone to exasperation, if not drink. The question is whether one responds by wising up or wallowing in stupidity, and on this outing the results aren't encouraging. Fresno's VIOLENT DRUNKS and Visalia's MOLOKO MEN both churn out catchy, aggressive Oi anthems which unfortunately glorify mindless gang violence despite the anti-Nazi symbolism of the Oink label. Musically, the MOLOKO MEN have a heavier sound, and "Hooligan Army" is a particularly irresistible shitkicker. (JB) 3

(OINK—P.O. Box 27813—WASHINGTON, DC 20038)



3

## VOODOO GLOW SKULLS

"Band Geek Mafia" LP/CD

Hmm...hardcore with horns and a vague inkling of supercharged skank. We've heard it before, you've heard it before, VGS has done it before. If you liked this band before, you'll probably still like them; if you hated them before, well, you'll probably still hate them. They do have that certain mariachi-band-on-a-mixture-of-Drain-O-and-speed *je ne sais quois*, yet it might all be a bit too much of a blur for the music's own good. For some of you, that might be a good thing, but not for me, unless I drink too much. (DGJ)

(EPITAPH—2798 SUNSET BOULEVARD—LA, CA 90026)



2.5



**WESTON/DOC HOPPER**  
*"The Stepchildren Of Rock" CD*

A live set from each band, recorded in 97 and 95, respectively. The sound quality is pretty good, but as with most live records I suspect that this would appeal primarily to the already converted. I myself was a convert many years ago. WESTON always play alot harder and faster live, without sacrificing any of the harmonies and guitar intricacies, which might be a tad surprising to the fools that have written them off as just another indie rock band. They fucking rock. DOC HOPPER turn in another DESCENDENTS-inspired set of varied pop punk tuneage. (RK)

(Go-Kart—P.O. Box 20—PRINCE ST. STATION—NY, NY 10012)

4

**WHIPPERSNAPPER**  
*"America's Favorite Pastime" CD*

A relatively new band from Santa Barbara that owe alot to their neighbors LAG-WAGON. They share the same by now patented SoCal melodic hardcore approach, excellent production, a thick full sound, and impeccable playing. There's nothing on here that pushes forward the boundaries of that particular style, but if you dig it you'll have nothing to complain about with this. (RK)

(LOBSTER—P.O. Box 1473—SANTA BARBARA, CA 93102)

2.5

**WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES**  
*"Rock On, Sister Friends" 7" EP*

This record is pretty horrible. "Teenage Alcoholic" is what I believe to be a bastardization of the VKTMS' song, and the cover of MOTORHEAD's "Eat the Rich" is even more horrible. It sounds like Ms. Coyote is basically reading the lyrics over the music. Painful. (JW)

(BEER CITY—P.O. Box 26035—MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

1

**WORKIN' STIFFS**  
*"Liquid Courage" CD*

Anyone pining away for the old SWINGIN' UTTERS sound should look no further than this new WORKIN' STIFFS LP to get a dose of crunchy sing-along street punk. I don't know whether it's ex-UTTER Kevin's bass playing and songwriting, or simply the fact that they've slowed their previously faster tempo down enough to appeal to old codgers like me, but I like this band more now than I used to. The emotive lead vocals are a strong point, and tracks like "Bugs, Bigots, and Bastards", "Notes from the Sandbox", and "One More Day" are real jack-the-lad foot-stompers. (JB)

(TKO—4104 24TH STREET #103—SF, CA 94114)

3.5

**WRETCH LIKE ME**  
*"New Ways To Fall" CD*

From Fort Collins, Colorado, seemingly the new bastion of hard-hitting pop-punk, WRETCH LIKE ME ventures forth into our sub-conscious with that patented Blasting Room sound liberally dosed with a helping of the best of "My War"-era BLACK FLAG. In fact, if 1983-era Flag were actually Time Lords and travelled to Fort Collins in 1998 to record at the Blasting Room, thin Bill Stevenson meeting up with fat Bill Stevenson, the result wouldn't sound too far from this. I mean that in the best possible way, since this record positively rocks. All this and two Bill Stevensons in the same place at the same time—talk about your quests for ALL... (DG)

(OWNED & OPERATED—P.O. Box 36—FORT COLLINS, CO 80522)

4

**YOUNG LOSERS**  
*"That's It/Striking Out" 45*

A good primitivo-punk release out of Texas which displays the usual Rip Off trademarks, including snotty vocals, satirical lyrics, and no real lead guitar breaks. The better of the two songs is the slower, mid-tempo "Striking Out", which concerns a fairly common male problem. (JB)

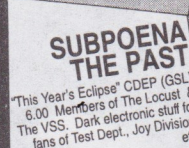
(RIP OFF—581 MAPLE AVENUE—SAN BRUNO, CA 94066)

3

# Bottlenekk



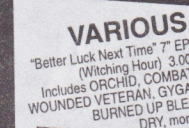
!!!  
**"The Dis-ease" 7" EP**  
 (Hopscotch) 3.00  
 Mysterious new Sacramento punk-funk band with ex-members of YAH MOS, etc. This thing rocks! Limited edition white vinyl!



**SUBPOENA THE PAST**  
 "This Year's Eclipse" CDEP (GSL) 6.00  
 Members of The Locust & The VSS. Dark electronic stuff for fans of Test Dept., Joy Division, etc.



**NUZZLE**  
 "No Mas" 7"  
 (Zumb/Sound on Sound) 3.00  
 Summer of '94 veterans' first new record since '95! Two new songs...



**VARIOUS**  
 "Better Luck Next Time" 7" EP (Whitching Hour) 3.00  
 Includes ORCHID, COMBAT WOUNDED VETERAN, GYGA BURNED UP BLEED DRY, more!



**DEATHTREAT**  
 "Reason to Live..." 7" EP (Partners in Crime) 3.50  
 Breakneck hardcore from Memphis' secret weapon. On tour now!



**AMPS FOR CHRIST AND JALOPAZ**  
 "Collaboration" 7" EP (Garbage Society, Canada) 4.50  
 Limited to 300 copies!



**DYSTOPIA**  
 "Human = Garbage" CD (Life Is Abuse) 9.00  
 Back in print again! Menacing CA crust/political hardcore at its finest. More DYSTOPIA represses due in soon! Watch the "New" page at www.bottlenekk.com!

coming soon(ish)...

**THE LOCUST** Self-titled CD, **CRIMSON CURSE** "Discography" CD, new **BOBBYTEENS** 7" on Outer Universe Research, **TOMSK-7 / IDI AMIN** Split 7", **BISYBACKSON** CDEP, **UNHINGED** CD, **ARAB ON RADAR** LP/CD repress, **DEVOID OF FAITH** 7", **DEADBODIESEVERYWHERE** LP, lots more...

## Postage!

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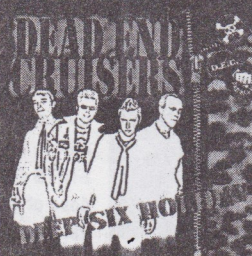
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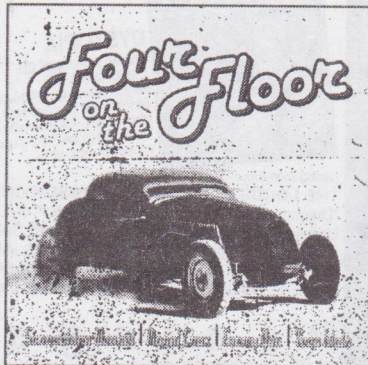
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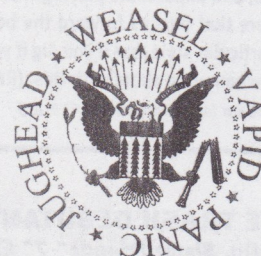


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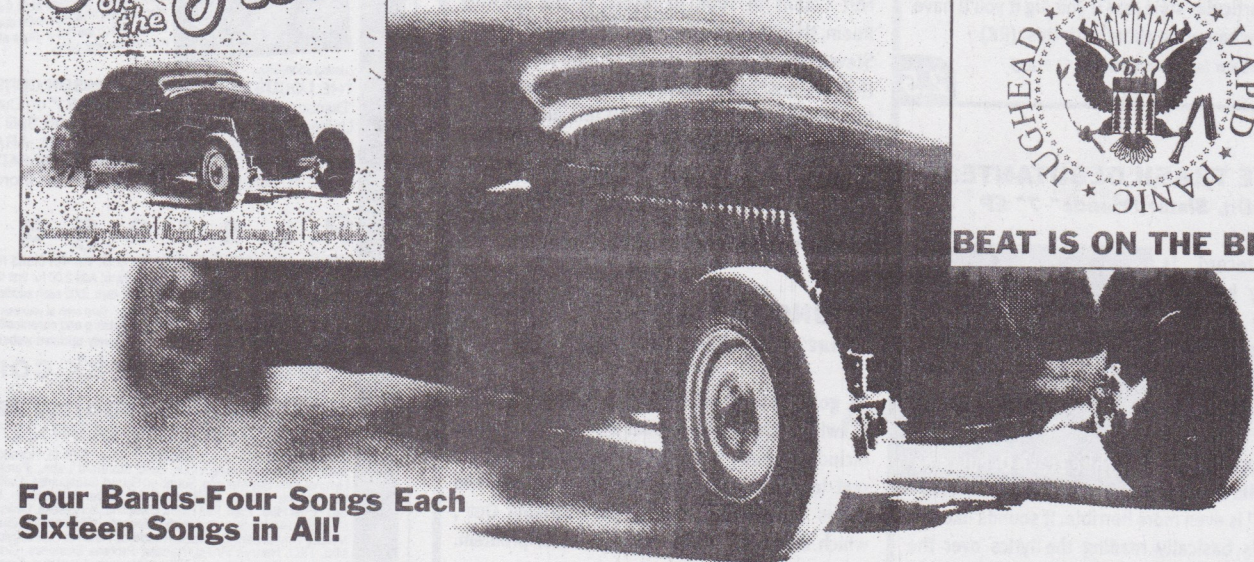


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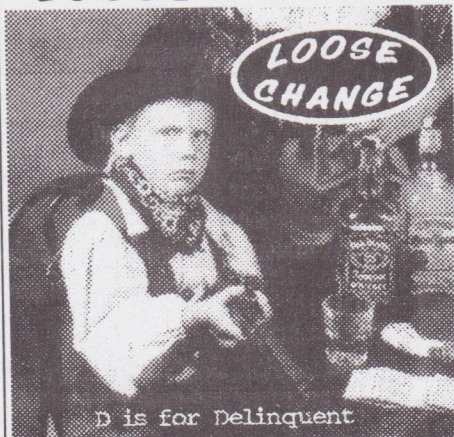
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**— B-Face**





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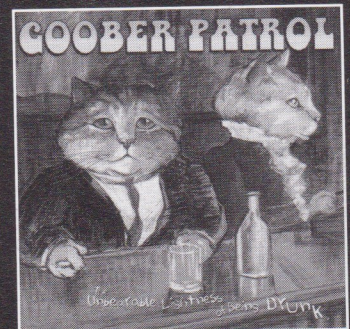
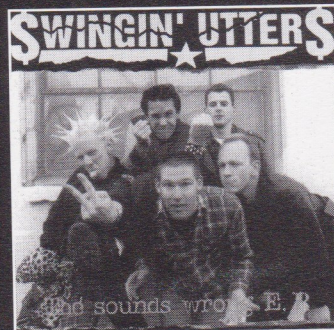


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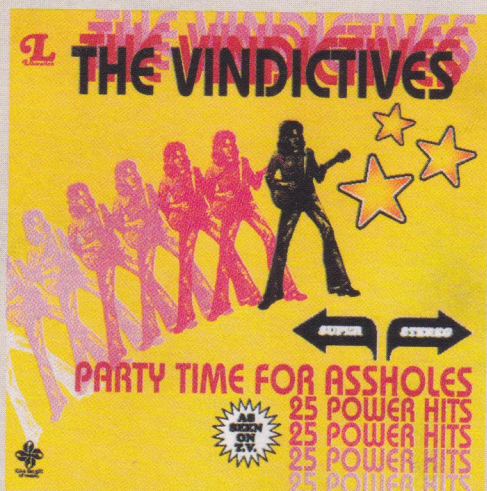
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